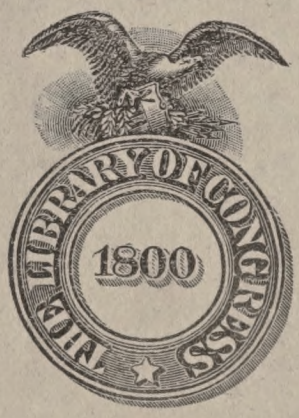

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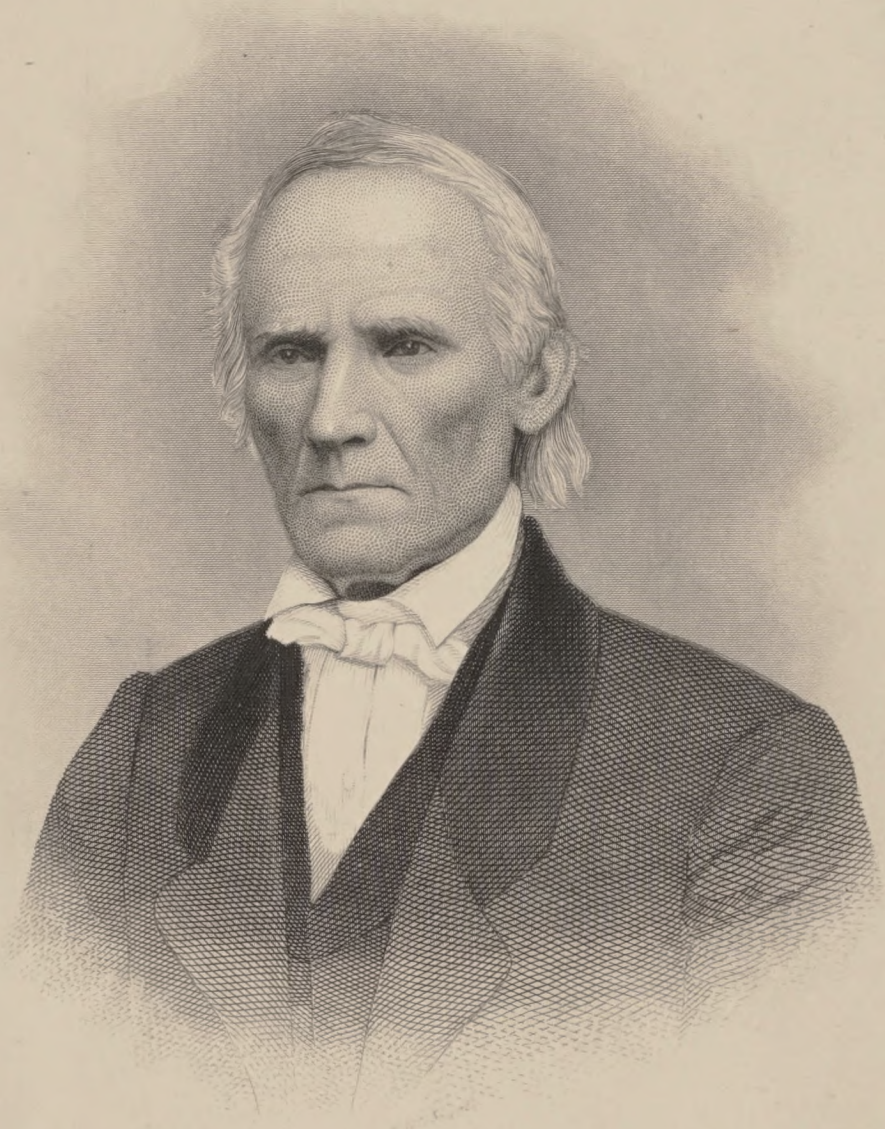
MEMOIR

OF

J. D. PAXTON, D.D.

From
American Colonization Society
May 28, 1913.



J. D. PAXTON.

Yours truly
J. D. Paxton

A

MEMOIR

OF

J. D. PAXTON, D.D.,

LATE OF PRINCETON, INDIANA.

PHILADELPHIA:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.
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PREFACE.

If any apology is necessary for bringing before the public eye what was intended for private friends, the compiler would state that a request being made to Dr. Paxton, a few weeks before his death, that he would furnish an account of some of the principal events of his life, for the use of the church, led him, after declining by reason of inability, to say, "There is something of that kind that I wrote some time ago. I do not know that it will do any good. I wrote, thinking it might be satisfactory to my family to know more of my history. You will find the record among my papers, and must judge what is best to be done with it." He was then beyond the influence of considerations which, at another period of his life, would have been potent. As his life had been given to the service of his Saviour, he was then willing to submit to others the record of that life, if in their judgment it was adapted to promote the interests of his church.

The perusal of the record produced the impression that it was a faithful account of the dealings of God with a human soul. The propriety of giving to the church a memoir of my husband, compiled from materials in my

possession, was taken under consideration. Consulting with an experienced friend, he decided that it was best to be done, and that I was the one to do it. I accordingly made known my intention of publishing a memoir, provided sufficient encouragement should be given in favorable responses to my announcement. The reception of the announcement has been such as to induce me to publish the work.

A few extracts from letters of young pastors will show their opinions of the "enterprise." "I think the world has lost much by allowing such examples of piety and usefulness to be buried out of sight. I would rather have the life of Dr. Alexander than all the productions of his great mind that have come from the press. Giving a faithful memoir of Dr. P. to the public would be extending the influence of his whole life-work, which would be felt throughout the church. If your strength will permit, it will save you an immense amount of annoyance to perform the work yourself. You know more of his inner life than any other."

"I was rejoiced," writes a second, "to hear that you are about to publish Dr. P.'s memoir. I shall place it alongside of the lives of Alexander, Baker, and Rice, and value it more than all, for I was acquainted with him."

"I know there is just such material in Dr. P.'s life as is now greatly needed in the church, not only among the people, but greatly needed among the ministry. It does seem to me that there is a lack of that consecration to the work of the Master among our young ministers that we

find among the old fathers that are so fast passing from us. If their memories are not preserved in our libraries, their example of zeal and sound doctrine will soon be lost to the church. Young men now are too easily discouraged; they need the lessons of patient endurance of hardships, and prayerful strugglings with self and ambition, which can only be found in the lives of those that have passed away. The memoirs of a century ago are too much like a myth to have the desired effect; we want the example of those of whom we have some certain knowledge of their having been living realities."

The work is composed of an autobiography, a diary, kept for many years, and sketches of travel, blended in a continuous narrative; and whatever is added from personal recollection is but a sincere attempt at a faithful representation of facts.

The doctor, for the most part, tells his own story, and in his own way. That he did not claim perfection is manifest from the prominence he gave to his faults, that were better known to himself than to others, and are inserted to show the use he made of them, as also the little annoyances he sometimes met with from others. No unpleasant feelings will be awakened, for the actors in those scenes have all passed away. Their foot-marks show that they were of like passions with the present generation.

The writer had no wish to represent the subject of the memoir as dwelling in an upper region of sanctity, absorbed in acts of devotion, or performing acts of public worship, unconcerned about the low things of earth, but

has aimed to show how he brought a heavenly influence down from that upper region to hallow the common, every-day concerns of life. As life is made up chiefly of little things, some of these have been introduced as illustrations, with the conviction that, with a great number of persons, these will form the most interesting, as well as most instructive, part of the work.

In the belief that there are many that will recall the image of this good man with reverence and affection, and will look with favor on the attempt of their old friend to perpetuate his memory, the volume is submitted to the public.

To the youth whose parents would have read the work with interest I say, Thy father's and thy mother's friend forget not! To the reading and religious public—I do not ask you to buy the book as a charity, but I do respectfully solicit your patronage and assistance in the circulation of it, as without it my object cannot well be accomplished.

M. W. P.

PRINCETON, IND., May 28, 1869.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

Parentage—Family Training—Tales of Frontier Life—Religious Experience—Business—Profession of Religion—New Views—Temptations—Efforts to obtain a Liberal Education—Preparation for the Ministry—Providences—Three Years at Washington College, Virginia—Notices of Teachers—Students—Facts about College—Ministers in the Vicinity—Anecdote—Hampden Sidney College, Virginia—Expectations—Duties in College—Trials—Views of the Ministerial Office—Decision—Tribute to the Memory of a Beloved Sister—Theological Students..... 13

CHAPTER II.

Licensure—Missionary Tours—Experience as a Preacher—Horse lamed, and the Consequences—Journeys and Labors—Controversies in Tennessee—Difficulties in the way of Settlement—Reasons for going to Norfolk, Va.—War—Labors—Ordination—Success—Important Events—Mental Trials—General Assemblies of 1815 and 1818—Remarks..... 49

CHAPTER III.

More Labors in Virginia—Installation at Goochland, Va.—Marriage—Call to College Church—College and Seminary—Colonization—Emancipating Slaves—Consequences—Removal to New Jersey — Family Afflictions — Labors in Pennsylvania — Travel in New England—Residence in Kentucky—Installation at Danville—Departure for Europe..... 68

CHAPTER IV.

Voyage—Liverpool Docks—Manchester—Birmingham Cutlery—Warwick and Kenilworth Castles—Roads—Stage—London—Guy Fawkes' Day—Lord Mayor's Show Day—Church Reform—Caricature—Wine Cellars—Newspapers—Postage—Museum—Thames—Dover Cliffs—France—Diligence—Beggars—Lamps—Religion—Schools—Will of Louis XVI.—How to make Saints—A Widow's Proposal—Carnival—Morgue—Attempt to Force a Union of Churches—Preachers—Religious Meeting—Episcopal School—Concert of Prayer—An Inquirer—Bost—Ordination of Missionaries—An Aged Disciple—Four Months' Observations of Parisian Manners and Customs—Tombs of Two Dukes—Lyons—A. Monod..... 87

CHAPTER V.

Geneva—Persecution—Centennial Celebration—Scenery—Chambery—Road to Turin—Chasm—Mount Cenis—Chapels of the Virgin—Library—Battle-field—Protestant Service—Genoa—View from the Bay—Leghorn—Falling Tower—Indulgences—Annoyances—Rome—Tivoli—Prussian Ambassador—Family Scene—Reading Rooms—Popery at Home—Bible at Rome—Successors of Peter—Lovely Valleys—Cultivated Mountains—Capua—A Smuggler—Pontine Marshes—Naples—Herculaneum—Vesuvius—Pompeii—Protestant Efforts—King's Birthday—St. Janarius—St. Peter's Chair—Delaware and Potomac—Voyage to Malta..... 155

CHAPTER VI.

Malta—History—People—Saint Lucia's Festival—Santa Agatha's Veil-Legends—Festa del Bara—Baptism of a Dead Child—Many Languages—Opposition to the Bible—The Chaplain's Ball—Evenings on the House-top—J. Wolff and Lady Georgiana—Society—Miraculous Cures—Casting out a Devil—Observatory—Monks—Proclamation of Don Carlos—Christmas—An Admission—Levee—Fasting..... 210

CHAPTER VII.

Voyage to Corfu—Education—Corinth—Athens—Funeral—King of Bavaria—Excitement among the Ladies of Syra—Scio—Missionary Meeting at Smyrna—Ephesus—Grave-yards—Worship at a Mosque—Hebrew Prayer-Book..... 239

CHAPTER VIII.

Constantinople—Fiddling and Dancing in a Grave-yard—Objects of Interest—Sultan's Kitchen—Chalcedon—Sultan attending Mosque—Ceremonies and Festivities of the Espousal and Marriage of Sultan's Daughter—Circumcision of his Two Sons—Broosa—Pleasant Greeting—Mausoleum of Bajazet—Bath à la Turk—Nice—Fruit—Nicomedia—Turkish Post—Bosphorus—Whirling Dervishes—Rhodes—Cyprus..... 264

CHAPTER IX.

Palestine and Egypt—Return to the United States—Reasons and Explanations—Sixteen Years' Residence in Kentucky as Pastor of Mulberry Church, Shelby County..... 296

CHAPTER X.

Removal to Indiana—Five Years in Princeton, Indiana—Tour to Minnesota and Kansas—Three Years in Kansas—Return to Princeton—Last Years of Labor—Decline and Death..... 318

CHAPTER XI.

Traits of Character—Published Volumes: Sermons—Essays—Habits—Conclusion..... 335

MEMOIR.

CHAPTER I.

Parentage—Family Training—Tales of Frontier Life—Religious Experience—Business—Profession of Religion—New Views—Temptations—Efforts to obtain a Liberal Education—Preparation for the Ministry—Providences—Three Years at Washington College, Virginia—Notices of Teachers—Students—Facts about College—Ministers in the Vicinity—Anecdote—Hampden Sidney College, Virginia—Expectations—Duties in College—Trials—Views of the Ministerial Office—Decision—Tribute to the Memory of a Beloved Sister—Theological Students.

UNDER the impression that it may be agreeable to my family to have some written account of my life, which in several respects has been an eventful one, I have made the following record. It is drawn up from notes made from time to time, from about the period I sought an education with a view to the ministry, together with my recollections of the past events.

I was born September 28, 1784. My father's plantation lay on the south side of James River, near its junction with the North, in what was called The Forks, Rockbridge County, Virginia. My father, John Paxton, was the oldest son of Thomas Paxton, who owned the boat-yard at the junction of Buffalo Creek with the North River. My mother was Sarah Walker, oldest daughter of Joseph

Walker, who lived on Carr's Creek, a little north of where Lexington now stands, the county-seat of Rockbridge County, Virginia. Mr. Walker was born in Ireland, July, 1722. He was brought to America when a youth, and married, March, 1749, Nancy McLung, in Augusta County, Virginia. He was a ruling elder in the Monmouth Church, which embraced what afterward formed the churches of Lexington, Monmouth, Oxford, and others. Later in life he moved, as did most of his family, to Kentucky, and finished his days near Cherry Spring, Kentucky.

My grandfather Thomas and his brother William were ruling elders in the Presbyterian Falling Spring Church, Rockbridge County, Virginia, before the time of the American Revolution. After the death of my grandfather, my father succeeded him as ruling elder in the same congregation, which office he filled above fifty years. At his death, his second son Joseph (of the Forks James River) was made an elder in his place; and I have lately learned that since my brother Joseph's death, his oldest son, Thomas P. Paxton (of the Forks), has been made an elder in his place. Thus four elders of the same family in the same congregation have followed each other, the son succeeding the father, filling the space of nearly one hundred years.

In the early times of my father and mother, Augusta County, from which Rockbridge was afterward set off, was a frontier county, and much exposed to inroads from the Indians. The settlements on Carr's Creek were several times cut off while my mother was young. The families in that region, in those times of danger, lived in forts. The men would go out by day and attend to their farms, and return to the fort at night. Her father sometimes took her with him to the farm to cook for him. She said she would hurry and wash the dishes, put things in order, and then go to the

field where her father was at work, being afraid to remain in the house alone. More than once, when a part of the settlers on the creek were attacked by the Indians, the family did not leave the house until they saw the smoke of the burning houses at the upper part of the creek. Many lives were lost by these Indian massacres. In attending worship on the Sabbath, the men often went armed, thus prepared to defend themselves and families. Many moving tales of frontier adventure have passed away unrecorded with the generation in which they happened. They were often referred to in conversation. I will record one as related by my mother.

Her father was one day plowing in his field; no one was with him, or at the house. A boy came running to him, so completely out of breath that he could do no more than stammer out "Indian!" and point to the creek. That was enough to designate the cause. Mr. Walker did not take time to loose the gears, but with his knife cut the fastenings and threw them off, lifted the boy on one of the horses, mounted the other, and made for the fort, which they reached in safety. The boy stated that he was at a plantation on the other side of the creek, and had climbed up into an apple-tree to get some apples. That while he was in the tree an Indian came under it, picked up an apple or two, but happened not to look up. His attention seemed directed across the creek, where he could hear Mr. W. speaking to his horses. The Indian started down to the creek, and the boy supposed his object was to cross and kill Mr. W. As soon as the Indian had gone so far that the boy could venture, he came down from the tree; but as the Indian had taken the direct way, he had no alternative but to take a circuitous route and cross above where the Indian was, and make up in speed what he lost in distance. In doing this, he was completely exhausted when he reached

Mr. W. It was nobly and successfully done, and in no other way, probably, could he have saved Mr. W.'s life.

Both my parents were, I believe, truly pious, and that from early life. I have been told by old men who knew him, that from his boyhood my father was a praying person; and one of the earliest things I can remember is that of going with my mother when she retired for prayer. She would make me, and any other of the children who might be with her, kneel down by her side while she prayed. Though I may not have had adequate conceptions of the import of the duty, the importance which mother attached to it made an impression on my mind. Family worship was a duty seldom, if ever, omitted. When my father was absent, it was conducted by my mother. This also made its impression on me. I was taught the Lord's prayer and some others, and was told that I ought to pray morning and evening, and did, with some degree of regularity, perform that duty. While growing up I was made to learn the Catechism and read the Word of God.

My parents were strict observers of the Sabbath and constant at church, unless justifiable circumstances prevented. We lived seven miles from Falling Spring Church and nine from High Bridge,* between which the Rev. S. Houston divided his time. We had the James River to cross, often too deep to ford, in going to both places, and Sally's Mountain to pass over in reaching Falling Spring. This last church we always attended, and in good weather some of the family were found at High Bridge. It took most of the day to go, attend the service, and return. In the summer there were usually two sermons, with an interval of half an hour; in the winter but one service.

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* Two miles from Natural Bridge, Cedar Creek.

As the family was large—five sons and four daughters—and had not horses for all to ride, I, with some of my brothers, often walked to church. At times I felt some reluctance, but almost always while there attending worship I was glad I had come, and thought I would not again feel disinclined, and for several days was more attentive to the duty of prayer. This with me, however, seemed almost the whole of religion.

Our situation south of the river cut us off a good deal from a free intercourse with the neighborhood and lessened our school advantages, but in other respects was rather favorable, limiting that abundant intercourse with other youth which is often unfavorable to morals. As I grew up I began more and more to desire to take part in those pleasures and amusements indulged in by the young with whom I at times associated; felt sometimes that the restraints laid on me by my parents were not wholly agreeable, and almost envied those youth whose parents allowed them to follow their own pleasure.

My father, having no property but his farm and fixtures, could do little more than support his family, and had little prospect of giving his children much of an outfit to begin the world with. It was thought best that most of his sons should engage in business or learn some trade, as a means of providing for themselves. My oldest brother and my youngest two, with myself, engaged in business, while my second brother remained on the farm and gradually assumed the charge of the family and became possessor of the property. My sisters all married and became the mothers of families, and have descendants to the third and fourth generation. I continued with my father and worked on the farm until I was in my nineteenth year.

In the spring of 1802 a revival of religion took place in Bedford County. A large party, mostly of young people,

went from Rockbridge to attend a sacramental meeting. Dr. Baxter and Rev. Blane accompanied them. Brother Joseph and two of my sisters were of the party. Almost the whole of this company were deeply impressed. On their return a considerable revival was manifest in Rockbridge, and a number made profession of religion,—among them one of my brothers and three of my sisters. I considered this a favorable time to engage in religion, and, as I thought, did so. I reflected more on the matter, prayed more, attended preaching and the prayer meetings with more interest and even pleasure.

With the consent of my parents, I left home about this time, to reside in Liberty, Bedford County, with Mr. M., remaining with him three years, and mastering the business which he followed. The revival was at its height at that place, and a glorious work of God it was. The whole community were more or less affected, and a great number added to the church. I felt a singular delight in the matter, and gave close attention to the means of grace. Hearing persons relate their religious experience, and comparing my own exercises with theirs, I at length concluded that my feelings amounted to a religious experience. I had convictions, fears, sorrows, and joys; at times my heart felt hard and cold and my affections wandering; at others my heart would melt, my tears flow, and my feelings were of a pleasing and joyful kind. I recollect one night I had such joyful feelings that I felt a wish that I might die before morning. I knew almost nothing of the wickedness of my heart, but thought those imperfections which I discovered in myself constituted that depravity of which I heard so much said in preaching and in the conversation of God's people. When I heard any temper described as belonging to religion, I tried to excite it in myself and often thought that I succeeded.

I thought it my duty to make a public profession of religion, but felt a kind of superstitious dread of it. In trying to prepare for it I spent much time in reading, prayer, and self-examination. I was much more impressed with the sin of neglecting to confess Christ and commemorate his death, than with the privilege of so doing. I had very incorrect notions of the nature and design of the ordinance, and a strange, superstitious idea of the benefit to be derived from it. I was sadly blind to the spirituality of the gospel and the disorders of my own heart.

I connected myself with Peaks Church in the spring of 1803. At the sacramental table, was unusually dull and hard-hearted, and left in an uncomfortable frame of mind. Good feelings were what I desired; not possessing these I was very unhappy, feared I had partaken unworthily, and was greatly depressed. After spending the evening in retirement and having a return of softer and more comfortable feelings, I again hoped that all was well.

A few months after this, the sacrament was to be administered at Pisgah and I designed to attend. As the time drew near I devoted more time to preparation, hoping that I might have more enjoyment in the ordinance than I had before. It was Tuesday or Wednesday morning previous to the Sabbath, and while engaged in private prayer, that I saw with a convincing clearness that I was altogether mistaken as to my hope of an interest in Christ. It seemed as plain as light, that I had not really repented, did not truly believe in Christ, had no love to God and divine things. These new views threw me into the most fearful perplexity and alarm. At times they would fade away, leaving me in a darkness of mind, as to my situation, which might well be compared to the case of a person who, in a dark night, walks with a lamp which suddenly goes out. I could not, at pleasure, recall those views nor continue

them. The strong impression of what they had discovered to me was left and filled me with fears, I may almost say with terrors. From time to time these new views, with more or less clearness, returned, and were followed, after a longer or shorter time, with more or less of this distressing darkness. This continued for weeks and months.

I did not attend the sacramental meeting, but spent the Sabbath alone, and most of it in prayer. For weeks and months I was hardly able to pursue my usual avocations. My business allowed me some leisure, and my custom was, as soon as I could finish, which was about the middle of the afternoon, to withdraw, with my Bible or some religious book, to a grove in the vicinity, and spend the remainder of the day, and sometimes part of the night, in religious exercises. I was occasionally favored with calm moments; and at times they came to my relief when under such fearful paroxysms of alarms, fears and distress, that I must now consider them as sent in mercy to keep me from despair or self-ruin.

As I had never made myself acquainted with the evidences of Christianity, I was presently involved in doubt on the whole matter. So harassed was I with doubts that I well remember that I most earnestly desired to see A JEW, hoping that the sight might help to confirm my belief in the truth of the Bible.

From the singular manner in which my mind was exercised on this matter, I must now believe it was a violent temptation, as occasionally almost everything appeared to be involved in uncertainty. As a general thing, I felt that I ought to be thankful to God that He had caused me to see the mistake into which I had fallen, and much of a spirit of prayer that He would lead me to a saving knowledge of the truth. I can well recollect that often, when assailed with doubts as to the truth of almost everything

connected with religion, the steady, consistent piety of my mother has served as a support—as something real, and I have laid hold of that for support, feeling confident that my mother's religion was sincere and there must be truth in it.

I was often distressed with the most awful and blasphemous thoughts. They would follow me to all places, and in all employments, and most grievously disturb me in prayer and in all the duties of religion. I found it impossible to banish them from my mind. They almost drove me to despair; for I did not then imagine there was any agency of Satan in it, as I now believe there was. It seemed to me that a fountain of wickedness had been opened in my heart, of which, till then, I had no conception.

Sometimes there was a disposition to murmur that God had left me to such sorrows. I envied God's people who enjoyed his favor. Hard thoughts would arise against Him who had suffered me thus to deceive myself. I knew such thoughts were sinful, but could not get clear of them; they haunted me.

I looked for something great and almost miraculous; something that would remove all doubts and darkness and evil at once; but what it was, or how it was to come, I knew not. I was very diligent in the use of the means of grace; read, fasted, and prayed, and attended the preaching of the gospel; going sometimes ten, fifteen, or twenty miles to protracted meetings, in hope of finding relief.

After such special efforts, when no change took place, and the eager effort seemed to leave me more hard and unfeeling, a spirit of murmuring and rebellion would take possession of me; thoughts would arise that it was vain to seek God; that my case was a lost one; that grace would not be granted; and that perdition would be my portion. While these thoughts and feelings held possession of my

mind and baffled all efforts to banish them, I passed some of the most unhappy moments of my life. Those very feelings of rebellion, those murmurings, made me tremble with apprehension lest God would let loose his hand against me. I sometimes think that while in this rebellious frame of mind, I felt in *kind*, if not in degree, the torments of the damned.

At other times my heart would melt, a feeling of resignation would pervade my mind, my tears would flow, I would feel that I was in the hands of God, and that it was right that He should do what appeared best in his sight. A faint hope would spring up that, as God had shown me my error, He possibly might save me. Such moments were as cordials to my soul,—merciful alleviations of a distress almost insupportable; and from the way and time in which they came, I must believe they are to be ascribed to the good Spirit of God, who was even then guiding me, though I knew it not.

For some time after I had discovered my error, I was much distressed with the fear that, as the revival was now past, people becoming careless, and some beginning to fall away, I should not be able to obtain a hope in Christ. I had passed through the revival without receiving the blessing, and feared it could not then be obtained. There was less preaching, the prayer meetings nearly given up,—and what was to become of me!

Another thought gave me much trouble. Observing that in most families while some professed to have religion others did not,—that it was only occasionally that all the members professed a hope in Christ, and as most of my father's family had professed a hope, I feared that I was the one who was never to obtain it, but be lost forever. The fact that I had been left to deceive myself and make a false profession was strong proof that this must be the case,

and almost drove me to despair. I avoided all society as much as possible, even that of religious persons with whom I had been intimate. Thinking they must suppose me one of the vilest wretches on earth, for having made profession of religion when I had none, I wished to avoid their sight.

The degree of my distress, and my irregularity as to food and sleep, so wasted my flesh and spirits that my friends became apprehensive that the consequences might be fatal. Several conversed with me and thought I had religion, and tried to comfort me with this hope, but being fully satisfied that I had been deceived in making a profession while my heart was not renewed, such conversations, designed to prove that I was only in a state of darkness and temptation, served to make me more averse to talk on the matter. I feared they might lead me to rest on something short of true holiness, and thus cause my ruin. I felt, however, the force of the reasons adduced by the Rev. Houston, why I should take more care of my bodily health, be more regular as to food and sleep. I followed his advice and was benefited by it.

As those agonizing fears and terrors which followed me at the first discovery of my error gradually abated, and those terrible temptations passed away, I verily thought I could perceive the process of heart-hardening going on. I often tried to bring back my former fears and terrors. I tried to alarm myself with the awful danger that appeared just before me. But this, like all my other efforts, proved unavailing. The very intensity of my anxiety to feel led me to believe that I did not feel at all. The result, however, was that it gave rise to a deep and abiding impression that God must do all or I should be lost; that there was no help *in me;* that no arm could reach the case but the arm of the Lord.

About this time I read the "Life of Newton" and Dr. Scott's "Force of Truth" with decided benefit. I there saw that Dr. Scott himself had not only professed religion, but had entered the ministry; had not only partaken of the Lord's Supper, but had administered it to others, while, as he stated, he had no real piety; and yet God had visited him with his grace and led him along from unsound opinions and irregular practice to real piety, godly living, and great usefulness in the church. This relieved my mind greatly from the idea it long labored under, that to make a false profession of religion, and to partake of the Lord's Supper in an unworthy manner, was nearly, if not altogether, the unpardonable sin. The wonderful way in which Newton was led, the deep depravity and sin from which he was recovered and made a useful minister of the gospel, served to strengthen the impression made by the "Force of Truth," that much as I might have sinned in making a profession of religion while I did not possess it, there might still be hope in my case.

My doubts about the truth of religion began gradually to vanish,—my fearful apprehensions to abate; calm reflection became easier and more natural; my views of the plan of salvation more clear and consistent. I began to be pleased with the sovereignty of God, to feel the suitableness of the gospel plan, and my heart came more and more to rest with a pleasing satisfaction in this way of mercy, as meeting the wants of my guilty, weak, and polluted soul. The Lord "led me in a way that I knew not, and in paths I had not known, He made darkness light before me and crooked things straight and did not utterly forsake me."

If there was any particular time or place at which I first obtained a hope of religion, I am not able to point it out. It was more like the gradual dawning of the morning than the sudden removal from darkness to light.

I recollect a time and place during this progress in my religious experience when my views were more than usually clear as to the suitableness and fullness of the gospel provisions, and when my heart rested with unusual complacency and satisfaction on the Saviour; but these views and feelings differed rather in degree than in kind from those I had experienced before.

A recollection of my former mistake kept alive fears in my mind, which held me back from approaching that ordinance. At length I saw and deeply felt that the church and its ordinances were designed for the benefit of all who loved God and sought his favor through Christ; that not only the strong but the weak ought to acknowledge God in the way of his appointment. I saw that I was sinful, weak, and erring; without God's grace I never should be able to progress in religion or glorify Him; that He had instituted his church and ordinances as a way in which his people were to profess Him before the world and thus honor Him; and it was very plain that all needed grace might more reasonably be hoped for in his appointed way than in standing apart from the church. Besides, Christ had enjoined it as a duty on all who expected God's favor through Him. I should therefore have more confidence in coming to Him for blessings, than I could have while neglecting his commands. With these views I renewed my religious professions in the fall of 1805.

My mind on that occasion was deeply but comfortably exercised. My views on the great and leading truths of religion were unusually clear. I saw my weakness, defilement, and the utter disorder of my nature; my entire dependence upon divine grace for everything that is good; the suitableness and fullness of the grace of Christ, and how He could order all that regarded me for his glory and my good. I felt my heart, with much satisfaction and

delight, acquiescing in this plan of salvation,—giving up all my interests, both temporal and spiritual, into the hands of Christ, to be disposed of as He saw best. Especially did I see how much I needed that God would save me from my disposition to choose, devise, and act for myself; that He would work in me, to will and to do his good pleasure. Never have I enjoyed more inward peace than while at the table of the Lord, and never have I doubted since that I did right in thus professing the name of Christ.

Soon after the discovery of my error, and even during that period in which I suffered such awful terrors and temptations, the thought began to occur that possibly God might purpose, through these trials, to prepare me to serve Him in the gospel of his son. Why such a thought should rise in my mind I could not tell. It seemed presumptuous and almost wicked for such a sinner to think of such a thing. My plans for life, also, seemed settled, and everything against it; but still, from time to time the thought did occur. However, it was only occasionally and with little interest. My mind was too deeply affected with my spiritual condition to allow it a place. But as I began to understand, and rest on, and find peace in the plan of salvation through Christ, the thought returned more frequently and with greater force, until it became the subject of serious and almost constant meditation, though I named it to no one.

While at my father's on a visit, mother asked me whether I had "any thought of preparing for the ministry." The question startled me. I hardly knew what to reply. Up to that time I had repelled the thought. I rather evaded the question, and intimated that I would most likely follow the business in which I was engaged, for that was my prevailing opinion. The question made an impression which surprised me, and much increased my thought and feeling

about it. My engagements with Mr. M. terminating about this time, obliged me to decide what course I should pursue.

Some advantageous offers were made me for entering into business and making a settlement in the world; but now I found that my feelings were not free to do it, such a hold had the above thoughts taken on my mind. I often tried to reason myself clear of them, considering I had already chosen my business; I had not the means of procuring an education; I was too old to enter on so long a course of study; I had no evidence that it was my duty to prepare to preach the gospel,—with many considerations of this sort. But the more I reasoned on the matter the greater reluctance I had to engage in any plan of life until satisfied on this point. I engaged, therefore, temporarily in business for another, making it a matter of special prayer that the Lord would so order matters, so dispose my mind and so enable me to see his hand, that I might know what He would have me to do.

At the end of six months my employer sold out to one who did not need my aid, and I was thrown entirely out of employment, and, as it were, forced to come to some decision. Far from feeling certain that it was, or ever would be, my duty to preach the gospel, I concluded to begin a course of study, watch the indications of Providence, and make it a subject of special prayer that God would enable me to see duty and incline me to it.

But where could I find a school that would suit me? I felt great reluctance to going at once to a public school. While perplexed about this matter, and detained in Bedford a few days, before setting out to visit father's family, a friend offered me his horse to visit Mr. G., a relative, who lived some dozen miles off. The offer was unexpected, and but for it I should not have made the visit. Inquiry was made as to my plans, and on mentioning my intention

of entering a certain school at Richmond, was informed that it was closed. This disconcerted me so much that it was noticed by my relative, and he told me of a school close by, which promised to be more like what I wished for than the other. The whole train of events which led to the knowledge of this school passed before my mind, and seemed so striking a providential series of things, that I felt "Surely the hand of God is here." If I had not been detained *sorely* against my will; if my acquaintance had not offered me the use of his horse; if I had not mentioned my plans to Mr. G., which I had not done to any one before; if he had not heard of the discontinuance of the school in R. that I had selected; if he had not named the other, which had just begun, I might have crossed the mountains and been involved in great perplexities as to the future. The Providence of God was seen, and a degree of gratitude and humble trust sprang up, refreshing to my soul.

My plan was soon formed. I closed my business, visited and consulted my father's family, who, while they could not promise much aid, did not object to my purpose; my parents, and especially my sisters, approving, I returned, and commenced my studies with Rev. J. M., February, 1806, being near the middle of the twenty-second year of my age. For five months I confined my attention almost wholly to the Latin language, and in the opinion of my teacher made good progress. At the end of the session, my means were too far exhausted to enter for another. I was averse to incurring debt. This, with other reasons, prevented me from continuing longer at M.

I continued my studies several months at home, liable to many interruptions, and greatly needing assistance. Spent a few weeks with Mr. Houston and made several attempts to procure a place as an assistant in a private school,

but failed. I had few friends that could help me, and none offered to do it. I could not bring myself to ask it; my prospects were dark and I was much cast down. I tried to get into business, solely for the purpose of procuring means to pursue my studies, but no door was opened. My father visited his daughters in Tennessee, and I remained with my mother in his absence. About this time I began to keep a Journal.

August, 1806. From some conversation and behavior of a young preacher, I have been led to think very seriously of the solemnity of a religious profession; and the care with which professors should guard their conversation, especially on the Sabbath. How apt are we to fall into error! Under a deep impression of my shortcoming in duty, I resolved that beside my morning and evening period of prayer, I would spend a short portion of time about the middle of each day in devotion, with special reference to seeking Divine help, that I may adorn the gospel and guard against the many temptations daily met with.

December 4. My hopes of assistance from R. have failed. It was not offered and I could not bring myself to ask it. Sensible of my dependence on God for temporal and spiritual things, and my special need of Divine direction, I have spent this day in fasting and prayer. God has brought me thus far, and will He now forsake me? No, I will still wait on Him and trust in Him.

December 8. BEDFORD.—Nothing having taken place, which indicated what I had better do, it occurred to me to visit this place and see what might offer. I had a solitary and gloomy ride, and find many of my acquaintances dead. May I be ready for that solemn call.

December 15. I have attempted to return to my father's, but have been prevented by the ice. After reaching the

top of the mountain, with much difficulty, I found it impossible to descend on the north side, owing to the ice, which covered the whole face of the mountain. A cold rain and sleet had fallen and frozen so hard, that it would bear my horse; the steepness of the mountain on the north side made it impossible to descend without the most imminent danger. I had to return and wait till it would pass away. I was much endangered on my return on the south side, but in the good Providence of God escaped serious harm.

My mind has been much disquieted. My path is dark; I know not what I ought to do. Oh, that I could feel more resigned to the will of God! He knows what is best and has thus ordered my lot, and shall I murmur? He can easily provide for all my wants. "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof."

In the time of man's extremity God often appears for help. A very opportune and unexpected proposal was made me, while in Bedford. Mr. B., an old schoolmate, proposed that we should spend a month or two alternately with each other, and study together. I readily assented. He has been studying more than twice as long as I have, and will be of much assistance to me. I will try and be diligent and make him study. He is inclined to waste time.

April 17, 1807. WASHINGTON COLLEGE, LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA.—The ways of God are not as ours, but we ought to observe them, and mark how He leads us and fulfills his word. My arrangement with B. did not last as long as was contemplated. He altered his plan, after we had spent a month together at his father's. It was profitable to me while it lasted. I returned home again and was much in the dark as to my future prospects. The spring was about setting in, and my fear of public schools having

somewhat worn off, I was desirous of spending the following summer at Washington College; but I had no means and knew not where or how they could be had. My desire for an education, and with a view of entering the ministry, if I could see it my duty, had much increased; all the difficulties met with never caused me, for an hour, to repent having begun to study.

In the midst of my perplexity, it occurred to me to propose to my father to take charge of a boat he was about sending with a load of flour to Richmond, requesting that he would allow me the profits of a second trip. He assented at once, for he was prevented from aiding me before, not from disinclination, but owing to some pecuniary embarrassment under which he lay. I hasted and overtook the boat, which had started under the care of brother Joseph, who, on account of sickness in his family, was very glad to be relieved from the command, completed two trips to Richmond before the commencement of the session in college, and thus secured what, with strict economy, and the help of the family, supported me one session.

My business as a boatman was not accomplished without exposure and some narrow escapes. In making my second trip, the one for myself, the boat struck a rock in the Irish Falls, one of the worst falls in the James River where it flows through the mountains, and sunk almost as soon as we reached the shore. The other boats in company, after helping me to unload, passed on. It was necessary to stay and watch the property until the boat could be repaired. I spent a number of days and nights alone in the mountains, far from all human habitation. I had many silent musings on the dealings of Providence, and studied in my Latin Testament, which I had with me. My resort was to God, and in this I found a peace the world could not give. I was enabled

to put my trust in Him, and the event has shown that while "His paths are in the sea and his footsteps in the great waters," still He guides by his counsel those who put their trust in Him.

And as God has so ordered it that I am now at a public school, and enjoy a good opportunity for improvement, may it please Him to defend me from evil, keep me from temptation, and help me to live to his glory and improve my time and advantages!

I entered college April, 1807. Rev. George A. Baxter was president.

November. One session is over, and various are the scenes through which I have passed. I have formed some agreeable acquaintances with young men of piety, who have the ministry in view,—J. Graham, A. Davidson, J. Logan, J. Ewin, S. McNut. We had a very troublesome session. The students were unruly; quarreled with the steward and were not harmonious among themselves. Some were sent away. I carefully avoided these difficulties, lived much retired, and seldom left college, except to attend church. I finished the Latin and began the Greek, chiefly under the teaching of Rev. Daniel Blane, a good teacher of the Languages.

May, 1808. Have closed another session; finished the Greek and began Mathematics. Must own a kind Providence in providing for my continuance at this institution. A vacancy taking place in the Grammar School, I received an appointment as teacher, thanked God and took courage.

April 17, 1810. I have this day stood my last examination on the course of Language and Science taught in this institution and obtained the degree of A.B.

On a review of the three years I have spent here, I find much cause of gratitude to God and much cause of self-condemnation in myself. How little progress have I made

in religion! How little have I felt its power! How unprofitable have I been to my fellow-men! How little have I done for their spiritual benefit! I have felt too strong a disposition to conform to the manners and customs and idle ways of spending time, so common in the world. I have too much forgotten the precept, "Redeeming the time," and having "our conversation seasoned with salt." While I am disposed to think that my notions about professors associating with the world were in 1807 rather too strict, yet I am convinced that many professors are much too lax, and receive much injury to themselves, while they do much injury to others from their want of rule in this matter. While much time is spent in company, little of it is employed so as to promote religion either in themselves or others. I have failed much in this matter, while at this place. I have, in some degree, cultivated piety, but it was done almost alone. I was nearly a stranger to the pleasures of social religion. God favored me with health, gave me many comforts, caused me to receive kind attentions from a number of families in the vicinity, blest me in my studies, and gave me intimations of his care, by providences which ought to be kept in very grateful recollection.

After the first session, I spent one-half of the day, sometimes more, in the Grammar School, receiving as a compensation little more than paid my board and bought my books. The care of the students, which fell mainly on the teachers of the Grammar School, formed an unpleasant part of the duties. For a part of the time, there were a good many students from the South, and especially from Old Virginia, many of whom possessed habits not favorable for close study, regular conduct, or good morals. With the exception of the first term, I boarded in Dr. Baxter's family, and was thus not much exposed to the annoyances and

temptations of the town. My attention to literary pursuits had rather too much of my thoughts.

It was a time of great coldness in the churches. There was no stated prayer meeting in the college, nor in the church in town, nor, as far as I know, in any of the churches in that region. There was prayer at the opening of college each day, conducted by Dr. Baxter or Rev. Blane.

Dr. Baxter taught Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Metaphysics, Moral Science, Natural and Political Law, and the Law of Nations, and possibly some other studies, as Geography, etc., and usually had some students in Theology. He preached at Lexington and Monmouth alternately on the Sabbath.

Rev. D. Blane taught Latin and Greek and the several branches of the Mathematics, and preached at Timber Ridge and Oxford alternate Sabbaths.

Each was able in his department as teacher, used textbooks, but in recitation often gave needful explanations. Neither was what may be called a great reader or much devoted to general science, but they were good instructors, and moved on in great harmony with each other. Dr. Baxter was more distinguished for accurate thinking on any subject that engaged his attention, than for knowledge of what books said on the subject. Both were good preachers, but in this Dr. Baxter excelled. His sermons were clear, compact, and to the point, but more addressed to the understanding than to the heart and conscience. He seldom preached above forty or forty-five minutes; short in preaching, short in prayer. Blane excelled in praying.

Rev. S. Houston preached at Falling Spring and High Bridge, R. Logan at Fincastle and other points, Calhoun at Staunton, Wilson at the Stone Meeting House, McCue at Tinkling Spring, Brown at Providence, Montgomery in The Pastures. McElhany, who settled at Louisville, Green-

brier, and J. C. Wilson, who went to Norfolk, were licensed at this time.

On sacramental occasions tokens were used. It was customary to hold a public service on Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday. Friday was kept as a day of fasting. Several of the neighboring ministers attended and assisted in the exercises.

There were several of the seceding churches in Rockbridge and adjacent parts, and in a few cases a Methodist or a Baptist preacher might pass and preach, but no regular churches of these societies were known in that region. There was, as I think, an undue prejudice against them among those who owned the duty of public worship.

A case I may state, simply for illustration, that during my residence at W. College a Methodist preacher came and proposed to be a student, to learn, as he said, a specified branch of mathematics, but a branch which Dr. Baxter told him he could not learn without first making himself master of some preceding branches. This he did not care to do. The case was much like that of an old colored woman, of whom I since knew, who came to a Sabbath-school to learn how to read, but did not wish to learn the alphabet. She said "she was too old for that, she wanted to be put to reading at once without the trouble of learning the letters." The brother very soon requested to be allowed to preach in the Presbyterian church on the alternate Sabbath that Dr. Baxter was at Monmouth. This Dr. Baxter very decidedly refused, and gave it as his opinion that *that* was the main object of his coming, while the learning of mathematics was but a cover.

I had doubts then, which have increased since, whether the doctor did right. There were, all over the country, people who seldom attended Presbyterian preaching. They did not like the pew and subscription system, but would

have attended the Methodist and Baptist meetings, as they since have done. Both of these denominations have churches now in that region.

After graduating I went to East Tennessee to visit my two married sisters, Mrs. Holt and Rice, and to bring home my youngest sister, who had spent the winter with them. The ride was refreshing after the tedium of college life. Here I gained a little insight into the Hopkinsian doctrines, which Rev. H. Balch had introduced into that region, and which had produced much trouble in the churches; many of them were divided, and the parties so bitter that they could not harmonize, and in many cases would not worship with each other.

JOURNAL.—*April*, 1810. The gospel ministry has long been to me the object of much and prayerful thought, and, I may say, of most earnest desire. With a view to it alone, I forsook the course of life in which I had engaged, gave up all its prospects, entered on a long course of study, persevered through all the difficulties in my way, and during the whole course of my education made it a matter of almost daily prayer that God would make the path of duty plain; would not let me run uncalled, but if it was his will that I should serve Him in the gospel, would enable me to see and feel it was his will and my duty. I did hope before now my mind would be satisfied on this matter. But stil I have doubts and fears about it. Some of my relatives and friends think the matter plain, and number me with the sons of the prophets, but they have not the anxieties that I feel on the subject.

Should I intrude uncalled into the sacred office, how awful the case! I know I am a poor, sinful, erring creature, of myself can do nothing, and in the ministry I could do nothing but injure the cause and contract blood-guiltiness, unless his powerful grace prevent. But this needed

grace I could not expect in a situation to which I was not called. Could I see my way clear, could I feel it my duty, then my mind would have something to rest on, and have more confidence in applying for aid in time of need. Oh, my Lord and my God, wilt Thou not guide and direct! Keep me from erring. Show me the path of duty and incline me to pursue it.

May 18, 1810. HAMPDEN SIDNEY COLLEGE, PRINCE EDWARD, VA.—I have this day arrived at this place, having been invited by Dr. Moses Hoge to assist him in teaching. My chief inducement in coming is the theological school, and the assistance in theology expected from Dr. Hoge. Although my mind is not fully made up as to duty in regard to entering the ministry, I intend to direct my attention chiefly to studies connected with theology, as matters of all others most interesting, and hope and pray that in due time duty will be plain before me.

June 11, 1810. Have begun the Hebrew and French languages, with a view to acquire such a knowledge of them as may enable me to read quotations and examine criticisms, etc. Made some agreeable acquaintances with young men, and of a number of very pleasant families in the vicinity.

October 10, 1810. MOUNT PLEASANT.—The first part of last session at H. S. C. was extremely turbulent. Many of the students were disposed to interrupt the peace of college. A number were dismissed. The latter part of the session was more peaceful, and allowed my mind to be in a more suitable frame for coming to a conclusion as to my duty to become a minister. After examining with much care the state of my heart, my views and feelings in regard to the ministry; after reflecting on the way the Lord has led me, how He has opened my way, how I have been led to give up and reject all openings to worldly gain and

emolument, from a desire to serve Him in the gospel; and after considering how my mind, under every trial and discouragement, turned to God and committed my case to Him, and how He always provided some way by which I could continue my course of preparation, I was led to feel satisfied that it was the will of the Great Head of the Church that I should enter the ministry.

I have, therefore, offered myself as a candidate to the Lexington Presbytery, stating that I had felt many difficulties on the subject. The Presbytery received me as a probationer and assigned me parts of trial. May the grace and mercy of God guard me from all evil, give me much of the spirit of Christ and prepare me for serving Him acceptably!

July 7, 1811. H. S. COLLEGE.—Last winter's session was, in some respects, peculiarly trying. Experience has taught me something of human nature, of my own heart and of the providence of God, which I desire to record and recollect. It is through tribulation we must enter the kingdom. The trials sent often appear to us harder to bear than any others would be. Perhaps this is because they are the very trials we need and bear upon the point that needs to be tried.

A cabal of disorderly students was formed in college, under the direction of one or two, as there was good reason to believe, who set themselves to thwart the measures of the teachers, and keep up a constant disturbance in college. I was satisfied that the order and best interest of the college required that one or more should be dismissed. As most of the interior government devolved on me, I repeatedly urged the necessity of more energetic measures; and, under the impulse of feelings often disturbed by severe trials in keeping order, I sometimes urged the change, and spoke of the insufficiency of the plan followed, in terms

perhaps, not wholly becoming my place and the respect due the head of college, to whom my representations were mostly made. At times I had too little of the Christian spirit, was too positive, and hardly made the allowance needful for thoughtless, ungodly youth. It may be more easy to govern a nation than our own hearts and tongues.

I had another source of severe trial. The habits and manners of an assistant teacher were not agreeable to me. I soon felt disgust at some of his foibles. Our situation in college obliged us to be much together. What at first excited my disgust continued to increase it. In this state of mind slight improprieties were hard to bear. Never did I find it so hard to keep a proper command over my temper, and maintain the proper Christian feelings toward any one, and to avoid putting an unfavorable construction on all he said and did; and never did I find it more difficult not to feel gratification, instead of the proper Christian commiseration with him, when his imprudence brought him into difficulties most mortifying; and which from their peculiar nature, and his peculiarities, seemed designed as correctives. I might have been left to fall into a similar impropriety, or some other equally bad or even more disgraceful. The same root of bitterness was in me, and to the grace of God I owe it that I have been preserved. Hearty pity and commiseration for him, and humble gratitude to God for his grace in me, is what the case called for. I have much cause for deep humility. How awfully corrupt is human nature!

During the last vacation I visited my parents, as has been customary with me, and found my mind more than usually engaged in religion. A visit home begins to have a peculiar effect on my feelings. It fills me with a multitude of remembrances, which are not at other times and places enjoyed. While I ramble over the farm, stray in

the woods, or climb the mountains, I see many places where I sought God in times of darkness, where I retired to read and meditate and pray.

When I compare my present with my former state, what a chasm lies between! What an unlikeness between my present and my former self! I recall many trials, many mercies, many hours of enjoyment, many kind providences, and above all I see that God has brought me to desire his favor more than all other things, to appreciate his gospel, and has caused my trials to have some good effect in leading me from self and the world to Christ as the only hope of the soul. And I stand now with clearer views of divine things, and more satisfactory evidence of an interest in Christ, and a more cheerful hope that when my work on earth is done I shall be received into everlasting life than I ever before enjoyed.

Nov. 10, 1811. H. S. COLLEGE.—Last session passed over more pleasantly to me than any preceding one at this place. The longer I live, and the more I attend to what takes place in me and about me, the more I feel that I need continual supplies of grace to guide, guard, keep, and enable me, at all times and in all circumstances, to "possess my soul in patience." In few situations are trials more abundant and various than in managing a large number of irreligious and mischievous boys. How much I regret some unguarded expressions and outbursts of fretfulness, which I fell into, excited chiefly by college matters. I need more humility, and the influence of the Spirit to regulate my heart. I am greatly prone to forget that God has ordered my lot and appointed the trials I meet, and that it is my duty to glorify Him by bearing in the spirit of the gospel all that He sends upon me.

"I attended Presbytery and Synod last month in Staunton, and passed through a part of my trial exercises before

Presbytery. Many considerations induce me to think of taking licensure next spring, if the Presbytery concur. I did think of deferring it a year longer, but the state of the church, the great need of some one to pass through the vacancies as a missionary, have induced me to follow the advice which some in the ministry give—to take license in the spring, travel during summer, and locate and read next winter. As this seems most advisable, I desire to be more than ever engaged in seeking that assistance without which I cannot expect to be useful to the cause of Christ. I see more and more that a minister of the gospel ought to be wholly devoted to his work. This ought to embrace and control every purpose of his heart and constitute all his desire. Oh, how much grace is necessary to produce and keep alive such a temper in my soul! May God, in the fullness of his blessing in the gospel, be with me, and aid in all my efforts to prepare for his work!

November 26, 1811. H. S. C.—Have written a letter to ———, expressing my earnest hope that the serious attention they have lately paid to religion may not be forgotten, but terminate in a full devotion of heart to Christ and his cause.

How much I regret that I did not feel a warmer and more social piety during my residence at Washington College; that I did not converse more with my many acquaintances and friends on the great subject of religion. I might have done good in many cases which now I may never be able to reach. How much more pleasing would be my recollections of that place if I could recall more done for Jesus.

November 27, 1811. H. S. C.—Have received more information which makes me fear that my old schoolmate, ——, is in danger of coming short of that usefulness once hoped of him. Oh, that I could bring my heart to take due

warning! How alluring is this world! How deceitful is the human heart! How deeply should I feel the duty of being as much as possible denied to this world, and of having all plans and purposes center in the great work of serving Christ in the gospel.

This morning read the life of President Edwards, I hope with some profit. I find few kinds of reading more interesting than the well-written biographies of pious persons. How very poor my proficiency in the divine life compared with others. How far short of that diligence and watchfulness which others exhibit.

I sometimes feel a strong sense of the unspeakable privilege of forsaking all for Christ and his cause; more especially for a minister of the gospel thus to devote his all to his Master's work.

November 28, 1811. Last evening I led the devotions at a prayer meeting held by some pious students, and designed to cultivate piety in our own hearts, and to seek a blessing for others. I was cold and dull—did not enjoy that comfort in the exercises I desired. Without the assistance of the Spirit of God, how utterly hopeless are all our efforts either to do or get good!

December 5. For several days past my mind has been too much employed about some worldly matters, and I feel the deadening effects of it on my religious feelings. Oh, Lord, pardon, revive, and restore me, and let me not wander from thee!

December 7. Impressed with the necessity of a minister's having much of the spirit of Christ, and of his absolute dependence on God for it, I spent part of this day in fasting and prayer. Had a deep conviction that our highest happiness arises from communion and fellowship with God, and entire devotion to his service; that if I could give my whole heart to Him, and live under a constant sense of his pres-

ence and favor, I should be unspeakably more happy than all this world could make me. But how cold and dull and earthly is my heart; how hard to make it rise to God and spiritual things.

December 12. Last night was at the prayer meeting held at Dr. Hoge's. Toward the close the doctor made an address, chiefly to the young men who had the ministry in view. He observed that young men, while preparing for the ministry, are apt to think their chief business is to acquire knowledge, and imagine they can acquire the spirit of the gospel afterward. They, on the other hand, ought from the first to cultivate a spirit of piety, form, as much as possible, a talent for religious conversation, to labor to be good and do good. That one preacher formed in this way might do more good than ten formed in the usual way. I felt the remarks most deeply. I have lived almost in vain,—done almost nothing. I find I shall have many hard struggles with my natural backwardness to religious conversation. Unless God be pleased to aid me, I know I shall never be able to do good in that way to the extent to which it may be done.

December 22. *Sabbath.* Oppressed at heart with my deadness in religious duties, I retired for prayer. While thus engaged I had a very deep sense of my continued need of divine grace to keep alive any and every good thing in me; also a pleasing and humbling view of the sovereignty of God. That He does all his will. That all his purposes must stand, and I rejoiced in these truths.

December 26. H. S. C.—This evening I heard of the death of Sister Rice.* How unexpected! She departed this life on the 27th of November, 1811, and died in the full assurance of a happy immortality through the merits

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* Wife of David, brother of J. H. Rice, D.D.

of Christ. She had been a professor of religion above nine years, and was one of the company who attended the sacramental meeting at Pisgah at the commencement of the revival in 1802, and on their return to Rockbridge laid the beginning of the revival there. She was fully impressed, and from that time made religion the governing principle of her life. Her convictions were not remarkably deep, and she soon obtained comfortable views of the way of salvation. From what I have learned, both from herself and others, for I have not lived with her much since that time, her faith in God was unusually strong and her confidence steady. Her attachment to religion was of the steady, ardent kind. I have known few persons the tone of whose religious feelings was more uniformly high, and whose views were so uniformly clear on religion.

She possessed a mind well-proportioned, most happily balanced, and possessing, beyond most that I have known, a perfect command over itself. I do not recollect ever seeing her in a fret, and it was not for the want of feeling.

For several months before her death she had a presentiment of its approach. In her sickness she was much supported; expressed a desire to live for the sake of her children, of whom she was very fond. She has left four, the youngest but a few days old. She declared her resignation to the divine will, and as her end approached conversed most affectionately with her husband, sister, and brother-in-law, committed them all, especially her husband and children, to God in prayer, then fell asleep in Christ. "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

My mind was singularly affected on first reading the afflicting intelligence. For an interval all feeling left me. I felt like a blank, yet the blank appeared almost insupportable. I hasted to retirement for meditation and

prayer, and found relief in tears and keen sorrow, for our great loss. With my sorrow, I felt a deep sense of the goodness of God for the grace afforded her and the good evidence she left that she was received to a place of rest and peace. Oh, my dear parents, my heart bleeds for you! May God support you! I feel a mournful pleasure in meditating on where she now is, and how she is now employed. How she looks upon this world with its allurements, and upon the sacrifices and trials to which God's people are called. Oh, that I could view these matters in some degree as she now does, and act as she would advise me to act were she allowed to revisit this world and give counsel to a brother who always loved her and shared her love!

December 29, 1811. H. S. C.—Last evening we heard of the burning of the Richmond Theater, with a multitude of people in it. The dreadful shock it gave the whole community, the stupefying horror it excited, brought most forcibly to my mind the alarm and confusion, unspeakably more dreadful, which will be occasioned by the burnings of the last day. They went to the place of mirth, and in a few minutes were before the bar of God. May I be so wise as to be always ready for the coming of the Lord.

January 8, 1812. H. S. C.—I often experience returns of distressing coldness in religion. None but God knows how far I fall short of those pure and ardent affections that ought ever to rule and control my heart. How awfully prone to earthly affections. Nothing but the same creating power, which gave me life and upholds it, can create and keep alive the love of God and divine things within me. During our social meeting this evening I had a strong and pleasing impression of this truth, as set forth in the parable of the vine, *John*, xv., "I am the vine, ye are the branches."

January 25. I have just read "The Star in the East"

and the "Asiatic Researches," by Buchanan, with great pleasure. How great the field for Christian and missionary labor! How loud the call for help! How great our privileges and mercies in this land, and how little do we appreciate them! How apt to forget that God has done more for us than almost any other people! How much more honorable to labor for the good of souls than to enjoy that indolent ease, and worldly honor, and earthly good so much sought after in this world! Oh, that the Lord would raise up and send forth many faithful laborers into his vineyard! May my soul be filled with his Spirit and prepared for the work to which I may be called!

One of the objects I had in view in going from Washington to Hampden Sidney College was to avail myself of the instruction of Dr. Hoge. I expected to have the advantages of a theological class. In this I was disappointed. There had been connected with the theological class before I went there several who had entered the ministry, as Lumpkin, Kennon, and Ewin. J. Hoge and J. Turner were still there, and others entered afterward, as J. Kirkpatrick, A. Kilpatrick, S. Hoge, W. Lacy, D. Baker, Walton, Stafford, Pharr, Stuart, and possibly some others less advanced. The doctor gave us some general advice as to our course of reading, subjects, and books; at times, on some particular subjects, we got his views, more or less fully, in conversation. We had no regular class-meetings nor regular recitations.

I found many excellent families in the vicinity, a good state of morals, much intelligence, considerable wealth, and a much larger colored population than I had been accustomed to above the mountains. The effect of the college in creating an intelligent population was very manifest. This was the case at Lexington, but hardly so manifest, at that time, as it was at Hampden Sidney. Both institutions

had times of prosperity and adversity. Neither had a full complement of professors while I was connected with them.

At H. S. College Dr. M. Hoge was president. He taught one or two classes, beside the instruction given to the students of theology. The other departments were not filled with regularly appointed professors, but with young men who were graduates,—usually two, assisted by one or more in the grammar school. The funds of the college did not admit of much compensation. This arrangement may not have been the best, but I doubt whether a regularly appointed faculty would have turned out much better scholars than were thus made.

Dr. Hoge preached at the college, but often exchanged with Rev. Drury Lacy, and preached at Cumberland or some other point; Mr. M. Lyle at Briery and Buffalo; Mr. Clement Read and LeGrand in Charlotte, as did Dr. Rice before he moved to Richmond; Dr. Conrad Speece in Powhatan; Mr. Blair in Richmond and Hanover; Mr. William Read at Lynchburg; Messrs. Mitchel and Turner at the Peaks and Pisgah; Mr. Robinson in Albemarle. There may have been some others whose names and places have passed from my memory. These are recalled as having some connection with the college or attending Presbytery, which frequently met at that place.

Dr. Hoge was a plain man, most simple and affectionate in his manners, well read in theology, but not remarkable for general reading; a good preacher as to matter, but his manner was not calculated to make much impression on those who regard the manner more than the matter. Mr. Lacy was a most venerable man in his general appearance, was gifted with an uncommonly fine voice, and knew well how to use it. This made his sermons more popular with the many than those of Dr. Hoge, while for matter Dr. Hoge's generally were much superior.

The doctor encouraged the theological students to hold meetings, and form the habit of exhorting assemblies and praying with and for their fellow-men. He never entered fully into the spirit of our Book in making a complete literary course so essential as it seems to require, special cases excepted. He was one who, with many others, would have followed more closely the directions in *I. Tim.* iii. 1–10, *Titus*, i.

At the close of two years I resigned my place in college and retired to my father's, where I spent the winter of 1811–1812 in preparing for examination before Presbytery. Those five or six months at my father's were among the most pleasant of my life. Free from the trouble of college life, far from the bustle of the world, in the calm quiet of my parents' secluded residence, I had time to muse on the past and prepare for the future.

CHAPTER II.

Licensure — Missionary Tours — Experience as a Preacher — Horse lamed, and the Consequences—Journeys and Labors—Controversies in Tennessee—Difficulties in the way of Settlement—Reasons for going to Norfolk, Va.—War—Labors—Ordination—Success—Important Events—Mental Trials—General Assemblies of 1815 and 1818—Remarks.

June, 1812. MOUNT PLEASANT.—Now that I am relieved from the many annoyances that arose from my relations to the college, I see that I suffered them to produce an amount of uneasiness and, at times, fretfulness which they need not and ought not have done. I became more sensible of this during the last sessions, and began to correct the evil. I set myself more earnestly to form the habit of referring everything to God and realizing his hand in all that took place. I tried to make it a rule to betake myself to God, by prayer, for grace and help in every trial, when I found anything likely to ruffle my temper; and I found the benefit of so doing. God does hear prayer, and affords grace and deliverance to those who seek it and put their trust in Him. Had I adopted this rule from the time I first professed the name of Christ, I might have escaped some painful feelings, and possibly have felt my trials less.

A change of place and of employment, however much it may promise, will do little to secure peace and give tranquillity. The real source of disquietude is found in the heart. Unless the heart be put right the bitter waters will flow from it. A heart not filled with the fruits of the

Spirit—love, joy, peace, long-suffering, and patience—will find materials for unhappiness, or make them. On the other hand, if the heart be put right and filled with the holy affections, all trials can be borne, not barely with patience, but with enjoyment. Experience has proved to me that trials may be found at —— as well as at ——.

In a few weeks I expect to receive license. May the grace of God prepare me for it, and enable me during life faithfully to do its duties. I have cause of deep humility that I have so little of the spirit of the gospel; yet I view it as a favorable indication, that my mind has been for some time under a growing sense of my entire dependence on the grace of God for everything that is good.

"There is not perhaps a more evident display of creating power, exerting itself in any part of God's dominion, than that operating on the hearts of God's people, recovering them more and more to the image of Christ." God offers his Spirit, the author of this work, to all, in and through his Son; may I seek it with my whole heart, and under its transforming power be more and more fitted for serving God in the gospel!

June 16, 1812. MOUNT PLEASANT.—On the 13th of the present month the Lexington Presbytery met at Timber Ridge, and I was directed to preach my trial sermon before them, from Jude, 3d verse, as had been assigned me. My mind was much agitated at first, but after I had commenced the service, it became calm, clear, and ardent. With great ease and comfort I passed through the service, and, as I was informed, "gave good satisfaction" to my hearers, among whom were many relatives, old college friends and acquaintances.

The Presbytery adjourned to Capt. Wm. Lyle's, and at night entered on my examination, which they pronounced satisfactory, and gave me license. Dr. Baxter, my old

teacher, presiding and officiating on the occasion. I was then directed by Presbytery to obtain instructions from the Synodical Committee of Missions, which was to meet in a few days, as to my field of labor and future course.

I have had many difficulties in preparing for the ministry. Some friends disapproved of the whole matter, and thought I had better pursue the business in which I had engaged. I think, however, that I have seen the good hand of God in all the way along which he has led me. I felt some desire that God, as he had opened my way thus far, would be with me while passing through my probationary trials, especially as they would be gone through among my friends and acquaintances. I feel that I was aided, and desire to be thankful. But, oh! I feel that I have cause for deep humility. I feel pride rising in my heart that I have done so well, a disposition to forget God, and take the credit to myself. When I pray for divine assistance in duty and say, "for Thy name's sake, for the good of souls," I am struck dumb, filled with shame; for I see the love of my own name and praise stealing into my heart and presenting itself as a reason why I should desire to do well. Words cannot express the vileness of my heart. How full of pride, selfishness, and every evil! There is possibly no greater display of divine grace in this world than that manifested in a minister of the gospel who is enabled with great success and good acceptance to preach the gospel and yet be kept properly humble before God, and have the glory of God and the good of souls alone in view. Nothing but the power of God can effect this. I have much reason to fear that I shall before long be put to shame. I richly deserve it for feelings which I have discovered within me. "Oh, Lord! enter not into judgment with me, for in thy sight shall no one living be justified!"

Oh, for a clean heart, a heart disposed to devote every

thought and feeling to Christ and his cause! Oh, for the time when my soul shall no longer have these distressing struggles within; but be all purity and love and peace!

In a few days I shall commence my missionary labors. With what a mixture of feelings have I long looked forward to this time! With what desire, what fear, what hope, what deep solicitude! Oh, God! go with me, direct and bless me, and make me an instrument to do some good!

Without loss of time, I entered the field of labor designated by the Committee of Missions, and spent most of the summer itinerating and visiting vacant churches and destitute districts in the bounds of Lexington Presbytery. I traveled west of New River into Wythe County, and north through Monroe, Greenbrier; all the settlements on the head-waters of James River, called Pastures; and on Jackson's River; and passed through the Big Levels, Little Levels, and Clover Lick. In September I made a tour down the valley northeast as far as Winchester, Martinsburg, and Harper's Ferry, preaching in the vacancies and unoccupied districts of Winchester Presbytery, making a passing call on the brethren Shannon, Glass, Hill, J. Hoge, and Matthews; and south of the Ridge, on Williamson, Mines, and Wilson, on my way to attend Synod at Goochland, in October.

The whole region over which my labors were spread, especially the mountainous parts, had a sparse population, mostly in settlements along the water-courses, and often separated far from each other. Whole counties contained but few, if any, regularly formed churches. There was often difficulty and delay in getting appointments to preach made known. As a general thing, there was a great desire to hear preaching, and for the most part a willingness to take pains to have the notice circulated. Often persons would ride extensively to give notice and send messages to

others within their reach. It was marvelous, what numbers would gather in from the hills and valleys to the house where the preaching was to be held.

A few of the Baptist and Methodist brethren were making commendable efforts to preach the gospel, and thus save those who were like sheep who had no shepherd. They have no doubt led many to the Saviour, and been the means of benefiting that region.

July, 1812. NEW DUBLIN.—I may here raise my Ebenezer and say, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped me." I have found much aid in the discharge of my ministerial duties. I begin to learn something from experience in preaching; one case I must note.

After spending a day preparing for the pulpit, I felt a dreadful conflict in my mind, with a selfish desire to do myself credit, by preaching well. During private devotion in the evening I had the clearest view I recollect ever having had of the deceitfulness of the human heart, and an equally clear view of the incomprehensible mercy of God, which operates on such hearts, recovers them from their enmity, purifying them more and more; and notwithstanding untold perversities, preserves, guides, blesses, and employs them in his service, and prepares them for his presence. These views were followed with ardent, longing desires after holiness. To be made holy and filled with the Spirit appeared, above all things, to be desired.

I had attempted to memorize a written sermon for the Sabbath; I had never found my mind so hard to manage, unable to memorize, and on Saturday could not take any interest in that discourse, although I had approved of it before. After a hard struggle, I was forced to abandon all thoughts of preaching it. It was then near night. I made choice of two other texts, and concluded to preach two

short extempore discourses; which seemed the only alternative; was discouraged.

Sabbath morning felt better; took short notes on the selected passages; felt prayerful and a growing hope that God would be with me in his work. I was not disappointed. Never had I felt so much liberty. The hand of God seemed to be in it, and I hope souls were benefited by the services of that day. "My soul, hope thou only in God, for my expectation is from him!"

My plan for the future was to select some place, after the meeting of Synod, where I could preach during the winter; not ride much, but "give attendance to reading." There were several places south of the mountain in Winchester Presbytery I thought would suit me, and I had reason to believe my services would be acceptable. But the plans of Providence differed from mine, and mine came to naught.

During the sessions of Synod my horse was lamed by a kick from another horse, with which it was stabled, so that I could not travel with it. I waited week after week, still hoping that another week or two would put matters right. But the lameness continued; I could not use the animal. I was not in a condition to buy another, and still all thought it would soon be well. For six weeks I supplied the pulpit of a brother, who, on account of health, made a tour south. And I also made a few short tours, on a borrowed horse, into Fluvanna and Madison Counties, but my plans for spending the winter were entirely defeated.

This matter was to me most trying. It seemed so strange that while so many places presented as promising a field of labor, and my heart was so set on laboring, that things should so fall out as to keep me almost idle, and wholly in uncertainty how long I should be thus kept. I was much struck by a remark made to me by Rev. J. Lyle,

in reference to my case. "This is preaching to you." This led to a review of my conduct in the ministry, and an examination to ascertain what might be wrong, and what this providence might be intended to correct.

I see plainly, and all along have seen, that there is much wrong in me. There are many things for which God might thus deal with me. I have thought too highly of myself, had too much desire to be popular, have not sufficiently cultivated a meek and an accommodating spirit, have been too selfish, wayward, and positive, too desirous of settling well as regards temporal matters, have not with due submission sought for direction as to where I ought to go as a preacher of the gospel, have gone too much on the plan of choosing for myself. My plan formed for spending the winter was adopted with less prayer than was due so important a matter. I calculated too much on the great good I should accomplish for the people, and improvement to myself. In short, I see that much was wrong, and have little doubt that this dispensation is designed for some good purpose; yet I am distressingly perplexed to know what it is mainly designed to correct, and, especially, whether it be contrary to God's plan that I should spend the winter at ——.

While in this state of mind, I happened to take up a volume of Newton's works, and opened it at a letter, in which he points out certain errors into which preachers, particularly young ones, are liable to fall, if they have been a good deal supported and their ministrations well received. He points out their danger unless God is pleased to reclaim them by his grace, or some dispensation of his providence. A light all at once broke into my mind. I saw the error into which I had fallen, and, as I believe, the error which He had chiefly in view to correct, with a clearness that produced the fullest conviction in my mind. What a poor,

blind creature I am! How easily does my heart deceive me! and how wonderful are the ways of God! While my heart was engaged, in some good degree, in religion, while I was laboring in the gospel, with some sincere desires to advance God's glory and the good of souls, and while He was in some degree with me, and often, evidently, aided me in his work; some wrong feelings, aims, and motives gradually insinuated themselves into my heart, and were operating most unfavorably on the little portion of right gospel spirit, which, I hope, I possessed. How low should I lie before God! How thankful He has shown me my error! How jealous of my heart in time to come ought I to be!

December, 1812. Mr. W. Paine having very kindly loaned me his horse for two months, I started on the 29th for a tour north. Passed through Orange County on to Culpepper Court House, where I intended to preach, but failed.

31. Rode on toward Winchester, fed at Manifus, crossed the mountain at Christer's Gap after night, and passed the remainder at Front Royal.

January 1, 1813. Spent in riding to Winchester; preached on the Sabbath. I spent January and the following month in this vicinity; preached at Martinsburg, Falling Waters, Tuscarora, Shepherdstown, and Back Creek. The weather was very cold and it rained much. In March I rode to Bath. Met with a dangerous event in attempting to cross the Potomac into Maryland. Lodged all night at the mouth of the Big Cacapon, in Hampshire, after swimming my horse over it. Crossed both branches of the Potomac at their junction, and arrived at Cumberland on the 5th. Returning to Virginia, I passed on to Winchester, through Fauquier and Stafford to Fredericksburg. Never traveled before when the roads were so bad. Preached

three times on a sacramental occasion at F. Rode on through Spottsylvania to Mr. Paine's.

March 29. My horse having become fit for use, I left Mr. Paine's, to whose kindness I owe very many favors, and rode on to my father's.

April 24. MOUNT PLEASANT.—I was once much less sensible than I now am of my duty to be directed by God as to the place and manner of serving Him in the gospel. The events of last winter have taught me a lesson which I hope never to forget. How sanguine was I that a permanent settlement might be made in —— to the great benefit of religion in those parts! But God's time had not come, or I was not the proper person for the place.

So of the prospect at C., thought so flattering by some; although many things seemed favorable, one little thing prevented. After all my plans and the plans of friends, nothing is decided, and I am more than ever convinced that the only proper way is to wait on God. Wait his time. Don't try to hurry Providence, and He will finally order all things well. I am not without a spirit of prayer and a hope that He will thus guide and direct me. A state of suspense is trying to patience, but that may be the trial which I most need.

In the spring of 1813 I returned to the bounds of the Lexington Presbytery, and under their direction visited most of their vacant churches, and some of the more important ones many times, going over much of the same ground that I passed over last year. I extended my visits still farther west, and made a tour into Tennessee as far as Knoxville and Tellico Block House. As far as I could, I visited the vacant churches in my route, and spent my Sabbaths with them, or in vacant neighborhoods, and during the week visited the ministerial brethren in the region. This enlarged my experience of the trials and perplexities of

preaching the gospel of Christ, and gave me some knowledge of those many aspects of truth that are found not only among professing Christians generally, but among those connected with the Presbyterian Church.

I found the churches in Tennessee greatly divided and excited on Hopkinsianism. A considerable number of preachers had imbibed those sentiments and were active in propagating them; especially insisting that real religion consisted much, if not mainly, in *disinterested benevolence*, and in being willing to be damned for the glory of God, if He thus ordered it. The matter was often thus represented. I was assured that many could be found who professed to be thus willing. An esteemed brother in the ministry assured me that he had known that point brought out most distinctly in examinations of persons for church membership and of candidates for the ministry.

These notions were most earnestly opposed by a portion of the ministry and of the church members. With all this party feeling, it appeared to me that there were many pious people in that section of country.

I returned to Virginia in time to attend the Synod, which met in October, at Lexington. I was greatly perplexed as to where I ought to labor. For near eighteen months I had been trying to preach, had spread my labors over a considerable district in Virginia and Tennessee, had seen much destitute ground, and many vacant churches. A number of the churches had made some little movement toward inviting me to settle, and I felt an inclination to locate with several of them, but something always came in the way,—delay or hesitancy on the part of the people, or division of sentiment, seemed to intimate it was not the will of the Lord I should remain. I had hoped that before winter I might find a situation where I could devote more time to reading; but when the Synod adjourned, all still ap-

peared dark and doubtful. I had learned, however, from past experience, that it was God's place to order and guide, and mine to follow what his providence pointed out; I was in the Lord's vineyard, and ought simply to look to Him to direct my labors.

Furthermore, the report of the brethren from the country east of the Blue Ridge, or what was called Old Virginia, induced the Committee of Missions to think that region the most promising, and they advised me to go there, at least for the winter.

It was with great reluctance I yielded to this counsel. The remembrance of the trials of the former winter, and the apparently unprofitable way it was spent, as to reading and ministerial labor, all rose to my view. But as my mind was in doubt, and the opinion of the committee and most of the brethren clear, I yielded, and entered the field pointed out.

I spent the time up to the early part of January, 1814, in Albemarle, Stafford, and adjoining counties. Visited Dumfries, Alexandria, Georgetown, and Bladensburg. I was much pleased with the counties between Fredericksburg and the Ridge as a field of labor. The people were friendly and disposed to hear the gospel. While on the eastern part of the circuit, I visited Washington City. Congress was in session. For a few days I looked in on the assembled lawmakers and listened to their deliberations. Lodged with the Rev. John Breckenridge.

On going below the Ridge, my attention had been called to Norfolk. The war was going on; there were many troops stationed there without a chaplain. Many of the men were from the upper counties, who ought to have some attention paid to their religious condition. The Presbyterian church was vacant. After consultation with those whose opinions I felt ought to have an influence, as S. B.

Wilson and the brothers Ben. and John H. Rice, I concluded to go to Norfolk and make my stay depend on circumstances.

I reached that place about the middle of January, 1814; was kindly received by the people of the church, and entered on my duties with a prayerful spirit, and realizing deeply my need of divine help. The church was small, and the house of worship located out of the thickly settled part of town, where the walking was not good. Still the attendance was pretty good. A considerable portion of the families, however, were foreigners, or the descendants of such. The Episcopalians, Methodists, and Baptists all had churches, but during the war were often without preaching.

There was much sickness part of the time, and a great many were buried in Potter's Field. I held three meetings in the week—two on Sabbath and one during the week. In addition, attended many funerals, and preached, as was the custom; often visited and preached at the hospitals, of which there were several; and sometimes visited and preached to the soldiers in their camps. A part of the time I held a meeting, one evening in the week, in Portsmouth, over the river. On the whole, my labors were considerable.*

The first part of my residence was a time of war. The

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* He was sometimes called upon for unusual service. An officer sent him a note informing him that a soldier was to be executed, and requesting his attendance. Arriving at the spot, he had some conversation with the poor fellow, for whom he felt deeply. Preparations all made in military style; everything ready for the fatal shot; he was just about to commence his prayer, when the officer, out of kindness to him, whispered in his ear that the man was to be pardoned. This, he said in after-life, was the most awkward predicament he ever found himself in.

ships of the enemy lay in the bay; the town and neighborhood full of troops; much sickness and many deaths. This, however, appeared to have little influence in making men attend to the great concerns of the soul. Many alarms took place, but no serious attack was made on Norfolk after I reached the place. There had been one, not long before, on Crany Island, and on Hampton, across the bay, when some gross outrages were committed on families by the British troops.

The country on the sea-board, most of the way up to the Blue Ridge, had been under the Established Episcopal Church, divided into parishes, and many of these had good church-buildings. But many of their preachers took sides with the mother country; many left the country, and the preaching of that class, to a great extent, ceased. Their church-buildings were neglected, and now the ruins of those houses are to be seen in many places.

On the breaking up of this religious establishment, the great want was *men* to preach the gospel. It was a great error of the Presbyterians of that time to take the ground that none but liberally educated men should enter the ministry. By taking another course they might have supplied the want with *able men*, who would have occupied the vacant ground, increased the number of churches, and greatly advanced the interests of religion.

April 22, 1814. Our sacramental occasion is over, and my brethren, Messrs. Rice, etc., have returned home. The Lord has heard prayer and bestowed a blessing. The attention has been pleasing; many are affected. For two weeks we have had meetings every day. How great my work to direct these minds, guard from error and delusion, and rightly to divide the word of truth!

May 7. PETERSBURG, VA.—This day I was ordained by the Presbytery of Hanover, by the laying on of hands and

prayer. I preached my trial sermon on the 6th, from *John*, iii. 3, which had been assigned me the preceding evening. Rev. John H. Rice preached the ordination sermon, from *I. Tim.* iii. 1, and Rev. Drury Lacy presided and gave the charge. My mind was deeply impressed with the greatness of the work, the awful responsibility of the office, and my need of divine aid to enable me to fill it to God's glory and the good of the church. I desire to bless God for his aid since I came into the sacred office, and may He who in his providence brought about such a state of things as to induce the Presbytery to ordain me to the whole work of the ministry, afford grace to aid and direct that I may testify to his goodness, that He sends not on warfare at our own expense. May Jesus be made unto me wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption!

After my ordination, Presbytery sent me back to Norfolk, "to remain and labor as long as the way may seem clear." At the request of the church, renewed from time to time, I continued with them nearly six years, and hope that my labors were not without fruit to the glory of God.

The body of people connected with the Presbyterian Church was considerably outnumbered by those connected with the Episcopal and Methodist Churches, and nearly equaled by those connected with the Baptist Church. There was, on the whole, a good degree of harmony and kind feeling among those churches.

The war, while it continued, brought many people to Norfolk, through their connection with the army, navy, and government, keeping up a continual excitement. There was much sickness in the army, and it called forth a commendable degree of effort among the people to alleviate the sufferings and wants of the sick. The hospitals were often visited and religious instruction imparted, as well as supplies for bodily wants.

May 22. I, for the first time, administered the ordinance of baptism; subject—a child of Doctor Clark, a member of our church.

23. I hope the Lord is carrying on a good work among us. My mind is full of solicitude that God would own his own gospel. He alone can give efficacy to divine truth. He alone can touch the heart. For some time past the thoughts of death have visited my mind frequently, with some impression that my time might not be long. The idea that my days may be drawing to a close, for the most part, appears rather agreeable; long life does not seem so desirable as formerly. Perhaps there may be nothing like a presentiment in the state of my mental exercises on this subject. My mind is a curious piece of machinery,—I don't understand it. This much, however, I find more impressed on my mind from my observation of its exercises,—that its spring of action can be directed by some invisible hand—that I am entirely dependent. May God grant me preparation for all his will! Oh, may I be active—be ready, and, come life or death, may He be glorified by it! How has the goodness of God followed me all the days of my life! How do I view it above all price, that He has sent me here, I hope, to do good to his church—to be an instrument of bringing some souls to Christ!

August 11. Where the mind is suffered to dwell for a length of time on an injury, if great care be not taken, it will give it a sourness which will have a most unhappy effect on its own peace, on its religious comfort, on its self-command, and may lead to excess of passion of the most unhappy kind. Persons of the most amiable and correct minds may show a degree of spite, ill-nature, low, base ways of injuring the feelings of others, which they would scorn to do at other times. —— have given me the most awful sense of what the best heart is when left to itself that

I ever have had from the conduct of others. The most amiable have, for a time, manifested almost the temper of infernals to wound and hurt.

December 31. Passed this as a day of fasting and prayer. I remember the deep sense of my entire dependence on God for everything that my mind felt the day I first communed as a believer. I rested on grace. It has preserved me thus far. I must be a beggar for grace, light, direction, all good, through all my days. Oh, that God may abound to me in grace for my own spiritual concerns, and for the great and awful work of the ministry, direct me in all changes, especially in those important changes which may so deeply affect my services in the gospel!

During the six years I spent in Norfolk some important events took place. Peace was made between the United States and Great Britain. While much treasure was spent, and many lives lost, and a vast amount of suffering endured, some of the points about which the war was waged were left undecided—as the right of search, and sailors' rights. There was reason to believe that the results had made such impression on the English government that there would not be much danger of trouble on those points in the future. The return of peace gave great satisfaction to the mass of the people, and great activity began to show itself in most departments of life.

About that period some important movements took place in the religious world. The A. B. C. F. Missions was organized and the first missionaries were sent to the foreign field. The A. B. Society was formed, and began its great work of printing and circulating God's word without note or comment. The Sabbath-school system and Bible classes began their blessed work; the Monthly Concert of Prayer was instituted; and last, not least, the Colonization Society was formed, to aid the free colored people, and such as might

be freed, to emigrate, with their own consent, to the Western Coast of Africa, and form a free state, and carry with them the blessings of the gospel and the improvements of civilized life.

We introduced the Sabbath-school and the Concert of Prayer; and, through the aid of Rev. S. J. Mills, the agent of the Colonization Society, who visited Norfolk and spent several Sabbaths, had the minds of the people called to the subject of colonizing the free blacks. The idea was received with favor by many. The inconsistency and evil of slavery was generally seen and admitted. But the difficulty of the subject was thought great. It was hoped that, could a colony be formed on the Western Coast, and for a time protected and made to prosper, that it might lead to a regular system of emancipation and emigration to Africa. Many of the first minds in the country thus viewed the matter, and gave it their support.

In 1815 I attended the sessions of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, in Philadelphia. I sailed from Norfolk to New York in a small, dirty packet; had a very uncomfortable passage; was sick most of the time, and so weak when I reached New York that I could hardly walk up to a boarding-house. In a few days I was well enough to go about. Became acquainted with Dr. Romyne and the Bethune family; with the latter I was especially pleased. Called on Dr. Alexander, at Princeton; he was at the head of the Theological Seminary established by the General Assembly at that place in 1812. Was several days in passing from New York to Philadelphia, in a stage over miserable roads.

In 1818 I again attended the General Assembly at the same place. I went in a packet to Baltimore, in company with Dr. Hoge; had some rough passengers on board, as well as some ladies.

In both of these Assemblies the question of slavery was brought up in some form, but in the latter it was referred to a committee consisting of Dr. Green, Dr. Baxter, and Mr. Burgess, a member from Ohio. They reported the paper entered on the minutes of that year. Dr. Green drew up the paper, as he informed me. It passed with but little discussion, and, I think, with no votes in opposition, although the South had a fair proportion of members on the floor. The fair inference is that up to that time the public sentiment in the church was that slavery was morally, as well as politically, wrong, and ought to be done away with.

The grand error was that while the church declared to the world the great sin and guilt under which the church and country lay, no corresponding effort was made in the church, or through the church, to put an end to the evil and lead to repentance and reformation. There ought to have been a forsaking of the sin and putting it away, as well as confessing it.

I was made to pass through some severe mental trials during this period. I learned much about myself and how little we may trust others. On looking back I see much for which I ought to be humble; much that shows how little cause we have to put confidence in man.

My labors in Norfolk were attended with such a measure of success as was encouraging, and I had formed a pretty strong attachment to the place. Through the kindness of a leading member of the church, my board and room, for most of the time, cost me but little, and this was a relief, as the salary was small. While the people were kind, I ascertained that a portion of the church or congregation, who had the wealth and influence, were not anxious that I should remain. They were desirous of having a preacher of more showy and popular talents than I possessed, to draw hearers

and make the church popular. The proper and customary steps to have a regular settlement were not taken. I thought much on the matter, prayed over it, and at length made up my mind to leave the church and let them obtain a preacher, if they could, who would meet their wishes.

September 26. Preached a farewell sermon from *II. Cor.* xiii. 11.

CHAPTER III.

More Labors in Virginia—Installation at Goochland, Va.—Marriage—Call to College Church—College and Seminary—Colonization—Emancipating Slaves—Consequences—Removal to New Jersey—Family Afflictions—Labors in Pennsylvania—Travel in New England—Residence in Kentucky—Installation at Danville—Departure for Europe.

I ATTENDED Synod at Winchester, and from thence visited my parents in Rockbridge, preaching at several places on my route, and spending a few Sabbaths with congregations in the county. In the first of the winter I fell on the ice, and received an injury that detained me at my father's three months. It was not until May, 1820, that I was well enough to travel without much pain. After spending a month or two traversing my old mission-field, the Pastures, I crossed the Blue Ridge, visited the Cove, Albemarle, and proceeded to Goochland County, where I found Rev. Logan about to visit the Springs and spend the summer above the mountains in search of health.

His charge, the Bird, Licking Hole, and Providence churches, applied to me to serve them for a time. I assented, and spent part of the summer with them. Here I found an interesting field and an intelligent and pleasant people, although few in number. I rode and preached often in parts adjacent to my regular places of preaching.

In the latter part of summer I engaged in mission-labors in the vicinity of Richmond, preaching in the outskirts of the town, the Poor House, and the Penitentiary. There were two Presbyterian churches in Richmond. One had

long existed, under the care of Rev. Blair, and had worshiped in the capitol, but means were now in operation to erect a house on Shockhoe Hill. The other had been recently gathered by Rev. J. H. Rice. This church put up a house half-way to Rocketts, but found the location so unfavorable, sold it and built another a little east of Mayo's Bridge. This church seemed prosperous; there was, however, a good deal of jealousy between the two churches.

Synod met the last of October in Lynchburg. I concluded to return above the mountains; found the Falling Spring church in trouble. Part of the people had a desire to change their minister, Rev. S. Houston. He had left them; one or two preachers had visited without uniting them. At their request, I supplied them several Sabbaths, but with no better success than the others.

I again engaged in mission work in the bounds of Lexington Presbytery, the scene of my first labors. It was a wide region; required much riding; but the people attended the meetings well and appeared benefited by my ministrations. I continued in this work through the winter and spring.

In July the Bethel church, whose pastor had, by agreement, left them for a time to look out for another location, invited me to supply them in his absence. I did so, and availed myself of the occasion to attend a course of lectures on the Hebrew language, delivered in Staunton by a learned Jew of the name of Hurwitz,—the same who edited an edition of the Hebrew Bible, without the points, in Philadelphia. I received some benefit from those lectures, but not as much as I was led to hope for.

Rev. J. Logan having moved west of the Blue Ridge, I received an invitation from the churches in Goochland, which I had supplied in 1820, to become their pastor. I accepted their call, and at the close of summer settled

among them. My former residence among them made me pretty well acquainted, and I received a most cordial welcome. Beside my three regular preaching places, I often preached at South Anna, and made monthly visits to a district west of the Bird, where there were a few Presbyterians that desired to hear me. I had a wide field, surrounded on all sides with districts destitute of Presbyterian preaching, and not much of any kind. I attended the Hanover Presbytery in Richmond the middle of October, and the Virginia Synod the first of November. Returned to Goochland, and was installed on the 17th of that month, by Dr. J. H. Rice, at Licking Hole, as the pastor of the Licking Hole and Providence churches.

Appearing to be more permanently settled than I had been before, I formed a marriage alliance with Miss Elizabeth Carr, a lady who came on a visit to the neighborhood. She was well known and highly esteemed by some of the most interesting families of my charge. On looking back over the whole matter, from my first acquaintance until the Lord was pleased to remove her by death, I have reason to believe God ordered it and made us a comfort and blessing to each other.

A great effort was made, about this time, to establish a theological school, or a theological department at Hampden Sidney College. I took a somewhat active part in the matter. As the Synod was backward, the Hanover Presbytery took the matter in hand, and appointed Dr. J. H. Rice as their first professor. The death of Dr. Hoge had, for a time, left the college without a president, and the church without a preacher. The trustees had elected Mr. Cushing, a layman, president, and the plan of the Presbytery was that the professor of theology should serve the congregation in preaching.

The congregation, however, did not concur in the plan

of Presbytery, and, after a good deal of disputation and trouble, united in giving me a call to be their pastor. The case was a perplexing one. In several respects my situation in Goochland was pleasant; the people were kind and attached to me. But I had much riding to do, much time was passed away from home, I had almost no literary advantages, and my salary was insufficient. At college my labors would be at one place, among an intelligent people, and with all the advantages of the libraries of the college and theological school, and the society of the professors.

I had at this time an ardent thirst for literary and general information. This penchant for literature and all that sort of thing, I now think, had an undue influence in leading me to accept the call and agree to be transferred to Prince Edward.

The belief, also, that the building up of the theological seminary at college, under Dr. Rice, which it was hoped would be a great blessing to the church, was not without its influence. I hoped I might be able to heal some divisions, unite some dissentients, and in a number of ways do as much good, possibly more, than would compensate any evil that might follow my leaving Goochland. The whole outworking of the results has left the impression pretty strongly on my mind that I made a wrong decision —that more prayer and less self-will would have kept me, for a time at least, at the latter place.

In the spring of 1823 H. Presbytery transferred me from Goochland to Prince Edward, and sent me as commissioner to the General Assembly. On my return I moved to Prince Edward, and entered on my pastoral duties.

In the autumn of the same year Dr. Rice moved to Prince Edward and opened the theological school. A new state of things was taking place.

A large college-building had been erected under the

general supervision of President Cushing; a new brick church had been built, the old Hall removed, and preparation being made to put up buildings for the theological seminary. Being on the ground, I was put on committees on various matters, and soon found that all things were not likely to run smooth. The plans of some were not agreeable to all. Nothing short of a great institution would satisfy those who expected to have the control, while the prospect of raising means was not promising.

My settlement did not meet my hopes. The divisions continued; my literary intercourse and profit did not equal my expectations; some things fell out that were not pleasant; and it was not long before I began to doubt whether I had not erred in coming to the place.

The other Presbyteries of the Virginia Synod were slow to take hold and aid in this enterprise. A great movement was made to put the Virginia University in a condition, as to professors, endowments, and other facilities, so as to make it overshadow all the other institutions of the State; while, for a time, it was reported, and by many believed, that Mr. Jefferson's plan, in which his helpers were thought to concur, was to repudiate religion and make the institution infidel. This opinion became gradually modified, until it was distinctly declared that, while no distinct provision was made for the support of any one sect of religion, any and all sects that would avail themselves of the offer would have lots assigned them, and facilities afforded to give religious instruction to those of their youth that might avail themselves of the ample instruction provided for all in the routine of language and science taught in the institution.

In a conversation which I had with Mr. Jefferson himself, on an occasional visit to Charlottesville, he took pains to state and explain this to me; and expressed a wish that the Presbyterians, who up to that time had done more to

promote education than any other branch of the church in the South, would avail themselves of the opportunity. Soon after the university was opened, arrangements were made to provide a chaplain to preach to the students, sometimes chosen from one branch of the church, and sometimes from another, which arrangement has continued, I believe, down to the present.

The Colonization Society, for which I had been an ardent advocate, was now beginning to send out emigrants, and a good deal of interest existed in the country to learn the plans and promote the objects of the Society. I looked with great confidence on the beneficial influence it would have on Africa, and on slavery in this country, and made an effort to form an auxiliary society near college. Opposition, however, sprang up and defeated the effort.

The congregation owned a number of slaves, who were hired out annually, and the proceeds applied to pay the salary of their pastor. I either did not know this when I accepted the call, or it had not engaged my attention; now, on finding that my support was drawn almost entirely from those slaves, for whose instruction very little was done, I felt more and more uneasy, and desired much to do something for them. A good many slaves attended church, and occasionally I preached specially to them. I wished much to induce the congregation to take measures to emancipate and send them to Liberia, where now a colony had been planted with some prospect of success. I found little sympathy in this, and a pretty decided opposition was made by many leading members of the church, most of whom were slaveholders.

While I had, very cordially, voted for the paper passed by the General Assembly of 1818, I had not paid much attention to the general subject of slavery. My father owned a family of slaves, and I had grown up with them; and I

had the common opinion that slavery was wrong, still I had not much moral feeling on the matter. On moving to Prince Edward and going to housekeeping, my wife's father, who was a slaveholder, gave and sent to her a family of house-servants, seven or eight in number, most of them small. This, with the discussions about colonization, the case of the slaves owned by the congregation, and the deliverance of the General Assembly, turned my thoughts to the subject. My wife's views of the subject soon came to agree with mine. We felt that we ought to prepare these servants for freedom, and, as soon as the circumstances permitted, liberate and send them to Liberia. We took some pains to instruct them, and furnished them with as good an outfit as our means would allow.

January 1st, 1826, I took them to Norfolk, and obtained a passage for them, in a vessel sent out to Africa by the Colonization Society.

This gave considerable offense to a part of the congregation, and led to a good deal of talk, and I was of necessity led to give my reasons for what I had done. As the usual arguments from Scripture were often adduced, I wished to reply to them, but could not do it from the pulpit, as there were generally a number of slaves present. I concluded to write a few pieces on these topics and insert them in the *Family Visitor*, a religious paper taken by many families in the congregation.

The first and second number excited but little notice. The third, which was closer to the point, and called attention to the practical working of slavery, came out on the same week, I think, that a most foul murder had been committed by a negro man on a white woman. This produced a great excitement in the neighborhood. It so happened that in this piece I had followed a course of argument and remarks that I had but a few days before pursued when

drawn into discussion with some who justified slavery, and blamed me for my example in liberating slaves while pastor of a church who owned them, and whose members were, most of them, slaveholders. They seized on this piece, and said if such discussions were allowed, such murders might be expected. There was not the smallest reason to think that the piece had anything to do with the murder. There was no evidence that the negro could read, or that any copy of the paper was taken in that neighborhood. There was not time for it to have exerted an influence, for the murder was committed about the time, or possibly a day or two before, the paper came to the post-office. It was, however, eagerly laid hold of and used to injure me. One or more of those who were most active and bitter were notorious slave-traders, who went about buying slaves and taking them to the South for sale.

While in Norfolk to procure a passage to Liberia for my slaves, I had obtained two poor white children, a boy who had neither father nor mother, being about twelve years of age, and a girl of about the same age, whose mother was poor and unable to provide for her. I engaged to raise them, have them taught, and do a good part by them. I found that this was not looked upon with favor by some. It was introducing white servants, which implied a disapproval of slavery. This, while a small matter, showed the state of feeling on the whole subject.

I had a meeting of the session, and a free conversation on the whole matter. They informed me that there was much excitement and dissatisfaction on the part of many in the congregation, which they did not see how they could allay.

I reminded them that my views were much the same when they had called me to become their pastor; showed them the minutes of the General Assembly of 1818, of which I was a member, and the resolutions for which I

voted; that I now acted in accordance with those resolutions and declarations; but I did not wish to produce disquiet, and said I would resign the pastoral charge and seek another field of labor. This was agreed to.

I had an appointment to preach "*the funeral*" of a colored member of the church, at the Court House, on the following Sabbath. On attending, I found the house, which had always been open for such services, now closed, and several white men about, and among them a notorious slave-trader, whose appearance led to the idea that he intended to make an assault upon me. A pious student, Mr. M., who afterward entered the ministry, came to me as a friend, but evidently apprehensive that there was a good deal of danger, and remarked, "the devil seemed to have got loose." I saw that the house would not be opened. The man who had the care of it was sitting on the fence, not far off. There were a good many slaves in the yard and about the lot. I took my stand in the porch, Mr. M. near me, announced to the colored people to come near. They gathered around me, and I preached to them from the porch.

I made no reference to the excitement, and at the close advised them to return home quietly. I mounted my horse to ride home, not without some apprehension that I might be attacked, as the slave-trader had left the lot when I began to preach. He had before at the church, as I was told, walked up hastily to a leading member, as I went into the pulpit, and asked him if they were going to allow me to go into or remain in the pulpit. The gentleman remarked I would do no harm there.

As I rode from the Court House and came to the skirts of the village, an old negro man, who had a good report, came out to the road to speak to me. He showed in his countenance, as did all the negroes, that he knew something was wrong. In low but earnest tones he inquired what

was the cause of all this excitement. I did not think it best to enter into explanations, but passed him without stopping.

The colored people received the opinion, as I was informed, that I had found out that all the slaves had a right to be free, and that the slaveowners were angry with me, and were for sending me away on that account.

I made a sale, and disposed of most of my furniture at a considerable loss; afterward sold my house and small tract of land at a still greater sacrifice, and left for the free States with my family, after a short visit to our relations.

Passing through Fredericksburg, Washington, Baltimore, and Philadelphia, spending a few days at each place, I arrived at Elizabethtown, New Jersey, about the time the New Jersey Synod met. During that Synod the Springfield church invited me to visit them. I did so, and accepted their invitation to settle with them. Thus the Lord opened another field for me to labor in his church.

I found the state of society and manners in Springfield somewhat different from that in the South, where I had lived; but I found the people kind, and religiously disposed, and I was inclined to remain with them. Most of the towns and villages in the vicinity contained Presbyterian churches; these, with my nearness to Newark, Elizabethtown, and New York, gave me ample opportunity to extend my acquaintance and keep up social intercourse with my ministerial brethren.

Not long after my location in Springfield I noticed in the *Virginia Magazine*, published in Richmond, by Dr. Rice (see vol. ix. 1826), a piece on the subject of slavery, which I considered as aimed at me; and, in substance, charging me with a most unjustifiable fault-finding with slavery as a political institution.

It took the ground, and for the FIRST TIME in a public religious paper, as far as I had seen, so commonly taken

since, especially in the South, that the Scriptures do not condemn it; that the law under the Jewish dispensation allowed, if not enjoined it; that it was everywhere prevalent, both among Jews and Gentiles, in the time of our Lord and his disciples; that neither Christ nor his apostles condemned it, but recognized it, as an existing institution, and enjoined on both masters and slaves their appropriate duties, thus recognizing its existence and morality.

This piece provoked me not a little; I considered it unfair and unkind. Dr. Rice knew, personally, the case as it regarded me. I considered the argument most unfair, and wholly irreconcilable with the spirit of the resolution of the Assembly of 1818, and directly calculated to gain favor with that class, then beginning to appear, who resolve to hold on to slavery, and oppose all tendency to emancipation, and even oppose colonization as it seemed to favor it.

I determined to reply to the piece; but doubting whether I could have it inserted in his magazine, wrote to ascertain; making some remarks about the spirit and apparent design of the article, not charging the authorship on him, although I was confident he was the writer. After more than six weeks' delay, he informed me that he had ceased to be the proprietor and publisher of the magazine, and could not answer for its admission. He deferred answering until he had disposed of the paper, and alleged that fact as a reason for not securing a place for my reply to his piece. I tried to have it inserted in the monthly published by Dr. Green. He approved of the article, as he assured me, but thought it ought to be printed in some Southern paper, and that the publication in which the piece appeared, to which mine was a reply, ought, in justice, to admit it.

This, with other things, turned my mind to the subject of a more full examination of slavery than was in my little

criticism on the doctor's argument, and finally led to my writing and publishing a volume, Letters on Slavery, addressed to the Cumberland Congregation. This volume was published at Lexington, Kentucky, 1833.

A regular call had been tendered me from the church at Springfield, but delay in obtaining my dismission from the South prevented my installation in the spring. About the latter part of summer I was attacked with a severe fever. In a few days after, my dear wife was also seized with the same, which in her case proved fatal in a short time. My case was a lingering one; I recovered slowly, and it was nearly two months before I could go over to New York City, to the house of a friend, where, under careful nursing, I gradually gained strength to move about and travel. Unable to perform ministerial duties, and sensible that time was necessary to restore me to health, I gave up the church, and returned to Virginia with my only child, whom I placed in care of sister Donal.

I felt deeply the loss of my wife. She was a noble woman, kind, affectionate, truly pious, and beloved by all who formed her acquaintance.

Our first child died while an infant, and lies in the churchyard at Prince Edward. My wife was buried in the graveyard of the church at Springfield; and, in 1827, I had a marble tombstone, supported by a brick foundation, placed over her grave.

January, 1828. I returned to the North. Thinking I might improve my health by moving about, and not be wholly useless, I visited Baltimore, Carlisle, Harrisburg, and Philadelphia, preaching at those places; and performed a short mission at Phœnixville and neighboring places in Pennsylvania.

The effects of my fever still clinging to me, rendered it advisable to continue my travels. I visited Springfield and

New York again, and made a tour in June, through New England, as far as Boston and Andover, via New Haven and Providence. My stay was not long at these points, but sufficient to see the places, and form some acquaintances with the ministerial brethren.

From Boston I passed west to Albany, in New York, and returned to the city by the Hudson River, improved in health, and my curiosity somewhat gratified, by my trip to New England, which long has had, and deservedly, an important place in the history of our country.

Returning to Virginia, I arrived at Timber Ridge about the last of July. My health was better, but not fully restored. I spent some time with my relations, visited a number of the springs, and preached at various places, as opportunity presented; and after the meeting of the Virginia Synod at Staunton, made up my mind to visit the West and possibly remain there permanently.

Taking the Kanawha route, I spent a few days in Lewisburg, Greenbrier; a week at Charleston, Kanawha, with Rev. Calhoun; then passed on to Gallipolis, Ohio, where I remained some time assisting at a sacramental occasion. I then took a boat down the Ohio River to Cincinnati, where I spent some weeks; thence per boat to Louisville, Kentucky. My first sermon in this State was delivered on the 30th December, in a Baptist church.

On the night of my arrival at Louisville I became acquainted, at a public house, with the Hon. John Brown, of Frankfort, Kentucky. Being from the same part of Virginia, formerly, and knowing many of my relations, he showed great interest in me, and we were mutually pleased with our meeting together. He gave me a most cordial invitation to his house in Frankfort, also much information respecting my relations in Kentucky, which I had wished much to know. In almost all my visits, afterward, to Frankfort,—and they

were many while I lived in Kentucky,—his house was my home; and after his death, his son, Judge Brown, and his excellent lady, showed me the same kindness. I found two uncles, Paxtons, living on the Upper Benson, near Frankfort, and many other relations, both on my father's and mother's side, in different parts of the State.

Having spent some time in the vicinity of Lexington, I was invited by the church in Woodford to settle with them. I remained with them between one and two years; was on the whole well pleased, found some very pleasant families and pious people, formed some lasting friendships, but did not see my way clear to be installed, and thus become permanent.

During this time I made a journey to Virginia, passing through East Tennessee, to visit the families of my sisters, Holt and Rice, and taking with me my sister, Cowan, and my nephew, J. W. Paxton, to see our dear parents.

In making this journey I experienced a most kind providential deliverance from great danger in crossing the Holston in East Tennessee. It had rained a great deal, and the river was swollen. There was no ferry-boat, as, in the usual state of the river, the fording was easy and safe. It was now much swollen, but whether too much to ford I could not tell. There was no house near, and the water was too muddy to admit of my seeing the bottom and judging of its depth. Not far from the river I had met a person that had crossed, who said it could be forded, and advised me to keep near, but above, a ripple that I would see on the stream. My sister and nephew were with me in a small, one horse-buggy. The ripple, and the direction of the road on the two sides of the river, showed that I must come out a good deal higher up the river than I entered in, and of course pass against the current. I soon found that this made the draft very heavy on the horse. He hesitated,

wanted to stop, and made an attempt to turn round, and in this attempt one of the shafts broke near the middle, and the fore part fell off and floated down the river. It happened that we were in the deepest part, and after a minute's pause, I managed to start the horse in the right direction, and a few steps brought us to a more shallow part, the draft became lighter, and without any more difficulty we reached the other side.

The danger was very great; the water too deep to wade, the current strong, and below the ripple, deeper than where we crossed. I count it one of those kind providences which deserves especial record, several of which I have experienced in my life. Thanks be to God for these and all other mercies!

At the close of my year at Woodford I accepted a call to the church in Danville. I found this a large church, well attended; the largest in that part of the State, and, with a few exceptions, the largest and most intelligent in the State. The population was of a superior kind, and the presence of the college, professors, and students added much to the interest of the place. Like all other places that have advantages, it had also its disadvantages. There was a good deal of diversity of religious sentiment in the congregation. The President of Centre College, Dr. Blackburn, was an active, laborious man in the ministry, but an active partisan of what then began to be called New Schoolism. He took pains to imbue his students with these notions. A leading part of the eldership and the congregation were opposed to those views, and did not, therefore, encourage his preaching much in the church. He almost always preached on the Sabbath, but generally at some distance, often riding ten or fifteen miles to preach.

I soon ascertained that it would not be easy to keep a neutral position, but for a time made efforts to do so.

There was a pretty decided difference of opinion as to the management of the college; and it came to my knowledge that a strong party in Synod had a plan to prevent the college from becoming a nursery for New Schoolism. This was carried into effect at the next meeting of the Synod, when a considerable number of trustees were appointed. The Old School party succeeded in filling up the number with men of their own opinions, and thus greatly weakened the New School interest.

The result of this election of trustees, the debate and statements connected with it, were so offensive to Dr. B., the president, that he at once resigned, and with him a considerable portion of the students left college. This was not wholly unexpected, and did not discourage those who had planned and effected the change or reform. A new president, Dr. J. C. Young, was soon chosen, and other professors in due time appointed, and the college entered on a course of prosperity which it had never before enjoyed.

While my situation was in several respects pleasant, a large, moral, and pious congregation, a society better than usual, literary and social advantages above ordinary, there were drawbacks, which I could feel more than others. My experience as the pastor of the college church in Prince Edward had taught me that the pastorship of churches at institutions, or locations where there are several ministers, and a variety of preaching, is apt to create "itching ears," and form parties among the hearers. "One is for Paul and another for Apollos."

It also often happens at those public places that many more preachers call and spend some time than at other places. These, for the most part, expect to be invited to preach, and it might seem unkind, both to them and the congregation, not to invite them. Such frequent changes

must greatly interrupt a regular course of religious training of the people. As a general thing, both in Prince Edward and in Danville, I was able to maintain a friendly intercourse with the ministers connected with college, and also with those who called in passing. All my experience, however, would be in favor of some small, quiet, and, I might add, retired situation, where variety and change are not much known or desired.

Having taken charge of the church at Danville, I felt that I might again seek a partner for life, and in due time married Mrs. Margaret McFarland, relict of Rev. John McFarland. It pleased God again to give me a helpmeet who suited me, and who was well fitted for the situation in which she was placed. I had ample evidence that my choice met the general approbation of the congregation.

In May, 1831, I was appointed Commissioner to the General Assembly. I left home in a carriage with Mrs. Paxton, taking with us, as driver, Denis, a colored boy who belonged to her.* One of our objects was to bring home to Kentucky my son, John Garland, whom I had left with my sister, but who was then on a visit to his mother's relations at the Red Hills, near Charlottesville. I left Mrs. P. there, while I went to Philadelphia to attend the Assembly; she, in the mean time, made a visit to Providence, Goochland County, where her mother, Mrs. Mary Todd, had passed her early days. On returning from the Assembly, I found the friends in Rockbridge in usual health, my father, however, failing from age. We returned by the Kanawha route, and reached home in safety, after an absence of nearly two months.

In October I lost my son, my only child, from scarlet fever, which I felt most deeply; but the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be his holy name.

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* Liberated with others, and emigrated to Liberia in 1832.

A convention, from the Presbyteries of the West, met in Cincinnati in December, with a view to harmonize opinion and action in the West, in regard to Domestic Missions, which conflict of parties impeded. I attended the convention. The result of the meeting was rather to separate than unite the parties. What was called the New School party had much strength, and through the Missionary Society at the North, of which they had the control, pushed forward their plans with success. The Old School, acting through the Board of the Assembly, was equally earnest. The parties could not be harmonized, the division seemed to grow wider, and the party leaders more and more opposed.

In August, 1832, my father died, in his eighty-fifth year. Being left one of the executors of his estate, and knowing that mother was now left alone, I felt it my duty to visit her and see how matters stood. My wife accompanied me, and our hope was, that mother could be induced to come to the West and spend her remaining days with us. We had a pleasant visit, but found my mother unwilling to leave the place and the neighbors, with whom she had spent a long life. I found her living comfortably, with my brother, as a member of his family, and satisfied with her situation. Returning through East Tennessee, we made a short visit to my brother, James, in Abingdon, and the relatives near our route.

I resumed my labors at Danville, and continued them with about the usual trials and success for about a year, when we, with many other parts of the West, had a fearful visitation of Asiatic cholera. In a few weeks we lost some valuable members of society. Out of a population of eight or nine hundred, eighty persons died. A deaf and dumb nephew of my wife was carried off with it; and among the last that fell under its stroke was my dear wife. It was an

awful visitation to the place, and left me again bereaved and my house desolate.

I continued my pastoral labors until spring, and then engaged in an agency for the American Board for Foreign Missions. I advocated the cause of Missions about six months, bearing my own expenses, and traveling chiefly in Kentucky.

I attended the anniversaries at New York in the spring of 1834, and was present, though not a member, at the meeting of the General Assembly at that time. The state of parties in the Assembly indicated that a division of the church would probably take place.

A number of considerations led me to conclude that I would make a visit to Europe, and possibly extend it to the Mission stations around the Mediterranean. My agency had led me to desire more information about the nature of the work and its difficulties. While prosecuting that agency, objections were urged, and questions proposed, connected with the missionary work, which my previous information did not enable me to answer. Intelligent Christians, interested in the spreading of the gospel, and ready to help, preferred working through their own church organization to that of what they considered a voluntary board of irresponsible commissioners.

There were then connected with Centre College four preachers, Messrs. Young, Breckenridge, Green, and Huber, and it seemed to me the congregation might be supplied with preaching without an additional one as pastor. In truth, the pastorship at a place where there were from three to five professors in the Assembly as hearers, did not to me appear at all desirable. I therefore resigned the pastoral charge early in the summer preparatory to going abroad.

CHAPTER IV.

Voyage — Liverpool Docks — Manchester — Birmingham Cutlery — Warwick and Kenilworth Castles—Roads—Stage—London—Guy Fawkes' Day—Lord Mayor's Show Day—Church Reform—Caricature—Wine Cellars—Newspapers—Postage—Museum—Thames—Dover Cliffs—France—Diligence—Beggars—Lamps—Religion—Schools—Will of Louis XVI.—How to make Saints—A Widow's Proposal — Carnival — Morgue — Attempt to Force a Union of Churches — Preachers — Religious Meeting—Episcopal School—Concert of Prayer—An Inquirer—Bost—Ordination of Missionaries—An Aged Disciple—Four Months' Observations of Parisian Manners and Customs—Tombs of Two Dukes—Lyons—A Monod.

ON the first of October, 1834, we left New York on board a steamboat, which took us down to the Narrows to the packet Europe. The wind ahead and a heavy rain falling, the packet came to anchor. At ten A.M. next day weighed anchor, with fine weather, fair wind, passed Sandy Hook and bore to sea; a great swell; soon became sea-sick and went below.

4th. Clear, calm; in the Gulf Stream, here 75 miles wide; ten degrees warmer than other parts of the sea in the same latitude; current one mile wide, N.E. I was struck, last evening, with the large number of strange phenomena in the water. Star-fish, or sea-nettles, or jelly-like substances, with light, shining appearances, and often throwing out a substance of a silvery appearance, which soon spread and disappeared; at night it was bright and phosphorescent, and much resembled the lightning-bug or glow-worm on land, but at times much larger—sometimes

twelve and eighteen inches diameter, soon disappearing. The sea has a deep-blue appearance.

6th. Our wind continues fair, and our run is good, often ten or eleven knots per hour. We have thirty cabin passengers, and a good many in the steerage. The passage in the cabin, all found, wines and spirits excepted, is one hundred and twenty dollars. The eating rather too good. Breakfast at eight; luncheon at twelve; dinner at four; and tea at eight P.M. A steerage passage is fifteen dollars, the passengers finding everything. They stay in the forepart of the ship, and never come back of the capstan, and have no intercourse with the cabin passengers.

10th. Fine weather; light winds; kept the Gulf Stream until past the Banks, the south part of which we crossed last night.

19th. Through a kind Providence we are now near Liverpool. We passed Holyhead lighthouse this morning. I noticed, as we sailed along North Wales from Holyhead, a number of towers, which I was told were telegraphs; also several lighthouses,—the double revolving light below the town is a noble one.

We owe much to the goodness of God for the care and favor enjoyed. We have had a pleasant voyage on the whole. Drs. Reed and Mattheson, who had visited the United States as delegates from the Congregational Union, returned to England in the Europe. Their company was agreeable, but there was about them what might be called an English reserve, which prevented me from gaining much information from them, either as to English and European matters, or their impressions about what they saw in the United States.

20th. We reached Liverpool at seven P.M. of the 19th, and landed in good health and spirits. We had been telegraphed from Holyhead, and the consignees sent a

steamer for us to the Bar, a distance of fifteen miles, where we had anchored. Three Sabbaths passed while we were on board, on each of which we had public worship. I preached on the second Sabbath, at night, the rocking of the vessel and the weather not allowing before, and then I had to sit, it not being possible for me to stand still. To me, the time on board appeared short,—still I was glad to set my feet on terra firma again, and especially on the soil of Old England.

Liverpool is a place of considerable interest—the second in commercial importance in England. Its population may be over 160,000. The trade with the United States, and especially the cotton trade, centers here. The great cotton manufacturing district lies near this, and receives through Liverpool most of the raw material, and returns through it much, if not most of the manufactured articles. About 18,000 bales of cotton per week, on an average, are needed to supply the manufactories in Manchester and adjacent country, above three-fourths of which is received from the United States through Liverpool.

The Liverpool docks are noble works. The rise and fall of the tides are so great in the river that vessels cannot lie at wharves as they do in New York and some other ports. Along the margin of the river a line of docks is placed,—some of them of great extent,—surrounded with walls and gates. Within these docks, where the water can, by gates, be kept at such a height as may be requisite, vessels find a safe and quiet resting-place. The number of vessels here is very great, and from almost all parts. The public buildings of Liverpool are quite respectable. The Exchange, Town Hall, and some of the churches may be mentioned. The new Custom House, when finished, will rank high among buildings of this sort.

The railroad from Liverpool to Manchester is a work of

considerable interest. Immediately on starting it has to encounter its greatest difficulty—the hill over which the upper part of Liverpool is spread. The hill is tunneled, the tunnel arched over and well lighted, and the cars pass through in a short time. There are several cuts from twenty-five to forty feet deep. Much of the rock, old red sandstone.

The distance from Liverpool to Manchester by rail is about thirty-two miles. The train of cars in which I was passed it in one hour and a quarter. This is traveling too fast to get a good view of the country: however, I noted that the country was well improved; fields looked small; trees small, and scattered over the ground; few fences; ditches, with slight hedges; many evergreens; and many trees planted along the roadside. A district of moss, seven miles wide, is crossed; it will probably be reclaimed.

Manchester is more populous than Liverpool. It is not equal to it in neatness. It lies low, and from the immense number of furnaces and factories, it has a dark and dirty appearance. The country for many miles around appears covered with factories. Their high chimneys can be seen in all directions. This district contains the chief cotton manufactories of England. Through the polite attention of a proprietor, I visited one, and could not but admire the admirable arrangements of all its parts—the complex, but nicely arranged machinery. At one end the raw cotton was taken in and the work begun, and at the other the cloths of various kinds came out—parts of it a splendid fabric. The immediate neighborhood of Manchester, a little out of the smoke and bustle of the town, is spotted with many neat, and even elegant, seats of the more wealthy class. The road to Birmingham, via Newcastle, is through a most lovely country, finely improved. The residences of Lords Vincent, Vernon, and others of the nobility were

pointed out. Their grounds were in good state; fields larger than general.

At a considerable distance from Birmingham we entered a region almost covered with coal-pits and furnaces and fires. I felt regret that night had come on as we entered it; but I know not that a day view would have been more interesting than the night view we enjoyed. The whole face of the country appeared lighted up with fires. At one time I counted sixty. Many of these fires arose from the burning of coal into coke for the use of the factories. Many others, furnaces in operation. There is almost a continual town for seven miles, before reaching the city.

Birmingham is unrivaled for its cutlery and most kinds of work in metals. The shops exhibit a richness that astonishes a stranger. I visited Thomason's Show Rooms of Manufactures. The collection is rich in silver and steel. An imitation of the Warwick vase, the Wellington shield, and a set of symbolic medals are superb. Room after room was thrown open, and new varieties of costly and varied metallic manufacture presented, until the eye became weary and the mind ready to conclude, verily, this is the *ne plus ultra* of what man can effect in metals.

The new City Hall, not quite finished, is a splendid building. The main room is a double cube, 145 feet by 60, and 60 feet high, richly ornamented; a space being allowed at one end for a stupendous organ, weighing from 40 to 50 tons. Its largest pipe is 35 feet long and 5 feet 5 inches round, as the superintendent assured us. Its tones are powerful; I did not hear it played.

On the morning of the 31st took a stage for Warwick. After breakfast I walked over to the castle which adjoins the town. It is a noble pile of buildings.

The Earl and his family are on the Continent. The housekeeper showed the apartments. The suite of rooms

now occupied is 333 feet long, richly furnished, containing some rare paintings, library, mosaic floors, a table inlaid with pearls, an armory, with old armor of various kinds, and valuable specimens of minerals. The tower is high, commanding a fine view of the country. The green-house is full of rare plants, and in it is the famous Warwick vase. It stood formerly in the center of the castle-yard. There are four human faces on each side of the vase. It stands on a pedestal of marble about five feet high; it may be seven feet across the mouth, and five feet deep—is in a pretty good state of preservation, considering its antiquity. It is of white marble. There is a fine eagle near it in plaster work.

The walls are high and of great thickness, extending in circumference six miles. The grounds are in fine order—saw many old people gathering up the leaves that had fallen, and other loose matter. A small stream runs close by the side of the castle, and has an artificial fall in passing. Altogether, this is one of the best samples of the ancient baronial castles to be met with. As much is said about them in history, it is well worth seeing one—a sight will enable us to understand more readily many things met with in the record of past times.

On going from Warwick to Coventry, I passed through Kenilworth village, within half a mile of the celebrated Kenilworth Castle. I walked over to see it. It is a ruin, but truly magnificent in ruins. Much of the building is gone, and the remainder fast mouldering away, except the tower over the ancient gateway, which is altered, and occupied by a farmer. Nothing remains but part of the walls, and they are fast sinking down before the hand of time. Much of them was overgrown with ivy. A large part of the yard is used as a barn-yard, and was stacked with grain. The area of the castle-yard contained three or four acres.

It may seem strange that a wall from five to eight feet, and in some places possibly ten feet, should in so many places have disappeared, and in all that remains be so manifestly sinking under the influence of the elements; but a slight examination of the materials and the workmanship of the wall made the matter plain. The stone chiefly used is a very soft sandstone. When exposed long to the weather it crumbles and falls to pieces. The outside faces of the stones were wrought, but the other parts, especially the filling, was composed of all sorts of rock: fragments of rock, water-worn pebbles, sand, earth, and but little lime. There was in fact no cement in the wall, at least, not what deserves the name. The ruins, however, gave ample testimony that the castle was once a place of great splendor and great strength, and was probably the usual workmanship of its time.

The materials and construction of Kenilworth Castle may throw some light on the question, How comes it that so many of those ancient structures mentioned in olden times, and described as master-works in their day, have so disappeared that their places are now not known? The ancient mode of building was possibly far inferior to the modern, as to the character of the materials and the mode of putting them together. Kenilworth Castle was, it would seem, in good keeping until the time of Cromwell, when it was dismantled and abandoned. It would be easy to select many modern structures, which, if abandoned now, would not, in an equal period of time, exhibit such a desolation.

Whether it be owing to Scott's bewitching tale of Kenilworth, or to an increasing fondness for looking at old ruins, I leave others to decide, while I report the fact, that every part of these ruins exhibit marks of many visitors. It is not uncommon, I am told, for fifty carriages to visit it

in a day, and a due proportion of persons by other modes of conveyance. But enough of castles and old buildings. A good moral hangs to this old ruin. Where are those who built it? those that in proud magnificence reveled there? Where the many who resorted to it, and mingled in the festivities, and banquets, and dissipations of which it was the scene? They have gone, and are mostly forgotten, more so than those ruins are, fast as they are sinking to the dust. "The memory of the wicked shall rot, while the righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance."

Spent a night at Coventry, once famous in history, but now distinguished for its ribbon manufactures. From thence passed by stage through the highly-improved counties of Northampton and Bedford, en route to London. The Bedford chalk beds struck me much—the whole county is based on layers of chalk. Arrived at the great metropolis, and put up at the Belle Savage Hotel on the night of November 1st.

The excellency of the English roads has exceeded my expectations. They are equal to our best specimens of Macadamized turnpikes. Constant attention is paid to them; many persons are constantly employed to fill every hole, and repair any part, scrape off the mud, drain the water, and keep the whole as smooth and as clean as a bowling-green. The old mode of paving with large, round stone, making a firm, but very rough road, appears superseded by the Macadamized mode. The sidewalks of the principal streets, of the chief cities, I have seen, are laid with hewn stone, called flags, which make a most comfortable foot-walk. It was often remarked, when I referred to their excellent state, they ought to be good, for we pay a heavy tax to keep them in order. But such roads cause an immense saving of time and labor. Three or four times

as much produce can be taken to market by the same power as can be carried over bad roads. The saving of time, of the trouble and delay, go far to make amends for the tax the farmer has to pay, and of which he is disposed to complain.

The body of the English stage-coach is made small, so as to contain but four passengers, while a provision is made for accommodating three or four times that number on the top, or outside. The baggage is placed part in a boot in front, part in a box behind, but the most of it on the top. The bulk and weight on the top, from the passengers and their baggage of all sorts, is at times very great.

Travelers on the outside pay but half of what is paid for a place within. The inside is the most *honorable*, so that the traveler may settle as he likes best the claims of his honor and his pocket. To a stranger the outside has special claims. The opportunity, from the top of a coach, to see the highly improved country, the splendid mansions and grounds of the nobility and gentry, and the neat cottages of the poor, is fine, and richly compensates for all the drawbacks of an outrider. Most of the stages have an attendant, or guard, who takes care of the baggage and acts as servant to the company. Both the coachman and the guard expect, at the end of their stage, which may be from thirty to a hundred miles, a fee from each passenger.

The rate of speed is from eight to twelve miles, and at times fifteen miles an hour. It might be thought impossible, with such top-loads, to travel at such speed without mishaps; but such is the perfection of the roads that an accident seldom happens. The roads are so smooth and level and free from short turns that little danger attends the usual speed.

The inns are usually very comfortable, and I much wish

that our innkeepers would take a lesson from John Bull in this matter. There is, in what are called good houses, a neatness, and a convenience, and a comfort which are most grateful to a traveler. And, I may add, a promptness in supplying your wants that merits commendation. But it is not to be forgotten that all is to be paid for, and that at a pretty good price,—on an average, more than in the United States. It is, to one not accustomed to it, rather vexatious to have to pay, at each inn where he may have stayed all night, not only the *landlord*, but the *waiter* and chambermaid, and a third attendant who by general understanding is called *boots*. This custom is a considerable annoyance. It were much better for the landlord to embrace the whole in his bill and relieve the traveler of having to do with so many. This is done at the Adelphi, in Liverpool, but at no other place where I have yet been.

In the hurry of a fifteen-minutes' meal on the road, all eat at the same table, but in other instances, and with boarders at the public houses, each traveler, or each company, has a table for himself, calls for what he wants, makes his own tea, and pours out his own coffee, which is generally good.

Carriages meeting on the road keep not to the right, as with us, but to the left.

The United States is regarded with much and varied interest by Englishmen. I have had repeated occasions to notice the interest with which the people of England regard the United States. In Liverpool I heard remarks made repeatedly that implied a deep interest in the continuance of peace and friendly intercourse between the two countries. The matter of continued peace was several times directly referred to, and my opinion asked respecting it. The same occurred at Manchester and at Birmingham. In America I seldom, if ever, heard the subject

mentioned. It is not a subject of thought or conversation. I was therefore rather startled at the repeated references to it, and the inquiries as to the feelings of the Americans respecting it, and, in general, as to their feelings toward England.

I replied, in substance, that as far as I knew, we felt no apprehension of any interruption of the peaceful relations between the two countries; that I knew of no causes of complaint, on either side, of a serious nature; that, as a general matter, the old unkind feelings we might have had were fast wearing away, and that good feelings toward England, as the family and parent stock from which we descended, were daily gaining ground. A repetition, which was sometimes drawn from me, that this was, in my opinion, the tendency of the public sentiment in the United States toward England, appeared generally to give satisfaction.

On several occasions I thought I discovered, before the close of the conversation, one excuse, at least, for the uneasiness or sensitiveness on this matter. If the inquirer were a merchant or a manufacturer, he would refer to the immense trade between the two countries, and the losses, and almost ruin, to thousands that would flow from the stopping of intercourse between them; it would produce, in a few months, a degree of distress, in many districts, which it would not be easy to describe. It would more or less affect all classes, from the importing merchant to the boy in the factory.

While self-interest was manifest, other lurking feelings could be discerned. While waiting at an inn for a stage, to while away the time I took out some paper and was taking some notes, when a genteel, good-looking man came in. He took occasion, from some article in a newspaper into which he was looking, to make a remark to me

about some local matter of news. I gave a reply indicating my ignorance of the subject. It was followed, on his part, with several other references to it, evidently implying a wish to converse with me, and rather surprise at my answers. To get out of the difficulty, and to put a better face on my ignorance of a subject which appeared to interest him much, I informed him that I was from the United States, and but too recently arrived to know much about the domestic matters of his country. After a few remarks of a common-place nature, the following conversation took place. I do not pretend to give it *verbatim*, but as near as I can recollect:

"What is the reason," said he, in a tone and manner which seemed designed to bespeak an apology for introducing a subject that might not be pleasant, "what is the reason that you Americans have such unkind feelings toward England?"

I replied, "I don't admit that we have such feelings, and therefore need not inquire after the cause of their supposed existence."

Englishman.—"Why, I have always been led to believe that your people have a very great animosity against us, and would like to injure us whenever you get a good opportunity."

Answer.—"I do not admit the fact alleged. There were, no doubt, unkind feelings formerly toward England, growing out of our family quarrels, as they may be called; but these are becoming old things, and with the great body of our people there is a growing feeling of good-will toward England."

Englishman.—"I am glad to hear it. But I surely thought that the case was otherwise."

Answer.—"I do not say that no unkind feeling exists in individuals. I speak of the feelings of our people gener-

ally, and in that I think I am not mistaken. In all communities you may find exceptions to the generally prevalent character. And, allow me to add, your own people are the cause of the large part of the unkind feeling that at times may be exhibited. Your travelers misrepresent and caricature, and laugh at us,—and no people like to be thus treated."

Englishman.—"Ah! Mrs. Trollope (etc.) has told some tales about you, but you ought not to be offended at England for what she does,—don't mind her."

Answer.—"But some of you Englishmen mind her report and circulate her caricatures as fair samples of American manners and habits. Now, we are the more sensitive from the fact that we are a young people. We are not yet out of our teens. Our national character as to manners and customs is forming, and charges now made, though false, may with some gain credit, and thus do us a real injury. England is old and has an established character. You know an ill-natured slander on a young person may be mortifying and vexatious, if not injurious in after-days."

Englishman.—"Well, that is true! I suppose you have some cause for complaint. But still, I rather think you are an ambitious people, and will, when you get a fair occasion, show it. But how did it come to pass that you so beat us at sea during the last war?—it is to me most astonishing!"

Answer.—"I don't know that I can assign all the reasons, but I think I can some of them. Our vessels had no man on board that was not there willingly,—they were all at heart Americans, and put their heart into what they did. Your crews were suspected of having many put there and kept against their will."

Englishman.—"Ah! very true, very true!"—then, more slowly, "you acquitted yourselves nobly—you are becoming a great people—I wish you may not prove too ambitious.

You think that the Americans feel kindly toward England? That's right! Our countries ought to be in friendship with each other."

The stage now passed, and I hastily got in, while the stranger bade me a kind farewell, following me to the door, and even repeating to me after I was in the stage that he was glad that he had met with me. I had no opportunity of learning who he was, but set him down for a high-toned churchman and a politician.

Guy Fawkes' Day is still observed, but not with the spirit it once was. The most that I saw on that day connected with its observance, was a miserably ugly figure, paraded about the streets by a set of dirty, ragged boys, who stopped and stated something about Guy Fawkes, and begged a penny of the spectators, in aid of the commemoration. I saw several of these during the day. At night, it is said, they make a bonfire of them, and accompany it with more fooleries and much noise. Some churches have a service on that day, in reference to the event referred to. The whole matter, however, is worn out so much as to excite but little interest. It is rather a singular circumstance, that on the late Guy Fawkes' Day fires should have burst out in the cellars, the very place where, of old, Guy Fawkes had prepared his powder and other materials to send a Protestant Parliament, king, lords, and commons, sky-high. The Parliament Houses had been burnt accidentally a few weeks before. In the mass of materials and rubbish which had fallen into the cellars the fire most probably had found means to keep itself alive until the 5th November, a memorable day.

The Lord Mayor's Show Day is an appellation given to the day in which the new Lord Mayor is sworn into office. He goes from Guild Hall, the place where the Common Council of the city holds its sessions, to Westminster, where

the principal courts sit, in the state coach, drawn by six horses, accompanied by the city authorities, and escorted by the city bands. A great display is made. The uniforms, badges, and flags of the companies, and the liveries of the attendants, are most gorgeous and splendid. I observed in one of the companies three men on horseback, in full suits of ancient armor, each different in kind from the other, their horses led by grooms on foot in rich liveries, and accompanied by their men-at-arms. The procession passed through several streets to the river, and thence by water to Westminster, where the Mayor was sworn in, and received the insignia of his office as Lord Mayor of London. The procession returned as they went, partly by water and partly by land, to Guild Hall, where the new Lord Mayor gave a dinner. The boats in which the party went are splendid barges, richly ornamented and covered with gold, making a gorgeous appearance. I am told that much less interest is now taken in those pomps and displays than formerly. I wish that as they lose their hold on the public mind here, they may not, as many things, find imitators on our side of the Atlantic.

The great question which agitates this country is church reform. It is discussed with much spirit, and not unfrequently with much asperity. It is manifest that our country has already an influence here on this question. She is repeatedly appealed to, and arguments for and against are drawn from our papers and statistics. It is a matter well deserving of serious attention on our side of the water to have our statistics as correct as possible, not only for our own sakes, but for the use made of them on this side.

I did not reach London in time to hear the report of Drs. Reed and Mattheson, but am assured by those who heard it, that it was highly satisfactory, and made a favorable impression as to the state of things in the United

States. We have no reason to expect they will approve of all they saw and heard. For one, I wish their full and frank opinion; let them tell us our faults, that we may correct them, but tell us with the kindness of a friend, and give us credit for our virtues, but without flattery; thus I have told those excellent brethren, and thus I doubt not they will do.

London is truly a great city. It covers about eighteen square miles, and contains about one million and a half of people. I have never seen any streets so habitually crowded with people as its great thoroughfares, the Strand, Ludgate Hill, Fleet Street, Cheapside, Aldgate, Holborn, etc. The crowds of people are not more striking than the richness of its stores, almost innumerable. In looking at the stores, shops, and merchandise, one is ready to think there is enough to supply a world; but after looking at the never-ceasing crowds that pour along the streets, one is led to ask, Where can food and clothing and necessaries of all kinds be found for such multitudes?

London can also boast some noble structures and admirable institutions. But I fear to attempt a detail of them, much more a description. The west end of the city is the court end; there the Palace is placed, the Houses of Parliament, Westminster, the chief parks, residences of the nobility and gentry, and many of the offices connected with government. The Bank, Exchange, Mansion House, Guild Hall, St. Paul's, near the middle of the city. The Docks, Custom House, East India House, more to the east end. Splendid buildings are to be met with in almost all parts; the above statement will give an idea of the location of the most important buildings. The evidences of wealth almost incalculable everywhere present themselves, and that not only in the buildings and monuments, but in the recorded expenditures on special occa-

sions. For example: in passing Guild Hall, which was then fitting up for a grand ball, I stepped in to see the building and look at the room where the Lord Mayor received the Prince Regent and Allied Sovereigns in 1814, at a feast which cost above twenty-five thousand pounds sterling.

Westminster Abbey is a most imposing pile of buildings, containing much to admire and wonder at. The workmanship of the chapel of Henry VII. is inimitable. Prayers are said at 10 A.M. and 3 P.M. I attended the service. There were present ten boys in white, five on opposite sides; four men in white robes, three on one side, and one on the other; some thirty or forty persons, many of whom appeared to have come in to see the building, paintings, and sculpture, as it is free at that time. What an expensive establishment for such a service! The same may be said of a similar daily service performed at St. Paul's, which I had previously witnessed.

In my rambles I met a friend who informed me he was going to see the famous wine cellars, and proposed that I should go with him. I agreed. They lie near the London docks. We explored one of these vaults, covering five and a half acres of ground, arched above and paved below, connected with another covering four and a half acres; and looked into one of four acres. They are divided into long rooms, by walls which cross each other. Many of these rooms or passages are lighted with lamps; all of them have ventilators. Along the sides of these rooms are piled up barrels of wine, and the quantity appeared immense. Over this great cellar is a tobacco warehouse, which covers even more ground than the wine cellar.

I attended a great political meeting of Whigs, at night, held at the London Tavern, in reference to the turning out of the Whig ministry. Some pretty good speaking,

but much noise, *à la mode* of English meetings. A Wellington ministry was much deprecated. The duke was handled without mittens. "A crisis! a crisis in our reform!" the Whigs say. "The Lord rules," may all say; and may all look to Him.

The British Museum contains a noble collection of books, minerals, statuary, antiquities, and natural history. Truly, King George III. did at least one good thing,—he made a princely collection. The donation of his valuable library of 80,000 volumes is worthy of a king. This, added to the library of the Museum, makes a total of 300,000 volumes.

This Museum is the only place of much interest in London that a stranger can see without having to pay for it. You may, it is true, look at the parks, and at the outside of the buildings, without being reminded that something is expected; but if you wish to see the inside, and walk through the building, you must pay for it; and sometimes in detail, as I made trial of at St. Paul's, viz., at the entrance, exterior and whispering galleries, library, model and trophy room, clock and bell, geometrical staircase, the ball, and the vaults. It is not much to the credit of Old England, or to the church dignitaries who preside over her churches, that a stranger cannot look into a church, nor read the monuments of her illustrious dead, without being at every turn reminded that a fee must be paid for so doing!

I saw the pageantry of the Lord Mayor coming out of St. James Court, after the presentation of the address of the citizens of London to his Majesty, respecting the dismissal of the Whig ministry. He was in the superb state coach, his attendants in gorgeous liveries, and accompanied by fifteen or more coaches containing the aldermen, city authorities, and others. The crowd cheered loudly as the Mayor was driven off in his coach. What pomp!

Considering that the Mayor is a high Tory, it must have been rather an unpleasant duty to be made the organ of presenting such a curry-comb of an address. The people, who have to pay for all these displays, are becoming tired, if not of the pomp, at least of the taxes, and are loud in their demands for reform in church and state, and for relief from their burden of taxes.

The amount of taxes collected from this people is astounding. Nearly everything is taxed, and often the same thing is taxed in two, three, or four forms. I passed a house to-day before which a label was fixed, stating that taxes to the amount of fifteen pounds had been demanded as the assessment for that house for the present year. The house was by no means a first-rate house. The assessment on it for a church rate was two shillings in the pound of the value of the property. It is not marvelous that the people are calling for reform and the correction of abuses. An earnest resistance is being made in many places to the collection of church rates. A refusal to pay is often made, and when the property is seized, combinations are formed to prevent persons from bidding for it at the public sale.

At the house above referred to a singular mode was resorted to. An image of a bishop in his canonicals, large as life, was set in a window; at his right hand, and arm-in-arm with it, old Satan, a hideous figure, with his cloven foot and horns. Under the bishop was written in large letters, "Spiritual Broker;" at the bishop's left was another figure, and under it written, "Temporal Broker," and between them, "Props of the Church." The man had refused to pay the church rates; they had seized his property, and he had caricatured them. The first day I walked the streets in London I saw crowds gazing at those images; they are still in the window, and there the man

declares they shall be until they cease to force him to pay church rates.

Is it not strange that churchmen do not see, in thus forcing payment from an unwilling people, they are not only alienating the people from them, but creating strong prejudices against religion itself? There appears to be a kind of infatuation on the minds of the leading part of the established clergy. They seem resolved to yield nothing. They close their eyes to the progress of things, they overlook public sentiment, and appear determined to retain or lose all.

While their folly is manifest, I know not that it may not in the long run be all for the best. It is very obvious that the more the matter is discussed, the more satisfied are the reformers that there must be a separation of the church and state. Not long since the Dissenters limited their demands to a freedom from church rates, and a few disabilities under which they labored. Had these been granted, and means taken to conciliate Dissenters, it may be that the fierce attack now made on the establishment might have been avoided. This was not done. Now the great body of Dissenters seem to be fast coming, or I may say have come, to a fixed opinion that nothing ought, that nothing will, that nothing shall satisfy them but a total separation of the church and state.

I was rather surprised to find that the number of newspapers in circulation is small compared with what we have in the United States. A common practice is to be furnished each day, at such hour as you choose, with a paper for an hour, more or less, as you may bargain for; at the end of the time the newsboy calls for the paper and takes it to some other person. The price of newspapers is high, owing to the duty on the paper before it is printed. For a sheet, which when printed is sold at seven pence, the

printer must pay rather above three pence to government for the stamp, making it lawful to use it. It ought, however, to be observed that there is no postage on stamped papers in England. They go free.

Foreign papers are charged as letters, which is so high as almost to amount to a prohibition. Not knowing this, many persons send packages of papers, pamphlets, etc. to acquaintances in this country by persons coming over; on arriving, they put them in the post-office, and such is the cost of postage that they are seldom taken out. The same reasons which make newspapers so dear produce a similar effect in the case of books. To protect and encourage their own manufacture, they are careful to exclude our books; the duty on them is heavy. The few volumes of religious books that I had put in my trunk for my own use were charged twenty-five cents per pound, English books passed free; but all of *American print,* even to a pocket Bible, were weighed and paid duty.

Letters and papers designed for Europe ought to be paid for at the port where they are shipped. Without this they will not be sent from the United States. When paid for they will be shipped. But letters to the Continent, if sent to England, as they often are by travelers, have another difficulty. If put in the post-office at Liverpool or London, the postage through England must be paid, or they will not be sent. On its being paid to Dover, where letters are shipped for the Continent, they will be forwarded, but not otherwise.

And there is a law imposing a fine of £5 on those who convey letters through England, and thus deprive the government of what it would gain by their being carried by post. It is at a hazard that a man carries sealed letters. He may not have his person searched unless suspicions arise, but his trunk is searched by the custom-house officers.

It were well if these facts were more generally known. It would prevent some embarrassment. Although I made inquiries several times, I could not ascertain the real state of the case until I passed through the hands of the custom-house officers and learned some of their regulations.

I have not heard many of those who pass for popular preachers in England. I have heard a number that are said to possess a very good standing for speaking talents. I have not been struck with anything as much different from what I have often heard on our own side of the water. While listening to some, I have thought there was rather too much display, not such close work as in America; not preaching at people, but before them. I did not expect to find the gowns and the bands in as general use among Dissenters as I find they are. With one exception, all the sermons I have heard were from men thus habited.

I may add, the love of gowns is not confined to the clergy. In making a tour through the half dozen courts in session at Westminster, I could not but notice that all the judges and lawyers were in gowns and wigs, most of them powdered; of this, however, the judges had most on their wigs, and these were of a peculiar make and much larger size. As there is a peculiar gown for a bishop and another for a priest, so there is a peculiar gown and wig for a judge and another for a lawyer. There may be some advantages in such forms and customs, but a man, while engaged in official duty, ought not to appear in a habit so wholly different from other men as to seem almost ludicrous, and be hardly known to his every-day friends. The spirit of reform will no doubt in time set aside many of these old and monkish customs, which often in this country present such odd and grotesque mixtures of old with new, in the general costume of society.

Lord Brougham is well represented in some of his like-

nesses. His court was much crowded, as he was about to retire with the Whig ministry. The people showed a wish to see him in such a crisis of his affairs.

The climate of England did not agree with me. I was prevented by indisposition from gaining much of the information I desired pertaining to this interesting country. This induced me to hasten my departure for Paris. Professor M. Hopkins bears me company. I have had much pleasant intercourse with brethren of different denominations; have met with them in their societies, and have received from them polite attentions; at the meeting of the London Missionary Society, I was introduced by Dr. Reed to about thirty members. They have extended to me the hand of Christian fellowship, and I have preached in a few of their pulpits. I shall cherish the recollection of the social visits to those families to which I was admitted, and shall be grateful for the hospitality and kindness of which I was the recipient.

The road from London to Dover is over a somewhat rolling country, but still it is good, some long stretches of it were within sight of the Thames, which is a smaller stream than I had supposed it to be. After being accustomed to the great rivers of America, all the streams I have seen on this side of the Atlantic have a diminutive appearance. The channel of the Thames, however, must be deep, compared with the width of the stream, or ships of the size seen in it could not find water to swim in.

In the neighborhood of Gravesend the Thames for many miles was almost covered with vessels, on their way to London, coming in from sea. They had been detained below by adverse winds; the wind had now changed, and the channel of the river could be traced for miles by the white canvas that floated in the air.

The chalk strata of England must be many hundred feet

thick, as the Cliffs of Dover show. I suppose the hills cannot be less than from five to seven hundred feet, and the greater part of this elevation appears to be a mass of chalk. The side next the sea is in many places precipitous and destitute of vegetation, and presents a white, snowy appearance to the eye. There are forts on the heights on both sides of Dover; this being the narrowest part of the strait, and when the weather is clear in sight of France, the more care has been used to have it well defended. In one of the forts is the famous cannon known by the name of *Queen Bess's pocket-piece*, which, it is commonly reported, will throw a ball to Calais. A soldier whom we met on the green said that report was not true, but that the gun was one of great power.

I examined the character of the chalk at a bank where much had been dug out and removed,—it was excellent. Before we reached Dover we had seen in many places immense excavations made by removing the chalk for various purposes, and also kilns, for burning it into lime, in operation. The same chalk strata appears on the other side of the channel and spreads to some extent on the continent. I do not recollect of seeing or hearing of its appearing, in any portions worth mentioning, in any part of North America.

On our landing at Calais we were harassed not a little by porters, conductors, and that sort of folks, eager to serve us. With some effort we got clear of all but one, who could speak English. He took us to the office where our passports were examined, had our baggage examined at the custom-house, and aided in engaging seats in the diligence for Paris.

A somewhat singular custom prevails both at Dover and Calais. The tide rises high in the strait, and at times makes it needful to use a ladder in getting to and from the

vessel in which they cross. Instead of the vessel's having a short ladder for its own use, a man at the wharf keeps one, and every passenger has to pay for its use, whether he needs it or not. This is but one of the "thousand and one" ways in which they contrive to earn money from those who travel.

We were two nights, one day, and part of another in coming from Calais to Paris. The face of the country is almost a dead level, with few trees, small and scattering. Occasionally a spot of timbered land may be seen, but mostly of a small and useless kind of growth. No fences or hedges—no visible marks of division to separate the different lots of ground. In England fences are seldom seen; but their place is supplied by hedges and ditches, sometimes dividing the whole face of the country in lots of from two and three to five and seven acres, and the size of the trees scattered along these hedges and ditches showed that they were old divisions which their fathers had made. But in France there were few except those natural divisions of streams and hills with which man had nothing to do. Where there were hills of any steepness, and such as we make nothing of plowing over in the United States, they were in many cases formed into level plats, one above another.

The country generally appears to be under cultivation, but of a very imperfect kind. I noticed that most, if not all, the plows were of a very old kind, with wheels to support the fore part of the beam and regulate the depth of the furrow. The tackle of the horses was of a miserable sort,—old ropes and strings put together in a nondescript manner.

The people live in villages. Single houses, standing separate and in the midst of the land cultivated by its occupants, appear not to exist. The animals are kept up and

fed by hand. I saw no cattle, horses, or hogs running loose, and but occasionally a flock of sheep, and those uniformly under the care of a shepherd and his dog; and it was amusing to notice the constant vigilance of the dog to keep his flock in order. If a sheep lagged behind, or rambled off to one side, or got too far before, or in any way got out of order, in the opinion of the dog, a sudden movement toward the offending sheep, and at times a *nip* on the leg, would make it hurry into its place. In short, the dog appeared tenfold more interested in keeping the flock in order than did his master. From ancient times the dog appears to have been used for similar purposes by shepherds. Job speaks of "the dogs of his flock," and they were used by him, most likely, not only to protect the flock from ravenous beasts, but to aid in keeping and managing them.

Few things struck me more forcibly than the inferior and miserable appearance of the dwellings, especially in the small towns and villages. The walls are usually of mud, supported by a rude frame of wood, the roof of tile or thatch. The rise from the ground to the end of the thatch is about eight feet. The door low, the windows irregular, often nothing more than a hole left or made in the wall,—at best but a few lights of glass. The yard exhibiting no taste or neatness, often a mud-hole; for not unfrequently the hole from which the mud was taken for the walls of the house is seen not far from the door, full of water, and a place of filth. The floors of the houses earth or tiles. As to neat, tasty gardens as an appendage to the cottages, I saw none to be compared with those everywhere to be seen in Britain and the United States. In the larger towns the buildings are of a better order; the houses often large and of good materials. As to their interior fitting up, I had not an opportunity of judging, except

from a few specimens of hotels where we stopped. Several of these were respectable, but none could be compared, as to neatness and comfort, with English and American public houses of equal standing.

The women in the country and small towns wore a small white cap, other parts of dress not differing much from what is common with us. The men also wore caps of woolen or cotton, and over their other garments a light-blue frock, very similar in make to a common shirt without a collar. I refer to the common people. In the larger towns many of the men were dressed as is common with us and wore hats, as also the ladies wore bonnets.

The number of beggars that gathered around us at many of our stopping-places was distressing. It really seemed as if half the people were beggars; or rather, as if begging was a thing so common that any and every one, when they had an opportunity, made trial whether or not they could do something in that way. Young and old, men and women, would surround us and almost deafen us with their clamor.

The French diligence is a coarse, unsightly vehicle, and has usually three apartments. The coupé, a small room capable of holding three persons; this has windows in front and at the sides. A seat in the coupé commands the highest price. The body of the carriage has windows at the sides, and the back part differs not much from the middle. In addition to these places, two or three persons may sit on a seat over the driver by the conductor. The baggage is chiefly placed on the top, covered with a large apron that extends forward, supported by the trunks or other fixtures, so as to afford protection against the weather to the conductor and those who may sit with him above. The drivers were changed frequently on the route, but the

conductor, who had the charge of all, kept with us to Paris.

The diligence is drawn by four and sometimes six horses; in the latter case four are put abreast in front. They were of a very inferior kind, often poor, and not unfrequently looked as if they had never been cleaned or trimmed—manes, tails, and fetlocks overgrown and uncombed. Nor was the harness calculated to make amends for the plight of the cattle. The bridles and traces often ropes fastened with strings; the hames of board-like pieces and huge projections, with unsightly covers of leather, hide, or cloth. In short, we were not a little amused at the uncouth appearance of the whole affair.

The French mode of lighting the streets is by suspending lamps over the middle of the street by a cord fastened to the houses on both sides, or posts put up for that purpose. The rope is placed at such a height as to raise the lamps above carriages that may pass the street.

Few things strike an American more than the perpetual occurrence of the military badge wherever he may go. He will hardly walk a hundred yards in any direction in Paris without passing a sentinel. In a morning's walk of half an hour he will probably see half a dozen companies of soldiers marching to and from their places of review or military exercise. Paris is like a garrisoned town. There are sixty—some say eighty or a hundred—thousand soldiers in or near it. It is not easy, especially for a stranger, to get exact information on such points. The expense of such military establishments must be great, and their corrupting influence on society most baneful.

The following article from Rome, of January 22, 1835, deserves notice:

"By a decree of the Pope, the servant of God, John Baptist Rossi, born at Villogia, in the diocese of Gens, in

1698, and died at Rome in 1764, has been declared worthy of being counted among the blest (of being canonized), he having, during life, given a brilliant exhibition of theological and cardinal virtues. The society (Committee of Sacred Rites) to whom this matter is intrusted have examined, since 1823, the history of his life, and the decree of the Pope agrees with and confirms their report. Inquiry is to be made whether the family of the deceased possess the means requisite to pay the expense of his beatification."

It would seem that the Pope and his cardinals are still adding to the number of saints to be invoked. They seem not to find it congenial to their feelings to go at once to the Lord Jesus, or to God in Christ. They go to the Virgin Mary and to the saints, and when they get tired of the old ones, they make new ones. In this case they have gone back near a hundred years. John Baptist Rossi died seventy years ago; of course there are none alive who could testify from personal knowledge as to his life and conduct. It gives a fine opportunity to dress up his life with those wonders and marvels that lead an ignorant and superstitious people to give him honors, which they ought to give to God. It is worthy of notice, that while they find him worthy of beatification, which if it is right should be done, and has been deferred too long, still it is doubtful whether it may not fail. It must be bought with money! Have the family means to bear the expense? are they willing? One way for the Pope to get money is to sell saintships.

There is reason to believe that the cause of truth is making some progress in France. From all I can learn, there is an increase of evangelical preachers, more faithful and spiritual preaching, and a better attendance on public worship. There are more religious publications than formerly; a number of valuable English and American

works have been translated into French and published; several new French works of considerable merit have lately appeared; more religious papers are circulated; the Bible is more common, and I doubt not more read; common newspapers admit more pieces relative to religion.

A pious lady told me a few days past, that when she came to Paris about fifteen years ago, she wished to procure a Bible and to prepare to receive the sacrament. She could nowhere find a Bible. Her mother went with her to the preacher whose preaching she attended, to see if he could aid them in procuring one. He told them he had none to spare, as he had but one for his own use. Bibles may now be found in a number of the bookstores.

A Roman Catholic editor of one of the popular newspapers, mentioned as his New Year's gift to his readers, a new translation of the Scriptures, which he had given to the public, and "Reasons for the Truth of Christianity," a work in several volumes, exhibiting a view of some of the arguments for the truth of the Christian religion. It is in part taken from Protestant authors. It may accustom Catholics to look at proof and not the say-so of the church.

This awakening of religious feeling is not confined to the Protestants, as the fact above stated goes to show. There is a much better attendance at the Catholic churches, I am told, than there was a few years past. I visited several of their churches during the Christmas and New Year solemnities and found crowds of people. Possibly this awakening interest may be intended for good. While the mind is wholly indifferent to all religion, there can be no hope for such; but when the mind is stirred up and begins to inquire after God, it may meet with truth, even while groping in the darkness of Romanism. In our day the vehicles of truth are so many, in so many ways does the

truth go abroad, in the book of God, the ministry, tract, missionary notice, the journal, the religious, and at times, the secular papers, the books of travel, etc., that the mind inquiring after truth may, through the good providence of God, find it and be saved.

It is much to be lamented that the Protestants who resort to Paris in such considerable numbers do so little to impart to the Catholics, with which they mingle, the great leading truths of the Protestant faith. It is much more common, I fear, for the Protestants to be injured by the errors and example of the Catholics than to impart to them the truth they profess and the purity they ought to practice. A large part of those Protestants who resort here are irreligious young men, indifferent about eternal things, and more pleased than otherwise to be free from religious restraint.

I cannot, however, but hope that God is preparing the way for a great work to his praise in France, and through her, in Europe. There is a spirit of investigation and research at work here, an activity of intellect, a patient, working, untiring spirit, which must produce in all the departments of science important results. The master-minds that lead on this spirit and activity and give it tone are most of them far from God, and have not his fear before their eyes. Yet I think there is an approximation toward truth. All truth leads to truth; truth in science, truth in metaphysics, truth in taste, in morals, and in logic, must be favorable to truth in religion.

The natural sciences are prosecuted here with great zeal and great success. The cabinets of minerals and of natural history; the collections of plants and objects for the study of all parts of natural science, and all departments of the arts, are perhaps the most complete anywhere to be met with, and all are open and accessible, without fee or reward to the learner.

It is indeed a striking and most praiseworthy fact that these public schools at Paris, at which there are now near ten thousand students from all parts of the civilized world, are free to all. It is true that a graduating fee is required at the school of medicine. But a student may gain all the knowledge, attend all the lectures, without graduating. The single act of taking a degree does not add to his knowledge. For the lectures, for their attendance at the hospitals, for access to the cabinets, and various preparations, nothing is asked.

It is a liberal and commendable thing in the government to collect the most learned and talented men in the world, to furnish them with apparatus, with all the aids and helps needful in their various departments, that they may give their instructions free to all who will attend and receive them. The expense no doubt is considerable; but how little compared to the expense of an army of "three or four hundred thousand men." And how much more to the honor and credit of the government is the one than the other. The one is to create and spread the light of science and art, to pour abroad through the land and the world the healthful streams of useful knowledge; the other, to repress the spirit of freedom, to make a people bear quietly the yoke, to prevent them from making their own laws, and modeling to their own liking their own government.

The day will come, I think, when God will cast the salt of his grace into this fountain of science, when those departments of truth, now prosecuted with so much care, will be consecrated to the Lord. The time and the mode in which this will be effected we know not; but many parts of God's word declares a time of a general prevalence of religion, and many things in the aspect of the world seem strongly to indicate that preparations are

now making, under the directing providence of God, for the ushering in of that glorious day. Oh, how often do the enemies of God, and those who know Him not, nor regard Him, bring to pass, with great labor and toil, his purposes of grace and mercy! They mean not so, but God does make them to praise Him. Pharaoh educated Moses, who brought Israel out of Egypt; Paul was educated at the feet of Gamaliel; Luther and Calvin and Knox were educated in Catholic schools. When God will work, who can hinder? "My soul, hope thou in God!"

I visited the Morgue, a house built for the exposure of persons who are found dead in Paris and vicinity, whose friends and relations are not known. They are placed there that an opportunity may be had for their friends to identify them and have them interred. There was one person on the table prepared for the dead. This appeared to be a youth. The body was naked, except a small piece of cloth laid across the lower parts of the body. There were no marks of violence on the body. It was most likely a suicide by drowning. Suicides have been fearfully common here. The want of religious principle, the want of faith in the great truths of revelation, is the secret cause of these suicides, as well as of the many and various crimes which abound in this wicked place. Those who have no belief in a future state, no faith in a judgment to come, are deprived of a great restraint against the allurements of vice; and the same want of restraint, leaves them, when crossed or disappointed, exposed to the temptation to make way with themselves. The faith and hopes of the gospel are profitable for all things in this life and in that which is to come.

Much interest has been taken, in Parisian circles, in the great political conquest going on in England. While Louis Philippe is suspected of leaning toward the meas-

ures of the legitimates, and while his measures have retarded the progress of liberal opinions and liberal institutions in France, it is very manifest that the great body of the French people are strongly disposed toward free institutions. It may well be doubted whether they are prepared at present to enjoy all they want. The news has reached Paris, by telegraph, that the reformers have succeeded in putting a reformer in the speaker's chair in England. The same paper which announces this victory of the reformers, and consequent expected change of the ministry, announces a change as certain in the French ministry. They have been in the minority several times lately in the chamber of deputies, and it is said their dissolution is decided on and has been announced to the chamber. Louis Philippe is far from being popular in France; his situation is rather delicate. The French are fond of change, and are easily thrown into agitation. Unless he falls in more with the spirit of the age, and gives his countenance more fully to the friends of freedom and free institutions, he may sooner than he is aware of find himself treated as was his predecessor.

Many things indicate that great changes must before long take place in Europe. There is going abroad through the mass of the community an increase of knowledge as to their civil, religious, and social rights; there are increasing mediums of intelligence, there is a public moral sentiment forming, that must change, and transform, and new-model, to a great extent, very many of the customs and institutions of Europe. The question of the late change in the British ministry is more than a contest between two political parties in England,—it involves the great principle of reform; it bears directly on the question of the progress of freedom and free institutions at home and abroad. It is thus viewed in Europe, not only by those in

power, but by an extensive class of reading, thinking, intelligent people. Every new position taken by the opposite parties is noticed; every success or defeat spreads, as on the wings of the wind, to every corner of Europe. But above all do the French take a deep interest in this matter. It makes an important item in their daily and weekly papers, and is discussed more or less in most circles. There is observable, also, an increasing regard paid to what may be called public opinion, and the daily press is serving more and more the purpose of embodying, directing, and causing it to bear on all the great interests of society.

Those governments that are most opposed to the progress of freedom and popular institutions, while they may do much to retard, cannot wholly stop it. For instance, they are obliged to inform themselves of what is going on in other countries. In so doing, an increasing number will gain information also that will affect their views and feelings, remove old prejudices, and prepare the mind for reform in various respects. In a thousand ways, changes of this kind are taking place in Europe, and although, like the progress of the sun upon the dial-plate, it may at any one point of time be imperceptible, in a short time the movement made will be clearly seen.

I could but notice a fact, the other day, which is an exemplification of these remarks. In some of the Roman States, where ecclesiastical control has long extended to almost everything, courts composed *mainly*, if not wholly, of laymen, have been established in place of ecclesiastics, as heretofore. It is said they work well.

It may be that it is in this gradual way that the baleful system of popery is to be destroyed,—a gradual discovery of the folly and absurdity of the system, while the great

truths of revelation, and the simple but beautiful worship of the New Testament, will be everywhere understood and received. It is of this system, as I suppose, mention is made in II. Thessalonians: "Whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of his mouth, and destroy with the brightness of his coming." A comparison of this passage with Isaiah, xi. 14, not to mention other texts, would seem to show that the truths of revelation are the instruments with which this destruction will mainly be effected. Those who hold to the personal reign of Christ on earth, and his sudden appearance for that purpose, would interpret his *coming* here as sudden. But those who do not find in the Bible what justifies the opinion of the personal reign, think it a more reasonable interpretation to consider "his coming" here as expressing the millennium, and its "brightness" as referring to that clear display and bright manifestation of divine truth of which, in part, it will consist.

It is possible that I may be mistaken in thinking that in the evangelical churches the gospel is now better understood and better preached—that is, with more practical effect—than at any period since the age of the apostles. I mistake if it be not now understood and preached more as the apostles understood and preached it than it was at the Reformation. The great effort then was to oppose certain errors,—now, to make truth tell on the heart and conscience, so as to convert and save the soul.

It is painful to see that, notwithstanding all the light of the nineteenth century, rights of conscience should be so little understood that religious persecutions should take place, even among Protestants. The government of Prussia has, from the period of the Reformation, been remarkable for the religious freedom allowed in its dominions; a change of conduct marks the present time. Formerly it gave an asylum to those who were persecuted for conscience' sake;

now its own subjects, in some cases, are so oppressed that they are seeking an asylum in other lands.

In Prussia the king is absolute, and claims, in some sort, to be the head of the church. Within a few years past he has set his heart on uniting the Lutherans and other reformed branches of the church. To effect this, with the aid of a few complying ministers, he has new-modeled the old forms of religious rites observed by the several branches of the church, compiled of them one formula, one confession of faith, taking care to increase the power of the king in all ecclesiastical matters, and to oblige the pastors to come under new and special engagements to conform in all things to the will of the king.

This new system of faith and observances was promulged for general acceptance by all sects, was used in the royal chapels, and persuasions and rewards resorted to, to induce the leading pastors and people to accept it. After awhile another step was taken,—it was *enjoined*. And now a further advance is being made,—pastors who refuse to comply are separated from their people, and other ministers forced on them. The military is used to oblige people to receive such preachers as the king approves. There can be but little doubt that the measure is in part a political one; the object is to strengthen the power of the crown.

It is but one of the many movements of the falsely so-called holy alliance to strengthen their power, to hold back the spirit of liberty abroad in the world, and keep their people under the yoke. What the result of this persecution in Prussia may be time will show. It is calling public attention. It is exhibiting another proof of the evils of having any connection between church and state. It will increase the number of those who doubt the expediency of all such connections; it may lead more directly than can now be known to a spirit of liberty in Prussia,—

religious liberty has a connection with civil liberty. The contest now going on for it will most likely lead those engaged in it to think more of the necessity of having some security against the oppressions of arbitrary power than they may heretofore have done. Old, oppressive systems must give way, both in church and state, and God often uses the vices and follies of those in power to bring about their own punishment.

Paris, alas! has no Sabbath to the Lord. From all I can learn, it is almost wholly neglected, or profaned. On the Sabbaths I have spent here I have walked some distance through the city to reach the churches at which I worshiped, and I found everywhere the shops open and labor of all kinds going on. A few were closed, but the greater part were open. A chief difference that I noticed was that a much larger portion of well-dressed people were on the walks and public grounds, whose object appeared not business but pleasure. The gardens and public walks, several of which I had to pass, were full of such persons, of both sexes and all ages. In the morning it was thus; in the middle of the day, and at nightfall, as I returned from afternoon service, it was the same.

From several friends of the cause of Christ I have learned that there are six or seven preachers in Paris who preach Christ and him crucified. Their congregations are usually small. There are a few who mourn over the sins of the place and pour out their supplications to God for his grace and salvation to be sent to this people.

It is certainly a somewhat interesting fact that Paris, whose schools, as schools of science, are the first in the world, and at this time the most free and most frequented, should have so far thrown off the trammels of Romanism as to allow a free use of all the means of promoting religion which marks the present time. It is true that Paris

and France, in discarding Romanism, have, to a great extent, discarded all religion,—they knew of none other. But such is our make that no people can be long without a religion; we ought, then, to seize the present opportunity, and give to France the word of God.

An acquaintance, whom I happened to meet, proposed to take me to a religious meeting of which I had not heard. I accepted with pleasure the kind offer. It is a Wednesday afternoon meeting, held in a large school-room, and under the direction of an evangelical and zealous Episcopal clergyman. Besides singing and prayer, a chapter was read in the New Testament, and comments made upon it. Each person had his Bible, and asked questions, or made such suggestions and remarks as he saw proper. The meeting was well attended, a number of gentlemen and ladies, most of them apparently persons of respectable standing. Several clergymen of other denominations were present and took part in the exercises. Many of the remarks made on various passages were practical, and showed a knowledge of experimental religion and a zeal for its promotion in the world. It was an interesting meeting. It is of good promise to see meetings of this kind held in such regard in France. The Americans have a prayer-meeting on Saturday night, and I hear there are other meetings of this kind in Paris.

Hearing that a sermon would be preached at one of the Episcopal churches for the benefit of a charity school, I attended, and was much gratified with the appearance of the scholars and the plan of the school as explained by the preacher. His appeal in its behalf was plain, practical, and full of Christian sentiment. The scholars are taken, chiefly, from the low and poorer classes; and while the fundamental truths of the gospel are carefully imprinted on the minds of the pupils, and they are taught to regard

the Scriptures as the revelation of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and the only sure guide to happiness here, and eternal life hereafter, sectarianism is carefully avoided. The only religious book allowed as a reading book is the Bible. The managers have cause to thank God and take courage. The special object of the school was for the benefit of youth, one or both parents of whom are British subjects.

The Monthly Concert of Prayer for Missions is observed in this city. I found the oratoire well filled with an attentive and apparently interested audience. The people continued to come while the meeting progressed, until the room and passages were crowded; several prayers were offered, and a short address made by Rev. Pyt, a Swiss pastor settled in Paris. Grand Pierre gave a short account of the state and progress of the work at several mission stations, Surinam, South America, Africa, and Zealand. He noticed with interest the increasing number of missionaries going out of the United States, specifying the number and destination of some late companies. Grand Pierre is at the head of the missionary institution at Paris. He had taken some pains to collect and digest the information which he imparted. A collection was taken up in aid of missions.

In reading the will of Louis XVI., the other day, I was a good deal struck with the following passage. It was written while in prison, and shortly before his death.

"I pray God to pardon all my sins, which I have endeavored scrupulously to recollect, to express my detestation of them, and humiliate myself in his presence. *Deprived of the assistance of a Catholic priest*, I entreat of *God to receive the confession*, which I have made to him, and particularly my profound repentance of having signed my name, although strongly against my will, to instru-

ments, which may be contrary to the faith and discipline of the Catholic Church, to which, in my heart, I continued sincerely attached. I pray God to receive my firm resolution should He grant my life, to avail myself, as soon as I can, of the ministry of a Catholic priest, *to confess all my sins*, and receive the sacrament of repentance."

It would seem from this passage that he had not preferred going at once to God to make his confession. He makes an apology, or asks pardon of God for so doing. Could he have obtained a priest he would have confessed to him, and not have confessed directly to God! Yea, he engages that if God spares him and gives him an opportunity, he will make a particular confession of all his sins to the priest.

That Louis was sincere we have no reason to doubt, and we know that he was trained up under men of the first standing in the Catholic Church. He had such men always at his court. I do not say first for piety or purity of life, but men who stood high in *that church*, and well understood their system of religion. And what was the impression which their teaching had made on the mind of the king? Why, that in the great matters of repentance and forgiveness, the great matter of salvation, he was to do mainly with the priest! To him, and not to God, he was to confess! from him, and not from God, he was to obtain pardon and assurance of salvation!

This is but one of many facts, which may be met with wherever Catholics are found, going to prove, beyond all doubt, that their system does not lead to God, but leads souls to rest on something else; does substitute forms and services of human device, for which we have no authority in the word of God, for that pure and spiritual worship, for that simple reliance on Christ and obedience to his commandments so plainly and earnestly enjoined in the

word of God. Their priests "make the word of God of none effect through their traditions."

There is, no doubt, in France, particularly in Paris, much intelligence, much learning, much science, and yet a person meets with many things that show a great want of practical knowledge, a great ignorance or neglect of modern improvement. With much of the theory of science, they appear to me to be much behind in the practical application of it. Their chimneys, I am told, very generally smoke from bad construction; their streets are miserably dirty, and to a great extent are destitute of sidewalks; carriages, horses, and footmen, all mingling together in the middle of the street, to the no small inconvenience of each other.

"A widow, about forty years of age, who has no children, and who has an income of 50,000 francs a year, wishes to unite herself with a person who frequents good society, etc.

"PARIS, March 9th, 1835."

Notices of the above description are often seen in French papers. It would, no doubt, excite no little mirth and curiosity were such articles to appear in the American papers. I hope the time will not soon come when such customs shall prevail in the United States. They are common things in Paris, they may be seen almost every week; they are in fact so common as to excite little notice, except with those especially interested, or strangers like myself, who have not been accustomed to see ladies advertise for husbands.

What is called the Carnival has just closed. It commenced early in January. It is a period of five or six weeks that precedes Lent, a period of forty days, in which,

according to the Romish Church, no meat ought to be eaten. The carnival is a time of more especial indulgence, in which to make amends beforehand for the self-denial of the Lent period; a more free indulgence than usual is given to animal gratifications: parties, amusements, masked balls,—the very place, I am told, for intrigue and vice,—are frequent, and as the carnival comes to an end become more common, and last most of the night. And what adds to the evil of the thing is, that the Sabbath night is selected more than any other for these amusements. Indeed, the Sabbath is the great day for amusement in Paris. The libraries, the museums, the picture galleries, the parades, the play of the fountains, and above all, the theaters, are sure to be opened on the Sabbath.

The day on which the carnival closed was, however, marked by a peculiar display, or rather, folly. An ox, which had been in keeping for this purpose, was dressed out in ribbons and paraded through some of the principal streets, taken to the palace, and to the hotels of the principal foreign ambassadors, after which it was killed; it was a great matter to get a part of it to eat on this last day, that it was orthodox to eat meat before Lent.

About 12 o'clock the people began to assemble on the Boulevards; against 4 P.M. the crowd was tremendous, and it was curious to see their movements. They formed lines of march; those on foot moved at the sides, those on horseback or in carriages in the middle. But these again were divided into two lines. Those going east formed a line on the right, while those going to the west formed a line facing the other way. In all directions the military were to be seen, employed in keeping the people in place.

Among the people thus assembled were a good many in masks, in all sorts of odd and whimsical dresses; old Satan himself had many personifications, and really, for *the ugly*,

he was, in some cases, I should think, equaled, if not outdone. Many open carriages passed full of persons in the most odd and fantastic dresses that can be conceived: men dressed as animals,—whom they imitated,—bears, dogs, etc. This folly was bad enough, but it was not the worst part of the exhibition. Some very obscene things took place, I was informed. I did not see them. I soon grew tired of the folly and returned to my lodgings.

Lent is an important festival in the Papal Church, and one that characterizes that church as the antichrist, the man of sin, the apostate church. It is one of the characteristics, that it would forbid to marry and command *to abstain from meats*. The priests are not allowed to marry, and the observance of Lent is a matter specially enjoined in that church. It is true, that it is not difficult to obtain the privilege of eating meat during Lent; but still the rule of the church is to forbid it. The reasons for and against the observance is another thing; what we notice and mark is the fact, that prophecy foretold a great apostacy in the church, and gave various characteristics of that apostacy, and among other things, that the apostate power would *forbid to marry* and would *command to abstain from meats*. Now, we have in the celibacy of the clergy, monks, and nuns, in the fasts, and especially in the enjoined Lent, a striking fulfillment of that prophecy. It is in fact a plain and literal fulfillment.

I readily admit that the bare prescription of Lent is not, taken separately, the worst thing that could be done; there are worse things, I apprehend, in the Papal Church: the worship of images may be worse, the worship of Mary, and the invocation of saints, may be worse, the withholding God's word from the people may be worse. Still, Lent and the celibacy of the clergy *are facts* that are most clear and decisive in showing that the Papal Church is the apos-

tate, the antichrist. Strange that the reading and thinking members of that church can be blind to so clear and distinct marks of him who usurps God's place!

A pious Protestant gentleman informed me two days ago, that a Roman Catholic had just applied to him for some good religious book, from which he might learn what he must do to be saved; and as a reason for applying to him, made in substance the following statement: Feeling that he ought to pay more attention to religion than he had done, he applied to a priest to get some directions and instructions; among other things, he told the priest that his age, and with his habits, he could not do without the use of meat, as was required during Lent. The priest told him that if he would apply to the bishop, the bishop would give him leave to eat meat, and added, that if he could not see the bishop, that the curé of the parish would give him leave, or in case of not meeting him, that he could get liberty to eat meat from the *sexton.*

This information—that even the sexton could set aside an important law of the church; that he could get permission from a sexton to do what was forbidden—set him to thinking, and the result was he lost confidence in his church, and applied to a Protestant for a book to teach him the whole matter of his duty to God. Thus it is that the errors of the church may, if the Lord is pleased to order it, be made to work their own cure,—be made to open the eyes of those who have long been held in blindness.

While we have reason to deplore the fatal errors and lamentable ignorance of the great body of the Roman Catholics, we must admit that, as to the mass of the people, particularly those in the lower classes, there is much sincerity, and, we will add, much devotion. It does not follow that they are holy, or will be saved. The Pharisees

were devout—many pagans are devout; there is a false devotion—a devotion without holiness.

Every large town, it may be, has some things which will strike the attention of a visitor as peculiar. Among the "little things" that are noticeable in Paris, may be mentioned the eating-houses, restaurants, coffee-houses, bread-shops, refectories, etc. The number is immense—enough, one would think, to supply the whole population. At almost all hours of the day you see persons, mostly women, carrying bread about, often in their arms, but usually in baskets. Women, indeed, partake largely in the lighter porterage of the place; you are constantly meeting them with baskets or other burdens on their backs, and, for the most part, bareheaded, except a small white cotton cap.

Another employment in which the women engage is that of sweeping the streets. The streets are often miserably dirty; few, if any, of the houses have back yards or gardens; all kinds of filth is thrown into the street. To prevent them from becoming impassable, persons are employed to sweep up the filth and remove it; you may see dozens of persons, men, women, and children, thus employed.

But, besides this general cleaning, an individual, a woman as often as a man, takes a position at some cross-street, where dirt is apt to accumulate, and employs himself in sweeping it, and, in way of payment, begs a sou from every passer-by. The employment is certainly a humble one, and yet some of them find it a profitable business; and in many cases the condition of the streets would be very unpleasant but for this voluntary labor.

In addition to the innumerable shops which are everywhere to be seen, there are a multitude of out-door shops. Along the side of the streets, against the walls, on the quays and bridges, you see continually persons with something to sell. A table before them, it may be, contains

the articles, or a small set of movable shelves set against the wall, or when the wall is low, as is the case on the quays, the top of the wall is covered with their vendibles. Second-hand books are offered in this way in great numbers. Another class move about with their goods in a little wagon or cart, or on a frame-work which they carry, or in baskets or packs. Not content with exhibiting their merchandise, they often cry it, sometimes to your no small annoyance.

From all I can learn, thieving is much less common in Paris than in London; and the way in which things are left exposed on their stalls seems to indicate a great degree of confidence in the public honesty.

Among the personages who are to be met with in the streets, and on the quays and bridges, are the shoe-blacks. You may see half a dozen at a time, each with a block before him, about a foot high, his blacking and brushes in hand, waiting for or soliciting employment. From time to time you will see a person stop, put up one foot on the block, the shoe or boot of which will be blacked in a minute, without being drawn; the other is treated in the same manner, a sou or two being paid for the service.

Wooden shoes are, to a great extent, worn by the lower classes, especially by the boys and girls. These shoes, of course, do not fit the feet close like leather shoes, and, in order to keep the shoe from coming off at each step, a peculiar way of lifting and moving the foot along is used, and the shoe often touches the ground more or less in the process; the wood coming in contact with the pavement makes a singular clattering noise.

It is not the Parisian plan to build a house for the accommodation of a single family; the calculation is to accommodate from six to ten, and often a greater number of families. A set of buildings is put up in the form of a

square, an oblong, or a parallelogram, often with an open court, sometimes several such courts, inclosed. An archway, large enough for a carriage to pass, is made to this court, with large folding-doors. Close to this door, within, is a small lodge for a porter, whose business it is to keep the gate and know who passes in and out.

The several parts of the large building are divided into sets of rooms; doors leading to the chief parts open into the court; flights of stairs run up, and from those stairs access is given to the rooms in the several stories. The houses are four and five stories high. The same story may have two, three, or more families occupying adjacent sets of rooms, while the rooms above and below may be occupied by an equal number of families, and months may be passed by those families without forming any acquaintance with each other.

In those suites of apartments designed for families there is usually one arranged for a kitchen, and this is connected with a parlor, which serves the purposes of a public room, —to sit, to eat, and to receive company in.

Most of these houses have no garden, and no open ground attached to them, except the open court, if it has one, which is not always the case. It is your room, or the street, or the public walks. This want of gardens and grounds attached to their houses, which to us would be a great evil, does not appear to be felt so by the French. They find a substitute, which makes amends, in their public walks, public gardens, and promenades.

When the French feel disposed to walk, or take the air, or let the sun shine on them, they seem to me to have a special fondness to do it in a public place,—the Boulevards, the gardens of the Tuileries or Luxembourg, the Place Carrousel, or Champs d'Elysées, or Champs de Mars. In those places you will, in all kinds of weather, find some

people; but on a fair afternoon, especially if it be a Sabbath, you would be astonished at the crowds on crowds that walk, and prate, and laugh, and indulge in all those amusements and follies for which the French are famous. Had they private gardens they would not be visited,—they are a people that live in public.

Some of those things that strike the eye of a stranger most unpleasantly cannot be described so as to give any just idea of them without offending delicacy. Statues, often in a state of perfect nudity, are to be seen, not only in the galleries appropriated to them, but statues of men and women, as large as life, without the leaves of mother Eve, are everywhere to be seen in the gardens and walks and in and about the public buildings; and shops full of them stand open on the most public streets at all times. Men and women, old and young, arm-in-arm, often pass by them and among them, admiring the beauty of the workmanship and the perfection of the imitation seen in those naked statues.

So of the paintings,—there is an apparent fondness for naked forms in these as well as in sculpture, and such paintings are but too often met with, not only in the public collections, but in the shops and private dwellings. These are examined and praised, while parts are exposed at which modesty ought to blush.

The worst is not yet told, nor can be told. Many shops, in places much frequented, abound with obscene prints of the most offensive character. The French have a fondness for caricature, and many of their caricature-prints are abominable. Some of the shops and windows most famous for these things—for the making of them is a business—are almost always surrounded with people looking at them.

What, it may be asked, is the effect of all this on the French people? What moral impression is made by their naked images, their paintings and caricatures which

everywhere meet the eyes of the people? Bad, very bad, most assuredly! Let facts speak. Near one-third of the children born in Paris last year were illegitimate. Libertinage prevails to a shameful extent. The French are generally admitted to be a polite people; yet their politeness tolerates many things which would not for a moment be allowed in genteel society in our own land.

How these evils are to be corrected is a question of vast importance. Religion—the pure religion of the Bible—is the salt, and the only salt, that will heal these bitter waters. But that religion is here almost as much unknown, to the great mass of the community, as any other subject that could be named. Still that little leaven is, I trust, at work, is spreading, and will, in God's time, leaven the whole mass. But, oh! many, I fear, very many will, before that takes place, go down with all their sins on them, and in all their impurity, to the regions of eternal death. May the Lord, for Christ's sake, hasten his work, and save many!

It is a fact that the government, instead of correcting these moral evils, and seeking to purify public sentiment by removing those causes which corrupt it, employs itself not a little in increasing these causes, not for the purpose of corrupting, but to please and gratify the corrupt taste of the people. The government does much to support the stage, that fruitful source of moral corruption. The theater is an object of special attention. I have been told by a resident that at the time the cholera first visited Paris, and the panic, for a time, greatly affected the multitude, government made an appropriation of forty or fifty thousand francs, to be applied—in what way? Why, in giving more splendor to the theater, to have more plays, more brilliant pieces acted, more brilliant actors employed to amuse the people and make them forget that death was among them. And during the carnival which is just

closed, and of which I have given some account, many of those persons who played the fool for the amusement of the people—the men and women who acted so shamelessly—were loose characters, who were paid by the government for the part they performed. The secret of the matter is said by my informants to be this:

The Parisians, above all people in the world, are fond of amusement, of pleasure, of folly in its various forms. They must have this; not to have it would lead to tumults, to mobs, to revolution. They would almost as soon do without bread, and certainly rather do without meat, than without amusement. *Therefore* the theater must be kept open, the opera, the concerts, the masked balls, and a thousand such things. They engage the attention of the people, amuse them, give them something to talk and laugh about.

To their fondness for pleasure must be added their fondness for show and parade. To satisfy this may be ascribed, in part, many of those splendid collections made by government, and additions to which are constantly being made. The public buildings, gardens, monuments, galleries, libraries, etc. etc., perhaps the first in the world, are open nearly all the time, free of charge, to all who choose to go, some little formalities being required, so as to prevent inconvenience.

Indeed, it is surprising how much regard is paid to all public works. How much care taken not to deface statues and paintings. Monuments, of most delicate workmanship, stand in the public gardens, where thousands walk daily, where all sorts of people go when they please, where many of them have stood for years, and some of them *for ages*, without exhibiting a scratch, or the semblance of a batter.

I am glad to see an awakening up in Europe of a spirit of inquiry as to what the Scriptures teach concerning the

forms and discipline of the church; and especially the duty of all who hold the great essential truths of the gospel, to recognize each other as brethren in the Lord, and be mutual helpers, and not counter-workers in his kingdom. Dr. Mason, twenty-five years ago, published a most able volume on this general subject. Dr. Hall, in England, not long after, gave the world a valuable little volume on the same subject. I have lately met with another just published by Bost, of Geneva. Bost is a Baptist, truly evangelical, a man of learning and talents, who has published a number of works. His active efforts to promote evangelical religion in Geneva exposed him to much persecution; he was harassed and persecuted by the Established Church, and made his own defense; and although the cause went against him, the prosecution went rather to the furtherance of the gospel.

He published an account of his trial and several works bearing on the state of the church at Geneva, which have had an influence in putting an end to the spirit of persecution.

In the pamphlet on the Constitution and Discipline of the Church as set forth in the New Testament, he takes the position that no special and detailed form is given; that it is therefore allowed to the people of God to vary the forms in various situations and circumstances. Where no rule is given, the church is free to adopt such rule as expediency may require; this is her freedom, but this freedom must not go to set aside *any rule that Christ has given.* Now he has given the *law of love,* of brotherly love; his people are to love one another, and thus prove to the world that they are his disciples. The law given them obliges them to receive as brethren all who profess his name; and the apostolic example required but a very general confession. The point in which the church is

left free, is not to encroach on the points for which rules are given.

The above principle is well sustained, and has a deeper bearing than some would suppose. It goes, in short, to the roots of a great many things in most branches of the church. It admits of variety in details; but the spirit which must have the control, and as such give Christian character, is that of love to all who profess Christ, all who follow Him in what he plainly requires, and not those only who agree with us in the smaller matters in which we are left free to differ. Now, as a matter of fact, nineteen out of twenty of the things about which pious men differ are things about which Christ has left them free to differ; and yet difference about these points too often leads them to violate the law of love, which they are especially and repeatedly commanded to observe.

PARIS, April 2, 1835.—I have to-day witnessed an event which excited within me feelings of a more than common interest,—two missionaries ordained and set apart to the work of the gospel among the heathen. One of them was a Frenchman, destined to join their laborers in South Africa. He will be accompanied to that field by a lay assistant, who was publicly received as a lay helper, and as such received a charge, and was commended to God by the prayers of the associated ministers.

The other missionary was an American, H. Homes, from Boston, who had been in Paris for some time, studying Arabic under the celebrated De Sacey. His destination is Turkey. He was licensed before leaving America, but thought it well to receive full ministerial powers before going to those among whom he is to labor.

What gave an increasing interest to the occasion was the fact, that it was so ordered of Providence that there is in Paris at present more American preachers than there

perhaps ever were before at the same time. Several are resident here, connected with the efforts to promote evangelical religion in France; some are delegates to the benevolent associations; others have been in Italy, in search of health, during the winter, and have reached this on their return; and others still who wish to look a little into the state of the church and society in France and some other parts of the Continent. These brethren—Presbyterians, Congregationalists, and Baptists, who thus without concert had met in Paris to the number of eight—were kindly and affectionately invited, not only to attend, but to assist in the service; this they did, and with the more interest as one of the missionaries was an American.

The service was introduced by prayer, by one of the oldest of the preachers; a few verses sung; a sermon was then preached by Rev. Grand Pierre, who is at the head of their mission institution. The missionaries then made each a short address, giving their reasons for offering themselves as missionaries. They then, with their hands on an open Bible held before them, came under solemn engagements on a number of leading principles of ministerial duty, adhering to the word of God, preaching Christ and him crucified, and laboring faithfully to extend the knowledge of the gospel in Pagan and Mohammedan lands, etc. Rev. Pierre then laid his hand on the head of one, and prayed and set him apart, then on the other in the same manner. Each of the ministers present followed in succession, and laid his hands on the heads of the missionaries. When this was gone through, which took some time, as there were near twenty ministers present, Grand Pierre pronounced them set apart to the word of the gospel, and gave them not only the right hand of fellowship, but the fraternal, or holy kiss,—kissing each other on both cheeks. This was again gone through by the min-

isters present, excepting that most of the Americans satisfied themselves with giving the hand of fellowship.

This giving the fraternal kiss struck me as singular. To see one man kiss another on both cheeks is so foreign to any custom with us that it did not strike me altogether pleasantly. With the Europeans it is often practiced.

The laying on of hands in the ordination differed from what takes place in the Presbyterian Church, chiefly in the fact, that in the Presbytery all do it together while the prayer is offered,—it is one act of the Presbytery as a body politic. In the case to-day, while the act was considered one, while the prayer publicly offered was one, the laying on of hands followed in succession; and each minister in the act of imposing his hands on the head of the candidate, made a pause, to offer up mentally a short prayer for God's blessing to fit him for the work to which he was set apart. All the ministers who assisted in the service were at the close requested to enter the vestry and sign the papers given the missionaries, and a record of the ordination to be preserved by the society.

It was remarked by the Rev. Mr. Wilks, an Englishman, who has long been laboring in Paris, and whose name and labors are well known to many in America, and who took part in the ordination, that it was worthy of observation, that America, which furnished an asylum to many of the Huguenots in the dark days of persecution in France, should now have evangelical ministers in Paris, assisting in ordaining and setting apart to the ministry both French and American missionaries, and in an edifice which once belonged to the Roman Catholics. Truly the Lord's ways are not our ways, nor his thoughts our thoughts.

I watched with some interest the countenances of the crowd, which filled up every nook and corner of the

church, and unless I am much mistaken, the impression was a good one. There was more than attention, there was interest, a deep and lively interest. In some of the more solemn parts of the service I saw the face of one and another agitated, the eyes swim with tears, the covering of the face with the handkerchief, the sinking of the head,—all showed that the heart was much melted and moved at what what was taking place. Nothing having been said, that I heard, about a collection, I was not aware that one was taken, until I saw them take the bags and pour out the money to be counted. The pile spoke liberality. I have observed that the concerts of prayer excite more than usual interest, and have found them the most interesting meetings that I have attended in Paris.

The union of French Protestants of the national church with Dissenters and with American Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Baptists, and French Baptists, in ordaining men to the gospel ministry, naturally leads one to think on the great advance which the cause of Christ would make were the sectarian spirit to yield to the pure spirit of love to God and Christ and immortal souls. The loss of moral means, of moral power, caused by the spirit of party, is much greater, I apprehend, than most suppose who have not made it a matter of serious and prayerful thought.

That what are called evangelical churches, as the Episcopal, Baptist, Methodist, Congregationalist, Presbyterian, etc., hold and preach so much truth as does avail through the blessing of God to the salvation of souls; that real experimental religion is produced under their preaching, and found in their churches, few will deny who have inquired into the matter. I speak of all who in general are called evangelical; real piety is found in all, Christ crucified is preached, the need of a change of heart

through the operations of God's grace and the necessity of a holy life, is inculcated by all of them.

Now, when we compare the followers of Christ, the sum total of those who give evidence of a governing regard for his authority and his glory, with the number of those who know not God and are perishing for lack of knowledge, we see that they are a little flock; even in happy and favored America they are comparatively few, and the work great which is laid on them by the command of their Saviour, to make his salvation known to their fellow-men. But when we go further and look at the whole world, and recollect that the command of Christ binds on his people the duty of caring for the whole of it, of feeling the solemn obligation of having the gospel preached, as soon as possible, to every creature, and then compare the small number of those who make a credible profession of religion, with the immense numbers who are perishing in their sins, we see in a more impressive light how few they are compared with the magnitude of their work, and how many reasons they have to use, with all possible economy, all the means within their power. Surely, where all the moral and physical means which they possess do not amount to one part in a thousand of what might be usefully employed, it must be a great want of true practical wisdom, to give it no worse name, to waste or destroy by counter-working a considerable part of the limited means in possession; and yet do we not see this taking place sometimes among the followers of our Lord and Redeemer!

Were a pure love to Christ—a pure zeal for his glory, and a single love for the salvation of souls—to take the place of that sectarian zeal which has now to such an extent the controlling power in the church, or at least modifies to such an extent much of what God's people do in their efforts to promote his cause in the world, what

changes it would effect! Perhaps it would not be too much to say that it might lead to such changes in the location of preachers, in the assemblies for worship, that three times as many people would hear the gospel preached. Where one preacher had taken his station and preached Christ, another would not come to divide and distract, because he might differ in a few things; but thanking God that that people had Christ preached to them, he would encourage all to attend and receive the engrafted word, while he went to proclaim the word of salvation to those who had none to break to them the bread of life.

And here I cannot but refer to what I have often noticed with regret—that the different branches of the church in the United States, in speaking of the condition of religion, overlook too much what is done by other branches of the church. They speak of a place as destitute if it has no preacher of their own sect, although it may be well supplied by another sect which holds the truth and preaches Christ. If ministers be so injudicious as to write such defective accounts, editors of religious papers, and directors of religious societies ought not to publish them without correction. They wound the feelings of other sects, they injure the Church of Christ, and they do not agree with the truth. All preaching of the gospel that Christ owns and blesses ought to be owned by his people—we are to forbid none, to overlook none "who cast out devils," or turn men to God through the name of Christ. I have observed that these partial accounts are laid hold of in Europe, and urged in proof that the United States are becoming almost heathen for the want of a religious establishment, while the whole truth would show that in no land on earth is the state of religion, on the whole, better, or so good, as in the United States.

"Plenary Indulgences." These words, in French, are

written in large letters over the door of the Roman Catholic church on Mont Martres. The terms on which the benefit may be obtained are given, *viva voce*, to those who apply and give the required fee, or perform the prescribed duty.

There can be no doubt that papacy in France does not present the same aspect that it does in Italy and other parts of Europe. Infidelity and the progress of liberal sentiments are obliging the papists, *perhaps almost imperceptibly to themselves*, to avoid some of the more gross absurdities, or practice them with rather more reserve and circumspection.

It is pleasing to know that amid all the darkness that covers this land, God is from time to time bringing souls to the knowledge of the truth. A few days past a religious friend related to me the following case, of which he had just received information: A gentleman of respectable standing and family had come to Paris on some business. A citizen in whose company he happened to be talked to him seriously on the subject of religion, and gave him a Bible and some religious tracts. His attention was drawn to the subject, he engaged in reading the Bible, and God blessed it to him. His mind became deeply inpressed, but for a time he did not let it be known. At length he communicated it to his wife, who did not oppose him. It so fell out that a case of affliction occurred near them, of a poor outcast of society. This couple interested themselves in the case, had the person taken to their house, and while they attended to the bodily wants of the sufferer, their own religious feelings led them to care for the soul of their patient. Solicitous that the person might have better instruction than they might be able to give, they sent for a pious Protestant preacher who was within reach. He went, and during his visits he ascertained that the Spirit was at

work with those who sought his aid for their patient. Free conversation with them had, through God's blessing, a good effect in leading the man to a clearer view of the truth as it is in Jesus and establishment in the faith. It appears blest to the family. Thus God works as He sees best in promoting his cause; thus He blesses the efforts of his people to lead their fellow-men to the knowledge of the truth; and thus, while men labor to do good to others, God does good to them; and thus real piety, in every land, leads those who possess it to imitate their Lord and Saviour in doing good to their fellow-men.

The citizen of Paris who talked to his friend from the country and gave him the book of God, tried to do good, and God blessing his efforts, caused the truth to reach the heart of his friend. That friend, softened by divine grace, interested himself in the case of a poor, abandoned outcast, and God not only gave him reason to hope that his effort both for the temporal and spiritual benefit of that outcast is not in vain, but overruled his effort for his own good, in bringing him to an acquaintance with a man of God, who through grace was enabled to remove his difficulties and establish him in the faith and hope of the gospel of Christ.

Another case of a somewhat interesting kind was related to me about the same time. One of the Protestant preachers was, a week or two past, requested to visit a person who appeared near her end. He went, and found a very old woman in great poverty, who was waited on by her daughter. She was nearly gone, but, to the surprise and joy of the preacher, he found her not only possessing a hope, but a joyful hope in Christ. The preacher reports that he has seldom known a case of clearer views and more joyful hope in the mercy of God through the merits of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. What makes the case singular is that

this poor old child of God seems not to have been known to any of God's people. It was not known in that church that there was such a person; and yet she knew Jesus her Saviour, and was known of him, and in her day of trial, at the hour of death, God favored her with bright tokens of his presence, and the sweet converse of one of his ministering servants.

May we not hope that amid all the darkness and spiritual death that broods over the continent of Europe, there are many hidden ones, many not known to the world as the followers of Christ, who yet know God and are known of Him? It may be, at the final review of all things, we shall be surprised to find that while many who made much noise in the world, and much show in the visible church, are on the left hand of the Judge, very many will be found on the right of whom the world knew not, or made of no account. May the Lord make us all careful to live near to God, to be faithful to Christ, and give us, at last, a joyful admission to his presence!

We are, however, far from thinking that Christians should try to keep their Christianity concealed. Christ does not light a candle and put it under a bushel. The circumstances of the poor woman above noticed may have been peculiar; a dark, a very dark time has passed over the Protestant Church in France, and especially in Paris. Infidelity has here had its reign, and a dark and bloody reign it was. It is but lately that religion has begun to revive; the few pious pastors now in the city are all of rather recent settlement, and if the old disciple has long walked in the way of life she must have walked without a shepherd; at least, we need go back but a few years to reach a time when the shepherd's voice was not heard in Paris. And since the Lord has visited his people and given them spiritual food, it may be that her infirmities—for she was old and

infirm as well as poor—prevented her from attending on the means of grace. How careful ought Christians to be in inquiring for those who honor God, and in ascertaining the condition, both temporal and spiritual, of their poor neighbors!

I left Paris on the 14th of April for Lyons, via Troyes, Dijon, and Chalons. There is not much to interest a traveler on the route. As I traveled in a regular diligence, I had to travel day and night, and may have passed some objects of interest in the night. The country is very level, until near Dijon, where we passed some hills, which they call mountains. Several of the churches at Troyes and Dijon, where a short delay allowed a few minutes to walk to them, were worth seeing. One at Troyes exhibited within more than usual taste and elegance.

The Museum at Dijon, in the old palace of the Duke of Burgoine, contains some good paintings and statuary. The tombs of two dukes and a duchess are most striking. The base is a large, thick slab of black marble, highly finished. On this stands a group of mourners facing out—priests, monks, etc., in their various dresses, exquisitely cut from white marble. Some of the monks have missals in hand, some are hooded, and others cover their faces in token of grief. Interposed between the statues, which are about two feet in height, are finely-wrought pieces of filigree or fringe-like work of various devices, as spires, towers, etc. Over the head of these lies another thick slab of black marble, supported by pillars and parts of the work connected with the statues of the mourning group. All are kept firmly in their places between the two black slabs. Upon the upper slab repose the statue of a duke and his duchess, side by side, in white marble, as large as life, robed in regal vesture, the hands of each placed together above the breast, a little elevated as in prayer. At their heads angels kneel,

with golden wings expanded; at the feet of the duke a lion crouches, and a lioness at the feet of the duchess.

The other duke, represented in nearly the same manner, lies alone. The workmanship of the whole is most exquisite.

We reached Chalons in the night, and finding a steamboat waiting the arrival of the diligence to start for Lyons, we went at once on board and set off. From what I saw near Dijon, and what, when the day dawned on us, near Chalons, I think that district is better than what I have before seen in France. It has more inclosures, more ornamental and fruit trees, and the whole aspect of the country gives the idea of more wealth, improvement, and comfort. Long districts were covered with vineyards; the sides of the hills and the stony and poorer soil were set with vines. Laborers were at work preparing the ground, often with the hoe. All the vine is cut away except a short stump; a stick from two to four feet long is driven in the ground close to the root of the vine.

In the vineyards and fields there were to be seen as many women as men. It would seem that the women engage in all kinds of out-door labor. I have seen them manage the plow and the harrow. I have seen a young woman, where our diligence needed an additional set of horses to aid in ascending a mountain, bring out the horses, and accompanying our driver to the top of the mountain, assist in driving the horses, and then loose them out and return home with them. It was all done as a matter of course—not an indication given that it was unusual for a woman thus to aid.

The valley of the Saone is very fine. The country rises gradually to a ridge eight or ten miles distant on the west, and is seen to great advantage from the river. Villages

are numerous. There are but few Protestants in the district; there is a church at Troyes and an evangelical pastor. The society at Geneva have a preacher at Chalons, who visits Dijon; one at Macon and the adjoining region, also several colporteurs in those districts, who appear to be doing good.

Lyons is situated at the junction of the Saone with the Rhone. Most of the town is on the tongue of land between the two rivers; its suburbs extend on either side of both rivers. The tongue of land, after a level spot, rises several hundred feet, very abruptly; there are also high bluffs on the west of the Saone, but east of the Rhone the country is nearly level. The sides of the high bluff between the rivers and on the west of the Saone, as well as the top, are covered with houses rising one above another, making a beautiful appearance. The views up the rivers, and down the united river, are uncommonly fine. The country for a considerable distance is thickly spotted with residences of the Lyonese; many of which have inclosed lots, gardens, orchards, and ornamental trees.

On the whole, Lyons is one of the most picturesque towns I have seen in France. I rather marvel I have heard so little about it. The style of building is better than at Paris, and the houses often six or seven stories high. Many of the streets are narrow and are not clean, but in this it has the advantage of Paris also. The quays and bridges are noble. It is famous for its silk manufactories.

The last week in Lent is distinguished by some peculiar ceremonies. I observed in several papal churches great preparations for consecrating holy water. Tubs of enormous size were set in the church, and persons employed in carrying water and filling them. I did not see the consecration, but in passing next day, I saw persons in crowds

about those tubs, with pitchers, jugs, bottles, and other vessels, which they filled with water from the tubs and carried home, to be kept for use for the ensuing year. They dip a finger in it and cross themselves, no doubt ascribing great virtue to it.

I have been more interested with the state of evangelical religion at Lyons than anything else. Rev. Adolphe Monod, to whom I had a letter, is a most interesting man. Our meeting was rather singular. In passing Macon in the boat, on my way to Lyons, several persons came on board as passengers. It being cold on deck, after looking at the town, I went below, and took a seat at a table to make some notes. A gentleman in black, who had come on board at Macon, took a seat near me, and engaged also in writing. When I stopped writing and went on deck to look at the country, he followed, and in pretty good English asked me if I was not an Englishman; I told him an American. He inquired if I would spend next Sabbath at Lyons (it was Friday). I told him I intended to do so. He said that, from seeing me taking notes, he supposed me to be an Englishman, as Frenchmen seldom write on a steamboat, and thinking I would probably be in Lyons over Sabbath, he had spoken to me chiefly for the purpose of letting me know that there was religious service in English, on Sabbath, at Lyons. I thanked him for his kindness; but remarked that I had a letter to the Rev. Monod, an evangelical French preacher at Lyons, whom it was my wish and my purpose to hear. I was, as may well be supposed, surprised and delighted, when he replied, "I am the Monod to whom you refer." He had been up the day before to preach at Macon, and was now on his return. I soon became acquainted with him, and all my additional intercourse with him, which was considerable for the two or three days that I remained in

Lyons, served but to confirm the good opinion I at first formed of him.

His history and that of his church at Lyons is interesting. Lest I should fall into errors, by going much into details, I will state briefly, that at the time he settled at Lyons he was inclined to the Arian or Socinian notions. He had previously preached at Naples, in Italy. About the time he came to Lyons a great, and it is hoped a radical change took place in his views on the doctrines of religion. He became evangelical and ardent in his Master's work. This gave offense to the Consistory of Lyons, the majority of whom were deeply tainted with Socinianism. He preached Christ and him crucified; they opposed his zeal and evangelical sentiments. It resulted in his exclusion from the church and Consistory. But in the mean time his preaching had been blest of God, to the conversion of some who clave to him as their spiritual father. There was also a small society of Baptist Dissenters in Lyons, who had no preacher; a number of them were pious. These united with those converted by his ministry, and others attached to his preaching, and to them he now breaks the bread of life. His church now numbers above a hundred members.

The Sabbath I heard him was a communion Sabbath, and those who partook of the ordinance formed a considerable assembly. His people have but little wealth, but the Lord raises them up friends. Not long since they were out of means, and Monod and his deacons met and made it a matter of special prayer, that God would give them help as they had need. Almost immediately money was received from persons in different places.

They are kept dependent on God, but thus far he has most wonderfully aided them and supplied their wants. Monod told me he never had so much labor to do for God

as since he was put out of the Consistory for preaching Christ; and he sees, daily, that his labor is not in vain in the Lord. A considerable number of those who are hopefully converted were Roman Catholics. Many of the Catholics attend his meeting. His place of worship is crowded. The priests have publicly forbidden their people to hear him preach, but a number still come to his church. He is training his people to active service in Sabbath-schools, distributing tracts, Bibles, etc., and is, under God, I hope, sowing seed which will produce much fruit to God's glory.

It is a most painful fact that so large a part of the Protestants in France are opposed to pure and spiritual religion. So opposed as to set themselves in opposition to those who preach Christ and him crucified. Another instance has occurred within a few weeks past at Etienne, a town about a day's travel from this. The Protestant preacher there has lately become much more warm and ardent in preaching a crucified Saviour. God has blest his labors. A number hopefully converted; others attending seriously to the doctrines of the cross; and the great mass of his hearers attached to him and willing to hear the truth. But the majority of the Consistory are opposed to evangelical religion, and have removed him from the church. The great majority of the congregation, it is said, will go with him. It appears evidently his duty to form them into an independent congregation. But they will be without a place of worship when driven from the house they now occupy. God, whose work they are promoting, will, I doubt not, have them under his care.

One of the best tracts that I have seen on our subjects of controversy with the Romanists, was written by the brother last referred to. The title of the tract is, Why does your Priest forbid you to read the Bible? It is a dialogue be-

tween a colporteur and a Catholic, in which the latter declines receiving the Bible because his priests forbid him to read it. It is written in a fine spirit, and is that kind of taking hold of the matter which I think is wanted. By quoting the Scriptures in full, and filling up the interval with a few good remarks, a tract is made that may do good.

CHAPTER V.

Geneva—Persecution—Centennial Celebration—Scenery—Chambery—Road to Turin—Chasm—Mount Cenis—Chapels of the Virgin—Library—Battle-Field—Protestant Service—Genoa—View from the Bay—Leghorn—Falling Tower—Indulgences—Annoyances—Rome—Tivoli—Prussian Ambassador—Family Scene—Reading Rooms—Popery at Home—Bible at Rome—Successors of Peter—Lovely Valleys—Cultivated Mountains—Capua—A Smuggler—Pontine Marshes—Naples—Herculaneum—Vesuvius—Pompeii—Protestant Efforts—King's Birthday—St. Janarius—St. Peter's Chair—Delaware and Potomac—Voyage to Malta.

MY wish was to have passed from Lyons, down the Rhone to Marseilles, there to take a steamboat to Naples, and return by land through Italy and Switzerland. The prevalence of cholera in the region of Marseilles had led the civil authorities in Italy to enforce the quarantine laws so strictly, that I was assured by the Sardinian consul at Lyons, that I could not pass the southern route, either by land or water, without being detained in quarantine twenty days. I preferred crossing the Alps; and not meeting with a conveyance at once to Chambery, on the Mount Cenis route, we took passage to Geneva.

Leaving Lyons at nine in the evening, the time at which the daily diligence unhappily starts, we lost the view of the fine tract of country along the Rhone, up the west side of which we passed. From the long stretch of it I had seen from the heights of Lyons, it must be a fertile district, in a good state of improvement.

When day dawned on us we were entering a broken

country, which soon became mountainous, and continued so, with little interruption, all the way to Geneva. At Nantua, we passed a beautiful lake, with very steep mountains on both sides, and here we first began to see their tops white with snow. This continued to increase as we advanced; the mountains among which we wound, and over the lower parts of which we passed, continued to increase in size and ruggedness. The rock was chiefly limestone, as far as I could judge, in some places sandstone, and on some of the higher parts we passed over, were immense masses of water-worn pebbles and boulders. The mountains were exceedingly broken and irregular, and the strata of rock lay in all possible directions, from horizontal to vertical, the changes often sudden and great. I observed that on some of the highest points the rocks were vertical, while others had horizontal strata at the top, and below, the rock had the dip in various degrees, at different heights.

But what struck me most was the fact that most of these mountains are almost wholly destitute of forests. On some of the northern sides some stunted trees of varieties of the pine grew, and in a few places there were groves of well-grown trees, but, generally, moss and furze alone were seen on these mountains. Whenever there was level ground that could be tilled, it was under cultivation, and often the mountain-side was covered with little patches, where the stones had been gathered off, and vines planted, or grass was grown for the sheep and goats.

Not far from the boundary between France and Switzerland, the Rhone passes through the gorge of a very high mountain; the road runs along the side of the mountain, it may be, one-third of its height above the river. The French have a very strong fort here. The place is called the Loss of the Rhone, from the fact that the river does

appear to have dwindled down to a little creek; what is the cause of its diminution is not certainly known. Most likely the channel may be very deep, although it does not appear so. It may be, as the common opinion is, that it has an underground passage. The mountains are very steep on both sides, and leave a very narrow channel for the river. Possibly softer strata below the surface may give a larger passage; or loose and open masses of rock may suffer the water to pass through. One thing is very certain, the river, both above and below, appears to have a much greater quantity of water than for a mile or two at this place.

After passing through this mountain, we found the valley between the mountains open, and beginning to exhibit better cultivation and more improvement than heretofore. Everything began to tell us that we were getting within the limits of another country. We soon passed into the territory of Geneva, and as we approached that metropolis, little as to population, little as to territory, but mighty as to its moral power and influence, in days past, on the destinies of Europe and the world, the appearance of everything rapidly improved; the land seemed richer, and more divided into lots or small plantations, was better cultivated, there were better buildings, more trees, and larger. Presently Geneva rose into view, and sweeping down the fine-made road, along which many noble country-houses rise, we wound in through the redoubts, entered the gate, whirled in through the part of the town west of the Rhone, crossed the bridge, and was set down near the middle of the city.

The town stands at the foot of Lake Geneva, where the Rhone runs out, and occupies a part of both banks of the river, and spreads up both sides of the lake, which is shallow at that part. Several bridges are made over the river.

The sides of the river are walled up, and, as the current is considerable, water-power is gained for mills. Geneva has been a very strongly fortified place. The walls, and fosse, and numerous intrenchments which yet remain, many of them in good repair, have an imposing appearance. The situation of the town is beautiful. The fine spread of water up the lake, the towering mountains at a distance on all sides, many of them covered with snow, and the fine stretch of well-cultivated level land which spreads out from the town on all sides, give a richness of scenery not often met with.

The buildings are high and much crowded together; an equal population is perhaps not often found within so small limits; yet the streets appeared uncommonly clean, especially after being accustomed to the towns of France, which, I am sorry to say, are almost always dirty. There are, notwithstanding the crowding of houses in Geneva, and particularly on the east of the river, where most of the town stands, some fine promenades, as on and near the quays, the bridges, the ramparts and gardens on the land side, and the open country without the gates. The buildings, especially those of recent erection, are of a superior kind.

The Protestant religion of the Presbyterian form is established at Geneva; other forms are more or less tolerated. In looking through the town, I stepped into a church, the door of which was open, and found it to be a Roman Catholic church, with all its apparatus of holy water, altar, candles, crucifixes, and images. Several persons were in the church, repeating their prayers before the images and paintings.

There has been a lamentable fall in the Genevan Protestant Church. A majority, from all I can hear, have abandoned the doctrines of the Reformation—have become Socinians, Arians, or German rationalists. This is

not all; they have set themselves against the few who preach Christ and him crucified. For several years the few evangelical men among them have been harassed and vexed in various ways; several of them have been excluded from the national church; some have been deposed, some maltreated, nicknames given them, and their meetings for prayer, for a time, were forbidden. They were called Momiers by the populace, and Methodists by the more polished part of society. These shameful modes of treatment have not stopped the progress of truth. The number of evangelical ministers has increased, and there is an increase of those who love the cross and are willing to suffer for the name of Jesus. There are some evangelical men in the establishment, and some of those who have been excluded for preaching the truth have formed independent churches, and are doing more good, perhaps, than they would have done if they had been allowed to remain in the establishment. The result of their efforts to sustain their churches without the aid of civil government, and under all the disadvantages arising from the opposition of the establishment, is furnishing a proof that the gospel does better without the aid of civil government,—that it is better for the church to have no connection with the state.

It deserves observation that both in France and in Switzerland the exclusion of some of the best men from the national church is leading to the formation of independent evangelical churches, which sustain themselves and work well; and thus, at the very time that the question respecting the propriety or necessity of a connection between church and state is exciting more and more the attention of thinking men—is canvassed and agitated by politicians and legislative bodies, matter-of-fact proof should be exhibited, in nation after nation, that the church needs but

to be let alone—to be left to its own resources, untrammeled by unholy connections with the state, and that this effect should be brought about in such a way: the advocates of establishments exclude evangelicals—oblige them to support their churches without aid; God blesses the efforts of those, and they succeed better than those who receive support, and thus, from their own experience, become the advocates for a separation of church and state.

Thus, in the United States, the Baptists and Presbyterians in the Middle and Southern States had, before the Revolution, proved to their own satisfaction that the church would do better to have no alliance with the state, and they used their influence to have religion free from civil alliance. See the memorials which the Presbyterians sent up to the Legislature of Virginia about the time the State became independent and adopted a constitution. The time since elapsed has satisfied Americans almost universally that there ought to be no connection between church and state.

The oppressions of the establishment in England have made most of the really pious dissenters; and having to support their own churches, as well as to aid in supporting the national church, a great number are satisfied that the church does not need the support of the state. The establishment there will probably go down, and to the great benefit of evangelical religion, all the fear of the consequences which some good men have to the contrary notwithstanding. In France and Switzerland we see the preliminary steps taken; some things indicate the same thing in Prussia. It is a time of shaking and change; but the Lord will make all subserve the promotion of his glory and the final triumph of the gospel of Christ. "He that is wise and will observe these things, even he shall understand the loving kindness of the Lord."

Preparation is being made at Geneva to have a centennial celebration of the Reformation about the 20th of August next. It is well to have the public attention specially drawn to the fact that many of them have so widely departed from the doctrines which the reformers maintained. It may have a good effect.

It was remarked to me by one of the most active and intelligent of the preachers that I have seen at Geneva, that the cause of evangelical religion has been much aided at Geneva by the visits of evangelical clergymen from England and America, and other places. That even where they could not preach, through a want of sufficient knowledge of the language, yet their intercourse with the ministers and people made a favorable impression; he esteemed it a great advantage to the cause of Christ to receive such visits; it strengthened the hands of the ministers and encouraged their hearts, and it was one of the ways, and a promising one, of promoting the cause of our Lord and Redeemer in the world.

I feel inclined to repeat a remark I have made—that all I have seen in England, France, and Switzerland, all I have heard and learned of the state of the church in these lands, satisfies me more and more that they are, in many respects, far behind that of the church in our own beloved and highly-favored land.

All I have seen of Geneva, however, makes me regret that I did not so arrange my plans to allow myself a month or more to stay at Geneva, instead of a few days. There is a considerable resort of English and Scottish students to Geneva. The literary institutions, although not so celebrated as formerly, have still a respectable standing as places of learning. The high and healthy situation of Geneva, the fine scenery, and the neatness of the town and good condition of the public morals, are much in its

favor as a place of learning. But the prevalence of Socinian and Arian sentiments is a grievous drawback in the view of those who have due regard for the religious sentiments of their children.

I was rather surprised to find that Geneva was an expensive place to live in, and am told it is so generally in Switzerland. I had supposed, from the character of the people, the reverse would have been the case.

The top of Mont Blanc may be seen in the distance from Geneva. It lies behind other mountains, but is seen peeping over them.

In going to Geneva I had some intention of crossing the Simplon into Italy. The coldness of the weather, and the heavy fall of snow which had taken place, made me hesitate, and when to this was added the earnest advice of several intelligent gentlemen of Geneva, that in the present state of the weather and mountains from the snow, I had better take the road over Mont Cenis, I concluded to do so. This led me through Savoy to Chambery, where we met the direct road from Lyons to Turin. The road from Geneva to Chambery is good. It leads through a hilly, broken country, of a light, thin soil, and but badly cultivated. To this there are some exceptions; there are some beautiful valleys, and occasionally, as about Aix and near Chambery, there are districts of great beauty, and well improved. The mountains are mostly very rough and barren; some of them are very precipitous, and almost wholly destitute of vegetation. There are occasionally falls of rock and earth from these mountains which do much injury. About six miles south of this place, a part of a mountain fell, in former times, and buried five villages; the fallen matter spread over nine miles square. In many places the rock seems to hang in doubtful suspense, and threaten ruin to the lands below. Chambery is surrounded with mount-

ains; it was formerly a walled town, but the walls are chiefly gone, and their place occupied with public walks and gardens. The tower holds a commanding position, is still occupied by soldiers, and keeps up the show of war.

TURIN, April 29.—At Chambery we engaged a vettureno to bring us to this place. We gave him about forty francs each, and he paid for our supper and lodging on the way. This is a common mode of traveling in Italy—one of the most comfortable and cheapest, provided you fall into the hands of the better sort of men who follow the business.

The road from Chambery to Turin is one of the great works of Napoleon—and a great work it is. It runs up the valley of the Arc, and has been made with great labor, and, for the most part, in a very substantial manner. The valley is from a half to three or four miles wide, shut in by high and broken mountains. Fertile spots, in a pretty good state of cultivation, were to be seen, but much the larger part had a poor, light soil, which promised little to the cultivator. Still, it was surprising to see how the sides of the mountains, wherever the rocks would admit of it, and the soil promised any return for the labor, were cleared up, the stones gathered off and laid in rows, the earth leveled, and vines planted, or grass grown, or little patches of grain cultivated. In some parts of the valley the mountains were cultivated almost to the top, and high up their sides little huts could be seen, like *nests* sticking to the side of the hill. Many of these are occupied only in the summer, while those high fields are cultivated; indeed, not a few of them seem not to afford room for a family, unless the chief accommodation is provided by excavating the ground under or behind the little shelter which is seen.

We crossed a chalk district which continued for many miles. In these districts there had been many slides of

earth from the mountain side, and in one place, where the valley was narrow and the side ridges closed in much on it, there was the most tremendous chasm I have ever seen. It must be several hundred feet deep, and the sides still falling in. The road runs along the side, and, in some places, is cut deep in the side of the mountain, and walled up from a great depth on the side next the gulf. At a narrow part of the gulf, where it is fearfully deep, there is a strong fort placed, on the side opposite the road, and a bridge thrown over. It is a place, that, if it is not, could easily be made impassable, without the consent of those who occupy the fort.

From Chambery to Lans-le-Bourg is from eighty to one hundred miles, and is a continual ascent. At Lans-le-Bourg the ascent of Mont Cenis, properly speaking, begins. From that place to the post-house on the summit, is reckoned three posts, say twelve miles. The road is good, the ascent gradual, and the labor in ascending not much greater than is often required in passing an equal distance on other roads.

It began to rain as we commenced the ascent of the mountain; we had not proceeded far until the rain gave place to snow, this increased with wind, amounting almost to a storm, and continued until we passed the summit and descended half way down the other side, thus, in a great measure, depriving us of the fine views of the pass, and the adjoining heights, which are enjoyed in good weather from the road. The pass is 7700 feet above the level of the sea, while some of the adjoining heights are 11,400 feet.

The road on the Italian side is a more splendid work than the other. The road winds down a very deep and precipitous hollow, but is so broad, so well graded, and has such a fine parapet next the yawning chasm below, that the traveler looks down with but little apprehension. About

half way down the snow-storm left us, or rather, we left it, by passing below its range, and the lovely plains of Italy came into view. Vegetation was more forward than on the mountains, the soil richer, cultivation better. Fruit-trees, as well as the walnut and mulberry, were more numerous, and larger. The vines, which in France and Savoy are usually cut short, were here left at a considerable length, and either trained on frames or allowed to run on trees. Villages were more numerous, and everything bespoke a more genial clime. It took us nearly seven hours to pass from Lans-le-Bourg to Susa, on the Italian side. There are within this space twenty houses of refuge, for the benefit of those who may be benighted or otherwise need a retreat. There is a lake of some size on the top of Cenis, and a village growing up near it; this place is grievously beset with *fogs*, which would greatly perplex travelers but for the posts set up in the form of crosses every few rods along the road, to point out the way. These, with the houses of refuge, and the aid that the keepers of these houses give, make this route comparatively safe.

Turin is a pretty town, finely situated on the Po. To the west and northwest stretch the Alps, with their snowy tops, while a rich and well-cultivated plain extends around. Turin is well built: some of the streets are very fine; one reminded me of the Rue Tivoli, in Paris, and served most probably as a pattern for that street, which was built by Bonaparte after the conquest of Italy, and, as is said, with the plunder there obtained, of which the churches in Turin furnished a part. The churches have, however, replaced their losses, for in some of them there is now a great display of wealth. I noticed that the chapels of the Virgin are, usually, most adorned. The churches have from two, to six, and ten chapels, called by different names and dedi-

cated to different saints. The Virgin, in most instances, has one dedicated to her. Her image or picture is over the altar, offerings are more abundant, and here the largest number of worshipers collect. I have counted from three to five hundred hearts, made of pure silver, hung in these chapels of the Virgin. Some of them not larger than a dollar, but others larger than the hand and thick in proportion. Over the church doors we begin to see written in large characters, "*Indulgences, plenary, daily, perpetual, for the living, and for the dead.*" This is the more usual form of the notice; some leave out the latter clause.

There is a good museum here; its gallery of paintings is respectable; the collection of Egyptian antiquities is not so large, but more select and superior to those at Paris. The Isaic Table is unique. It is of bronze, finely polished, inlaid with many plates of silver, forming figures, making a kind of mosaic work. It was found near Mantua. There is a very perfect case of recent embalmment,—the body of a negro who died in Turin a few years since; it is said to be precisely like himself when living.

The public library I visited twice, and found a number of persons engaged in reading. I was much pleased with the politeness and attention of the librarian, and his readiness to impart all the information I desired. The library contains one hundred and ten thousand volumes; copies of many editions of the Scriptures, in various languages, particularly in Latin, Greek, French, and Italian. I was shown two copies of a splendid polyglot, one on vellum, the other on paper. There appeared to be a considerable collection of historical works, and works on theology and biblical criticism; few comparatively of the more recent publications. The English department was very defective; on inquiring what English books they had, Milton and some others were named. This library is open daily, Sab-

baths and feast days excepted, and tables with writing materials are ready for those who may wish to take extracts from books.

I was gratified on finding a reading-room furnished with English, French, and Italian papers, and magazines. In walking the streets, my guide pointed out to me a building in which the Protestants worship. I made an attempt to see their preacher, but did not find him, and failed in obtaining information respecting the condition of this church.

Having neglected to bring with me an Italian Bible, I attempted to get one in Turin. After inquiring at several bookstores, without finding a copy of the Scriptures in any language, I saw, at a stand in a piazza, a book, professing, from its label, to be the Bible. On examining it, however, I found that it contained but a small part of the Scriptures; it had part of the historical books of the Old Testament, most of the Apocrypha, which made the larger part of the volume, but none of the New Testament. The storekeeper, at first, insisted that it was the Bible; seemed not to comprehend me when I talked about a part of the Bible not being in it, but at length cut the matter short by letting me understand that was all the kind of Bible he had. I had inquired at the other stores for "Muston's History of the Vaudois." At last I found a bookman who told me it could not be had in Turin, *that it was prohibited;* looking about, and seeing no one in the store but myself, he opened a desk and took out a volume. "Here," says he, "is some account of the Vaudois, or Waldenses, written by one of that people, but it is prohibited." Upon examining the volume, I observed that it had been printed some years ago at Turin. "How is this," said I to him, "this book has been printed here, and you say it is prohibited?" I then learned that it was printed while the French had possession

of the place, but that, with the restoration of the former authorities, the book was prohibited. The Protestants probably owe their church here to French influence.

Many of the beautiful valleys which run up into the Alps, from the plain on which Turin stands, were once inhabited by the Vaudois; and some of the most barbarous scenes that have ever been witnessed took place, when that pious and inoffensive people were destroyed, in valley after valley, for not bowing their necks to the papal authority, for preferring to serve God according to the plain letter of his word, to abandoning their pure faith, and adopting the idolatry and abominations of the Church of Rome. They are now confined to a few valleys, and their number is estimated at 20,000 or 30,000. I have not been able to hear whether they are now molested; it is believed they are not; but only a few years past they had just cause to complain.

In 1827 an exchange of territory took place between France and Sardinia. In this exchange, some valleys occupied by the Vaudois passed from France to the King of Sardinia; and all the Vaudois in those valleys that would not embrace the Roman Catholic faith were obliged to forsake those valleys and seek a settlement elsewhere. How shameful for governments thus to trifle with the rights of their subjects! How shameful for France, if she found it needful to exchange those valleys, not to have stipulated that this inoffensive people should be allowed the full enjoyment of their religious rights!

This is but one of the cases in which that branch of the Bourbon family, since driven from the throne of France, disregarded the religious rights of their subjects. The day of retribution has come, may others learn wisdom! In my passage from Paris to Lyons, I made the acquaintance of two very genteel young men from the South of France.

They were Protestants; one of them was the son of a Protestant of respectability, who was massacred, with a good many others, by the Romanists in the South of France, soon after the first restoration of the Bourbons. Attempts were made to cover up that persecution; it was asserted that it was next to nothing; but the fact was not so. Many outrages were committed and a number of lives lost. We hope that these times are passed, and will not again return; and could we feel assured that Romanism had lost its persecuting spirit, it would go far to make us forget or spread a veil over past conduct of that kind; it is much more pleasant to dwell on bright visions in the future than on the fearful errors of the past.

While in the cathedral at Turin a priest was performing mass. I made a pause, and drew near to observe him. Four or five women and two men had gathered round the railing before the altar, on which railing was spread a white cloth. After a great many bows toward the altar, and about an equal number of genuflections, and a still greater number of crossings, some of them on, or toward himself, but most of them toward the altar, intermixed with the reading of some passages, in a low and indistinct voice, he proceeded to administer, by putting a piece of wafer on the tongue of each person who was kneeling round the railing; they held up the edge of the cloth that was spread on it, close to the mouth, and put out the tongue to receive it. The priest repeated a sentence to each in giving the wafer. No wine was given; all was over in a few minutes. The persons rose and went away and the priest went into the vestry.

Belonging to the cathedral is a famous relic, the winding-sheet of our Saviour,—a very splendid chapel takes its name from it. An intelligent traveler informs us that there are, between France and Italy, eight of these winding-

sheets, each claiming most earnestly to be the true and only winding-sheet. The traveler fearlessly published the fact, and what followed? The book of travels is prohibited in Italy.

As I went out of the cathedral, I noticed written over the door, "Indulgences, plenary, etc." The guide who who was with us, on being asked if he believed that the priests could really forgive sins, at once answered, "*Sans doubt*" (without doubt). That this is the general opinion of the great mass of those who believe in Romanism there is ample reason to believe. What a delusion! and yet the priesthood encourage it.

I have stated that the country around Turin was beautiful, and under fine cultivation; this continued to be the case for some distance on the road past Asti, Alessandria, etc., on to Genoa. The mulberry, walnut, and Lombardy poplar are a common growth of trees; the tops are cut for fuel. Many of the best districts are set with trees, almost as numerous as a well-set orchard, each with its vine climbing up it, and a branch of the vine carried across to the trees nearest, at about seven or eight feet high, and hanging in festoons, producing a rich and lovely appearance.

Asti is a very old-looking town, and of a forbidding aspect. The windows high from the ground, very irregularly placed, but few of them, and those mostly grated, resembling those in prisons.

Alessandria is a place of considerable size and strongly fortified. The fosse after fosse, and wall after wall, and gate after gate, and cannon everywhere pointed at you, and the sentinels at every corner, gave the place a warlike aspect. It stands in a plain, near the junction of the Bormida with the Tanaro. The houses have much of the old and prison-like appearance as those of Asti; this is a characteristic of most of the villages I have seen in Italy and Savoy. We

passed the ground on which the noted battle of Marengo was fought; it is a dead level plain of great extent, with nothing to impede the work of death. Those plains where man met man in deadly strife, which were covered with thousands who fell to rise no more, were now all silent, and gave no signs of having once witnessed the tempest of war. Even the monument, erected on the spot where Dessaix fell, is gone; the jealous ruler of this land had it removed long since. He possibly feared it might beget thoughts more free and patriotic than he wished ever to possess the minds of his ignorant and oppressed people. It was a French monument, and French influence and principles are a great terror to the government of Italy.

The shades of night began to fall on us as we left this memorable plain, and until the morning dawned, we were ascending the chain of mountains which border the Mediterranean near Genoa. On reaching the summit, the southern side, next Genoa, although rough and very irregular, exhibited cultivation and habitations almost to the top. It was very striking to see so rough a surface so subdued, and made to contribute to the sustenance of man. The road took a long, winding sweep, giving us a rich variety of impressive views of mountain and valley, hill and dale, spotted with fields, vineyards, gardens, churches, and human habitations. For a number of miles before we reached the coast, or could even get a peep at it, through the hills, that interlocked before us, there was nearly a continued village.

Genoa, the birthplace of Columbus, lies around the head of a bay, and from the narrowness of the strip of lowlands on the shore, has found it necessary to draw largely on the mountain for building ground. In truth, most of the town stands on the mountain side, which is often so steep that the streets ascending are nearly as steep

as good stairs, and in some cases have steps not unlike them. The row of houses on one street may be seen standing on ground as high as the tops of those below; many of the houses are very high, from five to six, and even more stories, and the streets very narrow. There are but two or three streets that will admit the passage of carriages; add to this many of them are exceedingly irregular, wind and turn to all points of the compass. All this admitted, still there is something very striking in Genoa. There are many splendid buildings, a whole street of palaces,—I was told, about seventy; and some of them rival in splendor any in Europe. Many of the churches are of a superior order. Genoa was once a place of great wealth and great trade; her merchants were like princes. There was formerly a peculiar state of society here. Forty or more families constituted a kind of nobility, and associated and had intercourse almost solely among themselves. The dominion of the French in Italy, and the effects flowing from it, have had an influence in breaking down this state of things. For some time Genoa was also occupied by an English army, and the society of the officers was sought by these families. These with other things have affected those old customs. The city is now under the control of Sardinia, and does not feel much respect for the family that reigns over them; much of her wealth is gone, her proud spirit is in part humbled, and possibly she may wear the yoke as long, if not with as good a grace, as the other states of Italy. A day of deliverance is no doubt before them, but it will, most likely, be preceded by, or accompanied with, a series of trials and revolutions.

The French Protestants have a congregation; and a service is held by the English. I attended the latter on Sabbath, and was much pleased with the appearance and attention of the audience, bating one fact, that struck me as out of

place. Toward the close of the discourse, the speaker allowed himself to enter into a zealous defense of the Established Church of England; not against the corruptions of papacy, by which he was surrounded, but against the *sectaries*, and particularly the *reformers* in England. The praises of the establishment were set forth in goodly terms, and those who would alter, or new model, or reform were in no very measured terms spoken of, as the opposers of the hope of Britain. Had this been preached in England, both the praise of our venerable church, and the reproof of those who would lay hands on her, would have been too strong, too unqualified, much more so was it at Genoa, where, except the English who were present, few of the hearers probably knew what the preacher was driving at.

We left Genoa a little before night, and had from the bay a splendid view of the city and the whole amphitheater of mountains, by which it is surrounded. There is a range of mountains, twelve miles in extent, the tops and ridges and stony points of which are covered with splendid buildings. In the middle of this bow-like range, at the head of the bay, stands the tower, much of it hanging on the lower part of the mountain, while the middle and higher knobs of almost the whole of this bow-like range of hills are dotted with buildings. I had heard that these mountains had a whitish and forbidding appearance; it may be so in winter, but it was now the month of May, the leaf full grown, with all the fresh greenness of youth, and the "*tout ensemble*," of the view from the water, the bay, the light-house, the town, the mountains, gardens, edifices, forts, etc., was most imposing, most beautiful. As our boat glided through the waves, in its direction to the south, change followed change in the aspect of this fine landscape, ever varying and ever awakening the attention by the new panorama presented, till all began to fade away in the distance and

disappear. So change and fade and pass from the mind those views of men, and manners, and things that once engaged our attention and interested our hearts, while new objects take their place and engage our affections.

The steamer in which we took passage is a French concern, and rather a poor affair. Indeed, I have seen no boats in Europe that will compare with the common, much less the better class of steamboats on the Hudson and Ohio Rivers. The Scotch boats, which I have not seen, are reported of a superior order.

Arrived at Leghorn about 8 A.M. This town stands on a level plat of ground, has a good port, but the buildings are not so princely in character as those of Genoa. Took a stage to Pisa, sixteen miles. The road lies through a district formerly covered with water, but it has been reclaimed by ditching. Wheat, rye, beans, and vines abound, also various kinds of trees, each of which has its vine associated with it, and often beautifully trained from tree to tree.

The Falling Tower is truly a striking object. It rises considerably above any other building, but leans so much that the impression is always made in looking at it, that it *is falling*—that it *must* inevitably fall. It has, however, without perceptibly changing its inclination, stood through many earthquakes, which have thrown down other houses near it.

We had a good opportunity of ascertaining its deviation from the perpendicular position. A shower of rain fell just before we reached the tower; the drop from the leaning side of the tower fell above ten feet from its base. So that, notwithstanding the smaller size of the tower at the top than at the base, the top still leans above ten feet beyond the base. This is only the outer edge, and as the diameter of the tower is much larger at the base than the

top, it is apparent that the line of direction as yet falls far within the base. It may stand for ages, and it may fall soon.

It is not certain at what time this tower was built, or for what purpose, and it is also a point in debate whether it was originally built in this leaning position, or has acquired it by the sinking of part of the foundation. I suppose that the latter is the true case. That one side of the basement is sunk in the ground more than the other, that the floor at the bottom has lost its level, is manifest; some of the upper part of the tower appears to have more of the perpendicular position than the body of the building. There is much plausibility in the opinion that the sinking of the foundation took place before the tower was finished, and the part built afterward followed the direction of the plumb line, and not that of the leaning wall below. Its height is said to be 190 feet.

On the same square stands the cathedral and baptistery, superb buildings; the campo sancto, an inclosed burying-ground, made, in part, of soil brought from the Holy Land. It is rich with monuments of the dead, not only of Christian, but of Greek and Roman name. They were purified, I suppose, before admitted to this so-called holy place. In the cathedral there was posted on one of the pillars a bill of "Indulgences," containing *eleven* specifications of sins, and the terms on which pardon might be obtained.

Pisa lies on both sides of the Arno, which is here a considerable stream. There are several good bridges over it, the banks are firmly walled up, and a noble walk extends along the river. On the whole, Pisa is a good-looking and a pleasant place. Some of the best streets had their whole breadth covered with large flag-stones, well and smoothly put together, as much so as well-laid sidewalks.

Our visit to Pisa did not allow us much time to explore

Leghorn. A canal through the town affords facility in receiving and transmitting merchandise: this, with its natural advantages, would make it a port of more importance were it under a government that would encourage it to make the most of its advantages.

Soon after our return from Pisa we went on board, and the steamer started for Civita Vecchia, the port of Rome. This is a small place, and has nothing that presents any inducement even to walk about the town. We were detained a few hours at the custom-house and the passport-office, after which we set off for Rome.

Among the annoyances of travelers in Italy may well be enumerated the passport system, the porters, the beggars, and the fleas.

At almost every town of any size, and always when you pass from one state to another, and Italy is full of little states, you are called on for your passport, and have usually a fee to pay for showing it. Where you stay all night, the landlord demands your passport, and reports you to the civil authority; where there is a United States consul, you are required to call on him and get his signature, for which, in Italy, I have commonly paid two dollars. It is rather mortifying that we are charged by our own consuls about four times as much for their signatures as we are charged by the consuls of any other power. Before leaving Paris, I was advised to get the signatures of the ministers of the European powers, whose territories I might pass through on the Continent. I procured those of Geneva, Sardinia, Austria, Rome, Naples, and some others; still, when about to go from one place to another, I was obliged to get the signature of the resident consul of the state into which I was about to enter. In short, the passport system seems to have in view, to raise the means of supporting an idle set of creatures who act as spies for their rulers.

The porters and waiters are very annoying; and things are so managed as to give you occasion to have to do with as many as possible. The steamboat, for example, will not come up to the wharf, but you must land, or go off, in a small boat; the boatman is to be paid, the man who hands your trunk up or down must be paid. So of their voitures; the man who drives will not put on the baggage—another one does it, and very often he will have a second to hand it up to him, and both must be paid. You have often three or four to pay where there ought to be but one. The division of labor is carried to the utmost extent, and that for the purpose of getting as much out of you as possible; and when you have given them what is proper, they seldom fail to let you know they wish more.

For instance, at Civita Vecchia we made a special bargain with a man to take us to Rome for a given sum, which was to *cover all expenses;* we paid in advance. The carriage drove up—our trunks were at the door. The driver sat on his seat, one man handed the trunks to another who tied them on, and both demanded a fee. We passed through the gate, a soldier looked at our passports, and something was to pay; at the half-way house our driver and horses were changed, the old driver asked a fee, and the new one expected one, and the stable-boy who brought out the fresh horses insisted on pay, and a fee they received, for they have learned the full effect which importunity is able to accomplish.

On entering Rome our passports were called for, and our trunks taken to the custom-house; a soldier went with us, and we had to pay him. The trunks had been examined at the Port and paid for, then sealed up, not to be opened till examined at Rome. The sealing was paid for, and then another charge made for breaking the seal and re-examining at Rome. I had a Bible, a French dictionary,

and several guide-books, etc., in my trunk. The officer told me I had better put them in my pocket, as they might be taken from me. I did not choose to do this, as I could not easily carry them. Finding I preferred leaving them in the trunk, he sealed it, but drew up a paper, which I had to pay for and sign; the paper was forwarded by the coachman. Arrived, I was told I could not have my trunk until the next day. At the appointed time my books were looked at; I was asked if the Bible was for my own use; on saying that it was, it was restored, as were the other books. I had, however, to pay for the examination, in addition to all the trouble and loss of time in going back and forth.

The beggars assail you everywhere; they follow you from place to place, and keep up such a clamor that it is not a little unpleasant. Begging is a trade, a mode of getting a living. Were it only the honest poor, few would hesitate to give; but when it is, as here, connected with idleness and vice, when every mode is resorted to to draw as much as possible from the traveler, it becomes a question whether it be a real charity to give, unless you have more evidence of want than arises from the mere application. It would seem to have lost a limb or an eye, or to have a sore or some bodily defect, was rather an advantage. Such persons are constantly exposed and paraded before you, their sore or mutilated limb laid bare to induce the traveler to give. You may often see a stout, hale man or woman leading a cripple or unfortunate, and thus engaged in begging. Instead of working to support the cripple, they make him the occasion of convenience for gaining a living by begging. A begging people are always a dirty people, and a dirty people are apt to have insects about them of a troublesome kind. The annoyance is great in Italy from those light-footed gentry. They are, I verily believe, to be met with almost everywhere—the land is full of them.

St. Peter's Church is a magnificent structure of vast dimensions. The proportions are admirable, but I could hardly persuade myself that it is as large as it is found to be by measurement. The grand altar in the center is of Corinthian brass, the four-wreathed columns, which support the canopy over it, are 122 feet, equal in height to the highest palace in Rome. Under this altar are said to be the bones of St. Peter. A kind of chapel is made below it, a descent of eight or ten feet, surrounded with balusters, and along these, and down the stairs, and across before the door of the chapel below, there are about one hundred gilded lamps kept burning day and night.

In a part of the edifice I noticed confessionals for people of various languages, and over the door of the Pantheon, "Indulgences, plenary, daily, perpetual, for the living and for the dead." This inscription is common on all the papal churches in Italy.

I stood for some time in St. Peter's near the bronze statue of St. Peter, to observe the people kiss the foot set forward for that purpose. It is a seated figure, against the wall near the grand altar,—the feet placed on a marble table, about as high as a man's breast, one foot advanced about half over the edge of the table. The toes of this foot are much worn away with the perpetual kissing. I saw many, priests and people, men and women, come and kiss it. They also touched it with their heads; some rubbed their heads against it. I shall not attempt a full description of this wonderful building,—can only glance at what occupied much time in examining. The view from the top is certainly most splendid. The top of the edifice, with its four or five domes and rooms for workmen, who may be said to live there, make it like a village. The ascent is very gradual; a horse could easily ascend it. I stepped round the inside of the dome in the first gallery;

it was over 140 yards. Up in the inside of the dome, in a ring which extended all round, was written in large letters the famous passage, "Thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it, and I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven." There are, in many places throughout the building, the symbol of two keys with a crown between them. This is the papal seal or coat-of-arms.

There is much to interest one at the Vatican. Scarlet appeared to be a favorite color; the personal guards of the Pope had much of it in their uniform; it reminded me of the red dragon and the scarlet-colored beast of the Apocalypse.

The Coliseum is a wonderful pile of buildings, partly in ruins. The site of the Forum is now covered with earth. Excavations show an accumulation of earth fifteen or more feet deep. The arch of Severus has been laid bare to the old pavement, to this depth. A few pillars of the temple of Fortune still remain; the rest is gone. The triumphal arch of Vespasian and Titus still stands, and on it are represented the Jewish captives and the holy vessels of the temple. The Candlestick, with its seven lamps, is very perfect. The Table of Showbread and Altar of Incense are much defaced; the Book of the Law also; Trumpets not so much. The triumphal arch of Constantine is in pretty good preservation. The whole of this region is covered with ruins—ruins.

I visited the Capitol, and spent some time in the Museum. The statue of the Dying Gladiator is striking. I had heard it praised so much, my expectations were too much raised—was somewhat disappointed. Near the Capitol is St. Peter's prison, about which they have some idle tales—show the marble pillars to which he was tied, and a hole in the side of the wall, which, if I understood the

monk, he said, an angel made to let Peter out. The ruins of the Baths of Caligula are stupendous. The church of St. John Lateran I also looked into in passing, and that of St. Maggiore—both superb edifices. The former claims to be the first of all churches—has, in some respects, the precedence of St. Peter's. It is highly ornamented, and contains colossal statues of the twelve apostles. The papal palace connected with it is being repaired. Another palace of the Pope, on Mount Cavallo, is a large, splendid building.

There are seven Basilican churches—one for each of the seven parishes into which Rome was, at an early period, divided. The bishops of these, if I mistake not, used to elect the Pope; but, after many changes, he is now elected by cardinals, who are from time to time appointed by the Pope. The Romish Church, with all its pretenses about being always the same, has had many, very many, changes.

Rode to Tivoli, about twenty miles east, founded by a Greek colony four hundred years before Rome. The country is level, with no villages or inhabitants. On our way we crossed a stream of sulphur water large enough to turn a mill. It is of a whitish, milky color, and leaves a white sediment, and smells of sulphur. We went up half a mile to the lake from which it flows, and which has the same appearance. Our guide threw into the lake several large pieces of earth, and about a minute after there was a great rising of bubbles and a violent boiling over the place where the mass of earth sunk. The water was tepid, and reminded me of the White Sulphur Springs, Greenbrier, Va.

Near the foot of the mountain on which Tivoli is situated we turned off a few miles to the right, to visit the hill of Adrian, now an immense mass of ruins covering three miles in length and one in breadth. In the ruined temple of Serapis were many niches for statues of the gods, and

behind each niche a small room for the priest to be concealed in who answered for the god and gave responses. Olive-trees were scattered over these ruins; but two houses were inhabited, and one of these is, in great part, a modern structure.

Tivoli is about half way up the side of the mountain, on a somewhat level plain. At the foot of the mountain the olive plantations commence, covering the mountain-side. A river comes out of a winding valley, and makes a rapid descent of leap after leap. A canal is cut above the first cascade and carried around the side of the town next the river; the water is let off in many places into the bed of the river, forming fine cascades. There are some mills and iron works on these canals; there is water-power for many manufactories, had they but the skill and enterprise to erect them. Adjoining one of the cascades is an old temple of Vesta, with grottoes below at the foot of the cascade; the grotto communicates with the temple, as is apparent from the smoke and fire in the grotto manifesting itself in the temple. A fine place for the heathen priests to play on the credulity of the people!

In the town they show the house of Maceris; on the opposite side one of Varro and of Horace.

The Dorian and Borghese palaces in Rome are worth seeing. The Borghese gardens are on a large scale, open to the public, a favorite drive and promenade; among the groves of trees I saw with pleasure the pitch pine, which abounds so much in Virginia and the whole region of the Alleghanies. The library at the Vatican palace is very nicely arranged in cases, with the index inscribed on each case. The rooms adorned with paintings in fresco and mosaic. Several of the most interesting churches are outside the gates. That of St. Sebastian covers the entrance of one of the catacombs. I did not descend to the tombs.

The excavations extend, it is said, as far as Ostium. Probably they were originally quarries, like those at Paris. The remains of the palace of the Cæsars are most stupendous; a fine view of the city may be had from the hill.

Rome is admirably furnished with water. Fountains are seen in all parts of the city, with water issuing from the mouths of lions, sphinxes, griffins, dolphins, and all sorts of animals and things.

I have passed two Sabbaths at Rome,—attended the service at the British chapel, both morning and evening of the first—a considerable collection of genteel English people, and, what seemed a little odd, soldiers stationed near the door, I suppose to keep the congregation from being disturbed. There is a French Protestant church, but I could learn but little about it. Learning that there was a Protestant service at the Prussian ambassador's, I went there the second Sabbath. The service in German,—had the good fortune to get an introduction to the chaplain, found him an intelligent, pious, and agreeable man,—spoke English well. I was surprised to find a crucifix, with an image of the Saviour on it, in the church, and several candles burning near it. At the close of the sermon a child was presented for baptism. The child was not presented by the parents, but by sponsors. The water was applied to the child three times—first in the name of the Father—then of the Son—then of the Holy Ghost.

I had, through the kindness of a friend, a letter of introduction to the Prussian ambassador, who is, I was told, a Protestant, a pious man, who would be glad to see me. My letter had secured me the week previous a very kind reception, and an immediate introduction to his lady and children. After service the ambassador walked some distance on the way to my lodgings, and at parting, kindly invited me to call at candle-lighting, and join with him in

a family religious service. I called accordingly, and found him with his children about him, engaged in reading and explaining to them some leading articles of the Confession of Faith of his church. He and his lady are Germans, but speak English so well that they might have been taken for English—and even the children spoke English with facility; now I saw how it was effected. The books they used were German. He would call on a child to read in German a few sentences, or a paragraph, if a short one. Then they were required to give it in English. They evidently had studied the lesson; if they used the wrong word, he pointed out the error, and gave them the right one. Having thus had the passage read in both languages, he entered into an explanation of the truths set forth, and made his remarks bear on the whole matter as a thing in which they were deeply interested. They were permitted and encouraged to ask any questions that occurred, and the spirit which appeared to pervade the whole was that of a friendly, affectionate conversation on the great concerns of their eternal interests. Finding how he was engaged when I entered, I would not agree that he should discontinue until he had finished. His lady sat near, with some of the younger ones fondling on her, looking on with all the kindness of a mother and a wife beaming in her face.

I have found fewer shops open in Rome on the Sabbath than in most places on the Continent, and less of the common avocations of life going on, but there is much walking and going out for exercise and pleasure.

There are several reading-rooms at Rome—a few English papers are received, and occasionally one from France. The French papers are not in good odor with the authorities. Five or six papers and journals have been started in the Pope's dominions the last year, but they are under a

strict watch, and treat but little of government, politics, or religion. The Pope is absolute in his government, has no written constitution to limit him,—in many things he may, if he please, act independently of his cardinals.

I find an English bookstore here, and in it some of our valuable books, as "Doddridge's Rise and Progress," "Baxter's Saint's Rest," etc. They are books which say nothing against popery; such books are excluded as "Lady Morgan's Italy," "Rome in the 19th Century," "History of the Vaudois."

There are some truths which the Pope won't allow to be told. You may buy a license to commit almost any sin, you may get a bill of sins, and thus be able, beforehand, to know what sins your purse will allow you to commit; but if you publish all this in a book, it is considered not respectful to the Pope, and your book will be proscribed; still, by slipping a franc into the hands of the examiner, or the custom-house officer, you will hardly fail to obtain leave to take what books you please. It requires but a moment's reflection to understand how the system works. The Pope has fixed a tariff of indulgences for offenses against God, and employs the priesthood to aid in draining money from the people for the liberty to disobey him, as far as their inclinations may lead them, and their purses pay the expenses. And now, can it be expected that they will not, for *a consideration*, give permission to violate the law of the Pope? I believe that, in most cases, if you will give money, you may take anything you please to Rome. More than hints are given at the custom-house and passport office,—you are given to understand that a fee will make all pass. In short, the system has produced a baneful effect on the national character.

There is a strange juxtaposition of rich and poor, wealth and poverty, at Rome. You may see the Pope and his

cardinals, and the higher clergy, most gorgeously adorned, riding in their splendid carriages, rolling in wealth; while everywhere among the lower classes is exhibited all the evidences of the most pinching want and squalid poverty. The one class has palaces and splendid habitations; the other, hovels too small to contain them, and too filthy for human endurance. It would be an error to infer that cleanliness goes hand in hand, at Rome, with wealth and display. There is a great want of neatness in all classes.

It will naturally be inquired, Do not the poor receive much charity from the rich, from the higher clergy who roll in wealth and have no families to provide for? Those dignitaries are not so free from worldly cares as some may suppose, or as their single state would indicate.

The system of begging is positively a disgrace to the Pope and higher clergy. It is a community of beggars. If they beg from necessity, it is utterly at variance with the spirit of the gospel for the Pope and clergy not to impart to them of their abundance. If they are not necessitated to beg, then it is a perfect disgrace to the Pope and his officials to allow such a shameful exhibition of want, such a perpetual and systematic annoyance as strangers meet with everywhere in the patrimony of St. Peter. Indeed, few things show more strikingly the total absence of all nice and fine moral feelings than the exhibitions of poverty and filth, the perpetual annoyance from beggars of all sorts and sizes, which appear before you wherever you go. The streets, the public walks, the churches, the hotels, the restaurants, and coffee-houses are haunted with such unseemly sights. The government is absolute,—there is a great show of wealth in the churches. Why this?

Thinking that I might increase my knowledge of Italian by reading the Italian Testament, I inquired at four or five

of the bookstores without finding one. I was shown at one store a large folio Latin Bible, at another a part of the Old Testament in Italian; but the New Testament was not in the work. I was told afterward by a Protestant gentleman, resident in Rome, that there is an edition of the Scriptures, which they profess to allow their people to read; but it is a large work, with many notes, and in several volumes, and so high a price as to put it almost as much out of the reach of the great body of the people as if it was prohibited. Yet this enables them to say, we allow the Scriptures to be read by our people. On mentioning to the same gentleman that I had not been able to procure an Italian New Testament, he told me that several of his friends had procured one at such a store, naming it, but, said he, it was done rather by way of stealth. They had to apply when there was no priest in the store; by watching a time when no priest was near, the New Testament could be found. Circumstances have not permitted me to renew my effort; but the fact proved two things:—it proved that the influence of the priests is known to be against the circulation and reading of the Bible; and further, that the priests can be outwitted even in Rome, the center of their power.

NAPLES, *May* 26.—I came from Rome to this place in a stage, and was three days in making the journey, using the same horses. The road is good, much of it the old Appian Way, but now done up in the more modern style. Not many years back there was a good deal of danger from robbers on this road, and fearful stories are told; at present there is little danger, soldiers traverse the road almost constantly. At a small town I saw the skull of a man, who had been executed for robbery, hung up in a cage, at the side of a house on the main street, as a warning to others who might follow the business.

Many of the valleys and level districts have a rich and lovely appearance, and even the mountains are cultivated, and laid down in grass, or covered with vines or olive orchards. In some places the olive, the orange, and lemon, may be seen growing together,—the latter two loaded with fruit, in all stages, from that which had only lost the blossom to that which was ripe and fit for use.

Terracina and the ancient Capua were the most important towns we passed, both strongly fortified. Capua, judging from what I saw of it, is a dirty and uninteresting place, and unless it had more attractions than now, one can but wonder where Hannibal's army found the luxuries that corrupted it while stationed there. Possibly, in those olden times, things may have passed for luxuries which we fastidious folks would find much fault with. Possibly, there was as much difference between the ancient Capuans and the modern as between the ancient and the modern soldier.

Terracina lies on a very narrow strip of land between the Mediterranean Sea and a pretty high, rugged, and barren mountain, which, for a considerable distance, skirts the coast. The road for some distance has barely room to pass along the shore, and at times it is hewn out of the mountain. In one place a point of the mountain runs out into the sea—the cliff is very high—a strong gate is placed here across the road—a fort planted on the rock high above, to which a way is hewn in the rock, and defended by a strong door—a company of soldiers is kept here—and of course all passengers are subjected to an examination. Near this, on the Neapolitan side, is a custom-house, where trunks and baggage are examined.

We had an adventure here, which was rather unpleasant for the party concerned, and which detained us some time. There was in the company, all of which, but one or two, were strangers to me, a Roman Catholic priest, who lived

at Naples, and had been at Rome on some business, possibly to spend holy week, and was now on his return home. He was a priest of some distinction in his order—an aged and venerable-looking man. He had a good deal of baggage, not in trunks, but in traveling-bags and bundles of various kinds. The inspection of our trunks, etc. did not appear to be more strict than usual, nor indeed as much so—my books, which had been objected to in the Roman states, were hardly noticed—no intimation given that they might introduce heresy into the states of his Majesty of Naples—even the Bible passed without any objection being made.

In the process of examining, however, they got hold of the bags and bundles of the priest, and, for some cause or other, they took it into their heads to see what was in the *middle* and at the *bottom* of his sack, as well as what was at the top. They soon found goods that were contraband —this led to examining whether there might not be more—to open bundles, turn things wrong-side out, pull and haul, and make a thorough search. The consequence was, that many things were found—they were mixed up with other things—scattered in parcels in all his baggage, and in truth seemed very considerably to compose it. The priest tried hard to divert their attention—tried to excuse and explain, and defend and soften them by entreaties,—a terrible scolding match took place. The officers tongue-lashed the poor old man in no measured style—took the forbidden articles from him, declaring they were forfeited. Some of the company interceded for him and tried to get the things restored, but it would not do—they were carried off to the place where forfeited things are deposited, and the old priest left to tie up his bags and come on his way without them—he seemed much mortified.

The whole affair went to prove one thing—that the

Romish priests are not considered infallible, however much they may say about the infallibility of their church.

The Pontine Marshes begin about forty miles from Rome, and extend from twenty to twenty-five miles. They cover the level district between the mountains on the northeast and the Mediterranean on the southwest. There is a rising of water along the foot of the mountains, and something in the character of the soil prevents the water from passing off by percolation. Possibly, the ground near the sea may be rather higher than near the mountains, and thus a marsh be created. No water is seen on the surface; the road runs, for most of the way, through the marsh, very straight; a wide ditch or canal runs along its side, made by the throwing up of the soil to elevate the road. This canal has water in it, and near Terecena there is a considerable current of water, so much so that boats are used on it; I have seen a man dragging a boat on the same plan that the boats on our canals are dragged by horses. Small cuts are made into this canal from different directions, and the water collected carried off by the same outlet. The most numerous and the finest looking herds of cattle I have seen in Italy I saw on these meadows. They were of a dirty-cream color, and the horses were black.

The district called the Pontine Marshes would, by a traveler, who had no previous information on the subject, be selected as one of the best between Albano and Capua. It looks like a rich, extensive meadow. He would, indeed, marvel that while he could see villages at the foot and on the sides of the neighboring mountains, not a house, but one or two miserable cottages, should be seen on this long and wide-spread plain,—a plain waving with grass and covered with cattle. He might think this neglect of the plain, and this preference for the rough and barren mount-

ain-side, argued a strange way of estimating things, until he learned the cause, until he heard of that dreadful scourge of this and other parts of Italy.

The malaria is a name given to some noxious exhalation which is peculiarly fatal to those exposed to its influence. The nicest analysis of the air of those districts has not discovered the noxious property, while thousands have withered and died under the fatal poison. Among the districts most affected by it, besides these marshes, we may mention an extensive tract around Rome, and the plains in the midst of which are the famous ruins of the temples of Pestum. Much of the peninsula is believed, by some intelligent medical men, to be more or less affected, and to be much less favorable to longevity, to good health, and sound and hardy constitutions, than some more northern and less celebrated climes. These plains have a rich-looking soil, nothing appears wanting but labor and skill to make it pour forth its fruits, and yet it is cultivated but in spots. In some places where the ground rises higher than usual, you may see a dwelling on it, but as a general thing these wide districts are without human habitation. Such is the deadly effect of the malaria that even the shepherds who lead their flocks there by day, avoid them at night; and for a stranger to spend a night out on these plains during the latter part of summer, especially if he should sleep there, it would probably cost him his life. And yet over these plains you find remains of old ruins. It would seem they were not formerly so unhealthy.

At Pestum, which is now peculiarly desolate, there was once a city of considerable extent, surrounded with a strong wall, which may be traced most of the way round, and is twenty feet high. The ruins there, the most entire of any of the old temples of Italy, prove that it was a place of importance in ancient times; and yet now so deadly is the

effect of the malaria there that I was advised by all means, in visiting the place, not to spend the night there, nor to go on that plain before the sun had removed the dew, or stay after the dampness of the evening had set in. In passing over the plain, however, I saw nothing that gave signs of sickness; most of the plain was perfectly dry. Yea, it seemed too dry, not sufficiently watered. The soil of a light and fertile character, and when a portion was cultivated, well repaid the labor bestowed on it. True, in one small part of the plain, water here and there stood on the surface, but not in such quantities as would have taken my attention, had I not been on the lookout to find, if I could, something to charge with that occult, mysterious, but desolating malaria, which reigns with such a blighting influence over this fair and wide-spread plain.

Some have supposed that it is not a modern evil, but that whatever it may be, it was always more or less operating, and appeal to the old Roman writers in proof that these districts were always unhealthy. The passages they adduce may prove that the districts were not free from disease, but not that they were so dreadfully afflicted with such a disease as visits them now. There is much reason to believe there is something noxious generated in these districts.

It is said, with how much truth I know not, that the women of Rome have a peculiarly morbid sensibility as to certain perfumes which are usually esteemed agreeable; they cannot bear them. Sudden deaths are said to be much more common at Rome than in most other countries. These, with several other such things, serve to indicate, it is thought, that some peculiar cause is operating near Rome, and thus spreading desolation. It is very evident that many parts of Italy and the vicinity of Rome have given, and still give, evidences of having volcanic fires at work

deep below. Almost everywhere, from Rome to Naples, rocks of volcanic origin, or what pass for such, may be seen; and it is not improbable that some subtle agent may be disengaged from the disintegrating of those rocks, or from the present working of the fires below, which may be connected with the noxious influence now termed malaria.

Whatever second causes may be used, one thing is very manifest—Rome, self-styled *Holy Rome*, the Eternal City, is wasting away—is exhibiting the marks of old age—the old age of the profligate. The great city which corrupted the earth with her abominations, is to be abandoned and deserted and destroyed. Rev. chap. xvii. Rome has deeply corrupted religion and persecuted the saints, and the day of her punishment must come.

Extensive fields of luxuriant wheat were passed near Capua, and near Naples hemp, flax, and Indian corn were growing. Passed some carts loaded with cork, in large pieces; the cork grows in this vicinity, but I could not get the tree pointed out. As we approached Naples saw herds of hogs, tended by a keeper. The hogs were of a dark-cream color, and almost wholly destitute of hair. I have not seen or heard a spinning-wheel in Italy, but on this route I have often seen the women spinning flax with the distaff. All through this country I have seen as many, if not more, women working in the fields than men. We reached Naples about sundown, in time to have a good view of the city by daylight. It lies round the head of a fine wide bay, the land rises gently back on one side, and a fort crowns a hill that commands the city. Vesuvius lies east, in full view, sending up its clouds of smoke. The town has more bustle, and a greater throng pours along the streets than I have seen since I left Paris.

After rambling through the town and vicinity for about a week, I joined a party that made a tour to the environs farther west. Passing the King's Gardens, we went through the tunnel made for the road under the hill Posilipo. It is a third of a mile long, and lighted with lamps. We visited several lakes—they probably had been craters. Grottoes, baths, and caves are numerous. I can only refer briefly to some of them. The Solfatara is manifestly an old crater; the soil is impregnated with sulphur; smoke rises in some places; much sulphur is manufactured here, and the smell of sulphur is oppressive. At Pozzuoli some antiquities—remains of an amphitheater, temple of Serapis, and village of Cicero; of the latter nothing remains but a few arches and old walls, almost level with the ground. The cave of the Sibyl, the descent to the regions of Pluto, is a dark, dirty cave, made partly by art, passes under a hill, has water in several rooms—some of the floors adorned with mosaic. The Baths of Nero, with rooms and passages hewn out of the rock; in the middle a narrow passage descends forty feet; smoke and heat in the passage; at the bottom of the passage is a little pool of water so hot that it will boil an egg in three minutes. The prison of Nero, an extensive ruin, consisting of many dark and underground passages and rooms, gloomy enough to be called the prison of Nero. We explored the Catacombs; thought it probable they were excavated for the stone, and afterward used for interment; a few bones in some niches and piles of bones in some rooms.

June 10. Mount Vesuvius is one of those objects which all travelers will of course wish to visit. This I have just accomplished, and am much gratified. As our party wished to see the mount both by night and by day, we concluded to go as far as the Hermitage (a house on the mount, kept by a few monks for the accommodation of visitors) the

evening before, sleep part of the night there, and start thence in time to reach the top before day, using torch-light. We went as far as Portici in a carriage. This village stands over the ancient Herculaneum, which was buried about the same time as Pompeii, near eighteen hundred years ago. A small part of the town is laid bare, but the mass of lava over it is too great to allow much of it to be uncovered. A shaft was sunk near the main street of the present town, not long since, to the ancient theater. It is near eighty feet deep, and much of it through a dense and hard mass of lava. Some fine specimens of ancient art were found. The excavations were discontinued, as the labor was too great. We descended, and could hear the carriages running on the street over our heads; some of the old walls and plastering were laid bare, but the place was chiefly interesting, as giving a view of the deep mass of matter which had rolled over the town.

At the distance of several hundred yards toward the bay another opening has been made. The distance to the old streets is only about half what it is at the theater, and the mass of lava to be passed through is of a softer character. Several houses are uncovered, the walls and floors, the rooms, the paved streets, are exposed to view. On the walls are a number of paintings, which retain their freshness to a marvel, considering how long they have been covered, and with matter that was burning hot when it first enveloped them.

At Portici we hired mules, took a guide, and set off. It is a gradual ascent, getting more and more steep, and most deceptive as to distance. The mount is cultivated, well set with vines; as we were passing the highest vineyards, our guide made us notice that the leaves of the vines and trees had a scorched appearance, caused, he said, by a fall of hot water from the mount. But whether it was from this or a

condensation of the vapor thrown up in such quantities from the mount was not certain.

Some time before we reached the Hermitage we crossed a current of lava which flowed from the mountain about forty years ago. It was a good deal decomposed, and fast yielding to the action of the elements; vegetation was taking root on it, and in a few years much of it will be overgrown. We had not proceeded much farther before we came to a current of fourteen years' standing; even this exhibited marks of decay,—it was crumbling and falling to pieces from the action of air, rain, and sunshine upon it. Passing these currents, we entered on very old strata, forming a considerable ridge, on which the Hermitage stands; this large mass of old lava is of a soft and yielding character, largely made up of ashes, readily pulverizes, has the appearance of a light tufa mixed with sand. Shrubs and some small trees were growing on it, and about the Hermitage some pretty well-grown trees, which had been planted.

We had been told not to expect anything at the Hermitage but house-room and a little wine. However, we obtained some cold meat, and made out to get some sleep —some on sofas and others on a long table, on which a straw bed was laid. We were aroused a little before day, and found a soldier, who had come up for our protection, and expected a fee for said service; of course, we paid it, and then set off for the top of the mount. About half a mile brought us to fresh lava; after winding round and traversing various streams of lava, we at last came to the foot of the cone. Here the tug of the ascent begins in earnest; all that had passed before is but play; up to this place people usually ride; we sent our mules back from the Hermitage.

The ascent from this place must be forty to forty-five

degrees, and the distance very considerable; the surface is chiefly made up of what is called ashes; it is, however, except in color, much like sand. You sink in and slip back, as in climbing a steep sand-hill. In some places we found solid footing, and everywhere masses of lava, more or less imbedded in the ashes. Where you could see these and set your foot on them, you might make a good step, but for the most part you had to work your way through the ashes, or get on the edge of a stream of lava of such a character as allowed of your walking on it. We were above an hour reaching the summit, and not a little tired.

We found a considerable level on the top. It had somewhat the shape of a large, flat basin, the edges raised, like a narrow ridge, in some parts to the height of from fifteen to twenty-five feet, but parts of those edges broken away. At the southeastern part of the bottom of this basin is the crater. After reaching near the middle of the level space on the top the surface begins to sink, large cracks appear, smoke and vapor begin to arise, the surface assumes a whitish or yellowish appearance from the sulphur that is deposited. Some of these cracks are fearful chasms, recently formed. Crossing over a number of these, and passing round the west of the fearful opening, seen toward the east side of the basin, we came to a place where the descent to near the edge of the opening was easy; it was, however, considerable. Several large chasms were to be passed over, and the portion of surface which lay between these cracks, and what might be called the jumping-off place, was sunk much from its former level. Having reached within a few rods of the edge, most of the company appeared not much disposed to go nearer. We had a pretty good view of the crater. It was quite irregular in form. The smoke came out in huge masses, and from time to time in puffs. We could hear a deep and fearful roar-

ing, far, very far below; some of the company thought they could see flames mixed with the smoke,—I was not satisfied that I saw any. The ground where we stood had sunken much and threatened to fall in—the smoke seemed to come out from that side. The funnel from the great boiler seemed to me choked a little by the sinking in of the crust on the one side, without entirely falling in. It is to be recollected that only a month or two ago the boiling lava rose to the top, filled the basin, and poured its molten stream over the sides of the mountain, carrying away the sides of the basin with it.

Although at first most of the company stopped at a respectful distance from the roaring gulf, yet in less than half an hour some went almost to the very edge, although admonished by the guide that it was not safe. There was but little, if any, wind; the smoke ascended in a dense column, and gave us no trouble. Had the column of smoke been suddenly blown on us, when down near the edge of the crater, the danger would have been great; for it was so strongly impregnated with sulphur fumes as to be wholly unfit for respiration. I had a slight proof of this before I left the mountain. After satisfying ourselves with looking at the crater, we ascended to the more level parts of the top, and rambled, some one way and some another, noticing the curious aspects which the lava assumed at different places. I was separated from the party, and in attempting to join them on the eastern part of the top, I passed over a space that had many chasms; I thought I could pass in a few seconds, but the chasms and the great inequalities of the surface impeded me. The sulphurous fumes almost took away my breath—I was near suffocation.

The view from the summit of Vesuvius is very grand. When on the promontory of Messina, I thought I must be

on a level with Vesuvius, but now I looked on Cape Messina as a little hill away down below. The wide-spread bay, the long line of villages skirting its shore, the range of mountains to the east, the fine level land north, and the sea far off in the southern horizon, are all seen.

There may be more beautiful, but no more interesting objects to a spectator on the top of Vesuvius, than to see at one glance, through their whole extent, the many streams of lava which have issued from the top and flowed miles into the plains below. The more recent streams have a singular appearance. The mass that flowed out not long since, after reaching the plain, covered about seven hundred acres of land, besides leaving a large deposit on the side of the mount from the time that it crossed the edge of the basin that surrounds the crater. It is to be kept in mind that lava is rock and earth and metals and all sorts of things in a state of fusion, or rather is the lighter part, which is thrown off from the immense boiler, where all the materials which compose the bowels of the earth are exposed to a most tremendous heat. When this scum is thrown off from over the heat, and comes in contact with cold air and cold earth, the outside will begin to harden and refuse to run. The internal mass will still be soft, and the great pressure from behind will force the mass along. But the part next the ground will be left, or pushed along, and thus be forced up in piles. Portions on the sides and on the top of the stream will thus cease to flow, and be thrown off, or forced along in parcels until its weight will not allow it to be carried farther. A stream of it is often from three to six feet high, rising not perpendicular, but as much so as loose earth could be made to lie by simply throwing it up with a spade. Now, why did not the lava flow off sideways and seek a level? The reason, I apprehend, is found in the irregularity of its cooling. I have

seen what might be called a very good trench along the middle of a stream of lava—the outside losing its fluidity first, and stopping while the great mass flowed on farther.

There is a great variety in the texture, material, color, and weight of the lava—some streams differ from others, and portions of what flows out at the same eruption will differ widely from other portions. This fact shows the fallacy of the argument built on the length of time which it may have taken for a stratum of lava to become so far decomposed as to produce vegetation. Some portions of strata may take as many centuries as other parts of the same strata may take years.

We descended on the southeast side of the mount and coasted for a long distance the late stream, which flowed chiefly in that direction. Some extensive vineyards, recently planted, appeared where an old stream of lava was just becoming capable of tillage.

It may seem surprising to some, that people should venture to live at the foot of a volcano, and cultivate its sides, when it is so often pouring out its burning flood, and has already destroyed not only their fields from time to time, but entirely covered up several of their villages. We are to remember that people get used to almost anything; even a fiery deluge from Vesuvius by being seen again and again becomes divested of much of its terror, and while fearful catastrophes have taken place, they are comparatively few and with long intervals between. Every person pleases himself with the hope that no such thing will take place in his day; or should it happen, he hopes there will be such notice as will enable him to escape. As a matter of fact, this is usually the case—most of the eruptions are preceded with strongly-marked symptoms—and even in cases where villages have been destroyed, most of the people had time to escape.

To balance the terror of living at the foot or on the lower ridges of Vesuvius, it is to be taken into account that the situation is most lovely. It directly borders on one of the finest bays in the world; is in full view of Naples, the fourth city of Europe; the climate is uncommonly fine; the heat of summer and the cold of winter are equally modified and tempered by the vicinity of such a mass of water; and the soil formed from the decomposed lava intermixed with ashes is most congenial for the vine, vegetables, and a variety of luscious fruits, and the market of Naples is near for their disposal. These are weighty considerations for the people, and were they to be obliged to fly from the fiery flood every few years, they would no doubt still prefer returning to seeking a more safe but less congenial soil in a foreign land.

We descended on the eastern side to visit Pompeii. This town covered about 140 acres, and near one-third of it is now uncovered. The part of it not yet uncovered is under cultivation. The excavations are going on, but not with much speed. I was immediately struck with the fact that the matter which had buried Pompeii was not lava but ashes —not of a stone-like hardness, as at Herculaneum, but more like a bank of old cinders from an iron furnace, and the covering was not so deep. The houses were low, of one story; the floors are of stone; in the best houses the stone is cut and laid in mosaic,—that is, marble is cut in small pieces, not larger than the nail of your thumb, the edges made to fit, and the upper face polished, and then laid in a bed of adhesive plaster. Marble of different colors is used, and figures of fowls, fishes, and beasts are represented. The streets are paved, and the pavement shows the deeply-worn track of wheeled carriages; these tracks are narrow. The streets are also narrow. There is the tavern, the baker's shop, the mill for grinding flour, the apothecary's

shop, the painter's, and mechanic's,—known not only by the signs affixed to them, but also by the fixtures and apparatus belonging to these several employments.

Vessels for cooking, similar to those in modern use, are found. Glass was in use for windows, where there were windows, and for table and other purposes. Some of the houses had no way to admit light but by the door, and that a narrow one, so low that a person must stoop in entering. Many houses had paintings in fresco on the walls—the execution of an inferior order; in many cases the objects were offensively obscene, and gave a painful view of the state of morals among that people. Some of their ornaments—and their ladies appear to have been as fond of ornaments as ladies are now—are monstrously obscene, wholly too much so to be described.

Most of the curious things that have been found have been taken to the museum at Naples. Many of these antiques are examined with interest by travelers, as showing in a new and very certain way the manners and customs, and even the *morals*, of the Romans about the time Christianity began to spread and call upon all men everywhere to repent; and all go to prove the dreadful state of morals, the abasing and corrupting state of manners and fashions which prevailed. Paul, about that time, wrote to the Romans his famous epistle, and the account he there gives of human nature, and even the darkest traits of the picture, as drawn with a stroke (chap. i.), is proved by paintings and statues to have been practiced by the Pompeians.

Oh, how much we owe to the gospel! How much to that blessed book, the word of God! How thankful that our portion was cast in a land where its blessed influence has, in some degree at least, purified society, and removed from the face of day and the public walks of life those shameful exhibitions,—those abominable practices, which so debase man and dishonor God.

In returning from Pompeii we took a boat at the nearest point. The passage across this noble bay, in the cool of the evening, after a most fatiguing day, was delightful. It gave us a fine opportunity to notice the places where the streams of lava have flowed down to the shore, and pushed forward their dark and red-hot mass deep into the bay. What a roaring and hissing it must have made! What clouds of vapor must have gone up from the sea!

A friend on my route had given me a letter to Mr. Valette, a French Protestant clergyman, chaplain to the Prussian embassy. I found him a pious, intelligent, and most agreeable man. He speaks English, but preaches in French and German. Whole companies of Swiss Protestant soldiers are stationed here. In the absence of their chaplain, Mr. V. preaches at the barracks early on Sabbath morning. At times he has a second service at the chapel. Some children, formed into Bible-classes, claim his attention for a portion of the Sabbath. He does something in the way of distributing the Scriptures and religious books and tracts, but has to use much caution, as there is a considerable jealousy and watchfulness about such things. Not long since a religious tract was printed at the mission press at Malta, for an English lady who was at Rome. The copies, to the amount of five hundred or more, were shipped for Leghorn, but the vessel put into Naples. The tracts were seized and burned, and the man in whose care they were was annoyed with confinement and trial.

Something of this sort may be met with, but it will not prevent the truth from getting abroad, and it ought not to prevent our making daily efforts to impart the truth to those who are perishing for lack of knowledge. A great obstruction in the way of imparting truth by the press is that the great mass of the lower class of people cannot read, and all the influence of the priesthood is exerted to

keep from them the word of God, and all books which tend to open the eyes of the people to the folly, and absurdity, and wickedness of the system which they have substituted for the gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

I attended service at the Prussian chapel in the morning and the British chapel in the afternoon. At the former Mr. V. announced a marriage that was soon to take place, and requested prayers for a blessing upon the parties. These two Protestant churches owe their existence to the embassies to which they are attached.

The next Lord's day I attended worship on board the United States ship Delaware, which, with three or four other vessels of the squadron, were lying in the bay. Chaplain Jones gave a good discourse. The crew were attentive—near 900 men—have been about three years in the Mediterranean—they were all clean and neat, and nothing could be more so than the ship. The following Sabbath, at the request of the captain and chaplain, I preached on board. The attention was good. Commodore Patterson was absent at Rome.

The Sabbath after I was on board the Potomac, Captain Joseph J. Nicholson, and preached to the crew; after dinner attended the Bible-class, conducted by Chaplain Rockwell, assisted by Mr. Trumbull. I hope these pious and faithful efforts will do good.

The poor-house at Naples is a noble institution, with nearly 7000 inmates,—many of them youth. They are employed in carrying on various kinds of trades. The place is clean for Naples, and care is taken for the morals of the inmates.

Naples receives no little benefit from the resort of strangers; as a general thing, more is demanded of them than of natives. Could a person procure a trustworthy

native to do all his buying, he would save by it, but the misery is, that such cannot be found. I was assured, by a conscientious gentleman, who spent most of last winter in Italy, and being in feeble health, required a good deal of attendance, that he did not find *real honesty* in Italy. It is certain that the habit of taking advantage and overreaching is shamefully common. The guides and servants are usually poor people, and some may think the upper classes act better in this respect. Possibly they may, but take a fact on good authority.

An Irish gentleman, who is now here with his family, wished to rent a house. The owner of the house having heard that this man wished to hire the house, and not knowing his person, fell into the mistake of thinking that the man who applied was the servant of the gentleman who wished to have the house. "Tell your master," said he, "that he must give $200. But you will want something. Do you tell your master that $240 is the price—give me the $200, and keep the $40 for yourself—your fee for arranging the matter." The man who did this was of some standing—a banker on whom many travelers get letters of credit. Something of this kind of managing business pervades society.

One great festa has passed since I came to Naples, and also the king's birthday, both of which were celebrated with much pomp. There was a great procession on the festa. The king and royal family attended. They marched from one church to another. The priests carried the host, the name given to the sacramental bread. It was carried under a rich canopy, the king and dignitaries of church and state accompanying it, splendidly arrayed. The procession marched between two lines of soldiers. The different orders of the priests had their peculiar dresses and distinctions—the crucifix was carried, banners displayed,

colors and flags by the dozen were seen flying—everything arranged for show—and this is a very great matter with them. The processions in honor of a saint are thought very meritorious. In truth, the religion of the heart appears unknown—the religion that Christ and his apostles taught has nothing in it like what passes for religion here—the religion of the New Testament, pure and simple, passes here for the worst kind of heresy.

Saint Janarius is the patron saint of Naples. They give him credit for the influence they believe he has used in preventing Vesuvius from pouring his burning matter as far as the city. And that they still expect him to keep a good lookout, and to protect them against any stream that may happen to flow toward the city, may be inferred from the fact, that they have his statue, as large as life, placed at the northeast part of the city, on an elevation on the roadside, with his face partly turned toward the mountain, as if watching; and his right arm stretched, with the hand open, and the palm of it pressed forward, as if to fend off not only the lava, but the mountain itself, should it attempt to move down and discompose the good people of Naples, who have put themselves under his protection. Everywhere in Italy you see and hear the Virgin and saints more honored than the true God and Jesus Christ the only Mediator.

Concerning the liquefying of the dry blood, attributed to this Saint Janarius, a friend relates the following: While the French were here they wished to witness the miracle, but were told, by the priest who had the matter in charge, that it was impossible, it was not the time; but the French officer replied that if it was not done in an hour the saint should lose his head (that is, his statue). The miracle was wrought; and who would blame the saint for putting himself a little out of his ordinary course of wonder-work-

ing to save his head? The opinion among intelligent Protestants who have recently seen it is, that a red mixture is in the vial, which coagulates, but which the natural warmth of the hand will bring back to a liquid state. The priest holds the vial in his hand, rubs his hand over it, perhaps kisses it; and, after some lapse of time, and a good deal of working and rubbing of the vial, the mixture does liquefy, or is declared by the priest to have become liquefied.

It is really a matter of wonder that such tricks are permitted by the more intelligent of the priesthood to be played off, amid all the light that now shines. The evil done to religion by such shallow pretenses is enormous. The thinking part of the community, not possessed of that information which enables them to distinguish the true from the false, the well-authenticated facts and miracles of the Bible from the tricks and pretenses of the priests, reject all and become infidels.

This mention of the French, and their way of doing things, brings to mind a fact reported as having taken place at Rome during their rule. They were a sad set of fellows, and yet I can hardly regret some of their doings, and almost wish their rule had been prolonged a few years more in Italy, under the strong impression that with all its evils it would have left the country in a much better condition than it is now in. Their power is said to have pressed heavily—possibly it did, but it was pressing things into a much better form than they had before—their rule had many redeeming properties, which may in vain be looked for in the systems now in operation.

But to the fact at Rome. The French were in the habit of rummaging churches, looking *at* and *under* and *behind* things—yea, taking hold of things and handling them—even the most precious things they met with; and it is said that not a few stuck to their hands and wholly disappeared

from the churches—many a golden and silver candlestick, many adamantine hearts, and so on. It was not to be supposed that St. Peter's, which everybody visits, would not be looked into and examined by these inquisitive gentry. There is a famous gilded chair, said to have been the seat of the Apostle Peter, and left to be the seat of his successors. It is placed against the wall at the west end of the church, over against the great altar, covered with a splendid canopy, and surrounded with other things to make it doubly imposing—it is appealed to as a kind of matter-of-fact proof that Peter was Bishop of Rome. See there the episcopal, or rather papal chair he had made and used, and left to his successors to be thus used—a kind of knock-down argument this! The chair is certainly there, and a very rich and splendid one, and the church has decided that it is Peter's chair, and the church is infallible, and here, it is said, ought to be the end of the matter.

Well, the French, sad fellows as they were, having got into the habit of doubting and disbelieving things,—which they would have been the better for believing,—appear not to have believed all that was said about this chair. They looked not only *in* it, but *under* it and *behind* it; and what should they find but an Arabic inscription on the back of it, containing the name not of St. Peter, but Mohammed. What a tale to get out! In what an awkward position would it place the future Pope, if it were known that he was occupying the chair of Mohammed instead of that of St. Peter!

Means were used to have the chair replaced with its back against the wall—the story was hushed up—and might have been forgotten had not Lady Morgan put it in a book. The Pope put the book in the list of prohibited ones. What more could he do to keep the story from spreading? The inscription may have disappeared before now.

The squadron, which has been for several weeks in the bay, being about to sail for Malta, through the kindness of Captain Nicholson and the commodore, I was tendered a passage on board the Potomac. We passed the straits between Sicily and Italy. The captain sent a boat on shore at Messina; I had a place in it. We went through the whirlpool called Charybdis; from the nature of the currents and the shore there is an irregularity in the current at this place. At a certain state of the tide, for there *is* a little tide, there may be more agitation of the water than we saw. The imagination of the ancients made it a dangerous place. There is no danger; we passed through it in going from and to the ship.

We passed Stromboli; it is a round mountain with a small population on its sides; the fire is seen flaming out of the top every few minutes.

Mount Etna is a most stupendous mass. The valleys and top on the north side are covered with snow—much of the mount is bare—no fire or smoke visible. The whole face of the country in Sicily and the South of Italy, as seen from the sea, is mountainous. Fertile spots on the sides of these mountains appear to be well cultivated, as seen through a glass from the deck; but the villages are few, population sparse. The squadron being destined to Tripoli, and the wind unfavorable for a nearer approach, I left the Potomac twelve miles off Malta, landed at Valetta, and put up at the Clarence Hotel.

CHAPTER VI.

Malta—History—People—Saint Lucia's Festival—Santa Agatha's Veil-Legends—Festa del Bara—Baptism of a Dead Child—Many Languages—Opposition to the Bible—The Chaplain's Ball—Evenings on the House-top—J. Wolff and Lady Georgiana—Society—Miraculous Cures—Casting out a Devil—Observatory—Monks—Proclamation of Don Carlos—Christmas—An Admission—Levee—Fasting.

MALTA, *June* 27, 1835.—The Island of Malta lies about midway between Italy and Africa, about fifty miles from the southern point of Sicily. It is twenty miles long and twelve broad, and at its west end, separated by a narrow channel, is another small island called Gozo, considered as belonging to Malta. These islands have been originally a solid rock—and not much removed from that at present. The rock is a soft sandstone, some of it is destitute of soil. I am told that which is now spread over the fields has been brought from abroad. Most of it, no doubt, has been derived from the decomposition of the rock on the surface.

It would seem that forests have never covered these islands. The very few trees seen are fruit and ornamental trees. Some gardens have a variety of fruits and shrubbery. A stranger looking from some house-top would say it was nearly destitute of vegetation. The whole surface is cut up into small lots averaging from four to six acres, and sometimes less, inclosed in high stone walls. I could not imagine what gave the people such a passion for stone walls, and learned that they were to protect vegetation from the violent winds which often sweep over the islands,

and break down, or whip in pieces, the young plants where they have no protection.

Figs, oranges, lemons, apricots, and grapes grow under the shelter of these walls; and cotton, and grain of different kinds, are cultivated.

Malta, we read, was first occupied by the Phœnicians, and at an early day became a place of some trade. The Romans had possession of it in the time of St. Paul. There is another island, of the same name, at the mouth of the Adriatic, and some writers adduce reasons to show that that island, not this, was the one on which the shipwreck took place. The evidence, to me, is in favor of this as the one where Paul wintered. It was then under a chief called Publius. After various changes, which we need not follow, it came into the possession of Charles V. of Spain, who gave it to the Knights of St. John, about the year 1530, a few years after that order was forced from Rhodes, by the Sultan Soliman, after a most desperate defense. The Turks made two desperate attempts to drive them from Malta. The last, in 1565, was one of the most famous sieges in modern times. The Turks lost about 25,000 men and the Knights from 7000 to 8000. The Turks at last broke up the siege. From this period the character of the Knights began to degenerate. In 1797 the French, under Bonaparte on his way to Egypt, took possession of the island. After the defeat of the French in Egypt, and the destruction of their fleet, the English laid siege to Malta; after a gallant defense they took it in 1800, and no doubt, from its importance, will hold it as long as they can.

The chief town, Valetta, is strongly fortified. It lies on the northeast side of the island, and has two harbors, separated at their outlet to the sea by a narrow tongue of rock, which is mounted by a stupendous fort. The mouths of these harbors are very narrow, but have ample water.

Within they have much room, divided into branches separated by high points of rock, all covered with strong forts. On the land side there is wall behind wall, and ditch behind ditch, several times over. There is a well-furnished navy yard, and a large body of British soldiers.

The Maltese, in appearance, are like the Neapolitans and Sicilians. Their color, the black, coarse hair, and idle, careless look, forcibly reminded me of our western Indians. The dress of the Maltese differs little from the common English mode. The women wear the faldette instead of the bonnet. This is made of a large piece of black silk, gathered up at one side just above the shoulder, with something stiff run in the edge which crosses over the forehead, preventing its falling on the face. It is thrown over the head, hanging loosely behind to the waist; with one hand the corners are held in front. The face is not concealed by it. It is very becoming—much more so than calashes and sun-bonnets. Some of the young Maltese ladies have put on bonnets, and have even worn them to church; but this gave offense to the priesthood, and the bishop issued an order that the Roman Catholics should not wear the bonnet to church, but keep to the good old faldette.

Valetta is a well-built city, with great uniformity and regularity in the height and construction of the buildings. The window-sash and blinds and the doors of the houses are of wood; all else is of stone, mortar, and iron. The roofs are flat; the side walls carried up so as to form strong balustrades. This affords a fine opportunity for taking the air, and the inmates resort to the roof, in the cool of the evening, for a promenade. Balconies project in front from the upper stories, where ladies may be seen with their work and gentlemen with books. The streets are of good width, well paved, and kept neat and clean.

When in Naples I thought the people the most noisy I

had ever been among; I doubt now whether they exceed the Maltese. I occasionally visit a public library and reading-room near the palace of the Grand Master. Back of this reading-room there is a street where there are not only many shops but a number of stalls and frames where goods are exhibited for sale, and it is really a matter of wonder to hear the din and confusion of voices which come up from that place. They are almost as bad in the street where I room, although not a business part of the town, and but few things to draw noisy people; yet, as if they would by simply bawling force effect a sale of their articles, they will often for hours keep up such a vociferation that I am not a little amazed. I have seen nothing to justify the opinion that they are a revengeful and ill-natured people, as they are reported. Since coming under British authority, they have found that crime will be followed by punishment, and that some of their old-established ways of escaping will not avail them. A few years ago a Maltese committed murder and took refuge in the Church of St. John, claiming the protection of the priests. When demanded, the priests refused to give him up. The Governor renewed the demand; it was refused. Knowing that he had to brave an old prejudice—to break up an old pretended right—he put the troops under arms, paraded them before the church, with a field-piece or two, and renewed his demand, with the assurance that if the villain was not at once given up to be punished, he would batter down the church over his head and that of his protectors. He was given up, and no attempt made since to evade justice in that way.

They, however, often try to protect each other by testifying to their innocence. A gentleman lately detected a fellow making a noise to disturb a Protestant congregation. He caught and held him until the police took him in

charge. At his trial before a magistrate for his offense, a priest came forward and swore that the accused was at the time specified confessing to him.

It is very common at Malta, in the warm weather, for persons to take a loll in the middle of the day. In walking the streets about that time, hundreds of the poorer people—the porters, the idlers, the market and fruit men and women—are to be seen lying in the piazzas and on the shady sides of the streets—at some sequestered spots little congregations of them. But this is not all,—I have seen many of them, as late at night as I have been out, lying on the cold, hard pavement, asleep. Sometimes they have a mat to lie on, but very often have nothing but the scanty clothes that they wear by day. Many of their rooms are cellars, or small and badly ventilated, and must be uncomfortable in midsummer, and this may induce them to prefer the street. The case is very much the same in Naples, where thousands have no houses, but sleep wherever they can find a place. Perhaps this is the case in all warm countries. "Man wants but little here below," etc. It appears rather strange to see people growing up and living to old age without having owned either bed, sheet, or blanket.

We have had a fair sample of the sirocco. For three days the wind came from the south, loaded with dust. However close you might shut the windows and doors, it would penetrate. The degree of heat was not over 90°, and did not affect me unpleasantly.

There is much trade between Sicily and Malta. A large part of the vegetables, fruit, and grain used in Malta is brought from Sicily. That island has great advantages as to soil and productions, and were it under a good government it would be one of the most desirable spots in the world. But now, from all that I hear, it is as low, both as to edu-

cation, improvement, enterprise, morals, and religion, as it well can be. It is one of the darkest spots in Europe. I have now before me the journal of a naval officer, from which I will make a few extracts showing how things are done by the Papists in Sicily.

My first extract is from his account of the festa of Santa Lucia, the patron saint of Syracuse.

"The day of her martyrdom is observed as a festival, which is conducted with all the superstitious pomp and idolatrous worship that ever characterized the religious observances of heathenism. A silver statue of Santa Lucia, preserved in the treasury of the cathedral, is on this day borne in solemn procession to the church, where it is deposited a certain number of days for public worship. Crowds rush round her altar—their sympathies are excited —*their charities extracted*—men and women, according to some previous vow, made in sickness or in sorrow, walk from the town in barefooted pilgrimage, to adore her.

"We witnessed the festival and its ceremonies, and the procession, which positively seemed more calculated to provoke the ludicrous propensities than to inspire religious feelings. The silver image, covered with tinseled drapery, mounted on a platform, was borne on the shoulders of four men, preceded by a military band of music, and followed by the ecclesiastical dignitaries in a vehicle very much like a dilapidated, cast-off mayor's state-coach of the last century; a second carriage conveyed the civil and military authorities, while a jumbled mass of priests, monks, friars, soldiers, and citizens formed an endless train in the rear; and such was the conduct and appearance of the *ensemble* that Catholic, Protestant, Greek, and Jew who were among the spectators around me exclaimed with surprise at the existence of such rites in a Christian country of the nineteenth century. If I had been transported again among

the fetich ceremonies of Dahomey, greater paganism could not have been exhibited.

"Records are preserved, at the convent of San Nicoli, of all the eruptions of Etna, blended with a few marvelous traditionary tales, savoring much of monkish trickery. One in particular interested me, since it explained the origin of a delusion that is practiced on the bigoted and ignorant of the modern population of Catania—namely, the bearing, in cases of public calamity, such as famine, awful eruptions, or plague, in procession, the veil of the patroness Santa Agatha, which is warranted, by the rules of priestcraft, to stay the one or direct the course of the other. The fiction states that 'A.D. 254 a stone was ejected, during a great eruption, from the mount, containing a Latin inscription, which fell on the tomb of Agatha. The priests and people of Catania, moved by such a miracle, immediately opened the sepulcher, took out the veil that enveloped the body, and carried it in front of the burning lava, which suddenly changed its direction, and left the city in safety.' Hence, then, all the folly, mummery, and bigotry excited by this veil which is enshrined in the cathedral of Catania.

"The cathedral of Messina is consecrated to the Virgin Mary. The circumstance which caused her to be proclaimed patroness of the city was a monkish legend to the following effect: 'St. Paul, arriving at Messina, was persuaded to return to Jerusalem with an embassy from the city to the Virgin, which being favorably received, he brought back an answer to the citizens, written by herself in Hebrew, accompanied with a lock of her hair, the former of which was lost during the Saracenic invasion, but restored in 1467 by a Greek monk, in a literal copy, which is to this day preserved in the treasury of the cathedral, while the lock of her hair constitutes one of the sacred

relics of the chapel on the left of the altar; and such is the superstitious credulity of the great bulk of the Messinese, that whoever doubts the fact is denounced as a heretic and an infidel.

"The festival of the assumption is now called the Festa del Bara, from the gorgeous machine of that name, which constitutes the most attractive part of the puppet-show. It stands between forty and fifty feet high, embellished with angels, clouds, cherubim, and a variety of other objects grouped up to typify the assumption of the Virgin, all of which is surmounted by a blasphemous incorporation of the Almighty, holding forth a tawdrily decorated female figure, intended to represent the soul of the Virgin. The parts which form the center—namely, a bright, radiated sun and blue globe studded with golden stars—are kept in motion by revolving machinery, as the procession moves along the streets, while on the platform of the base the apostles are personated by twelve Messinese children, surrounded by a choir chanting hymns over the tomb of the Virgin. A band of music, with religious as well as military banners, precedes this holy pageant, accompanied by all the constituted authorities of the city in full costume, followed by nearly the whole population of Messina."

This is Papacy in Sicily, where especial care is taken to exclude the Bible. We shall see if its influence is any better on this island.

A church was pointed out to me as the one to which, at certain times in the year, the Maltese take their mules and donkeys and have them sprinkled with holy water and blessed; a feast or frolic is made of it. They attach much importance to it, believing it keeps off disease and accidents.

I am sorry to say that the British authorities give but too much countenance to many of these follies. I know not

that it would be right to forcibly suppress them, but as an enlightened Protestant government, it ought not to sanction them by giving aid. A few years ago two officers, who were Protestants, were commanded to fire a salute in honor of some of these superstitious and idolatrous ceremonies; they petitioned against it as a thing they could not conscientiously do; they were arraigned for disobeying orders, tried, and broke.

The other evening I took tea with an English family; the lady of which appeared to be truly pious. She informed me that a good many years ago she and family were at Cadiz, in Spain. Her infant became sick and died. There was no Protestant burying-ground, and she applied to have it buried in the common burying-ground, but this was objected to on the ground that it was a Protestant's child. A priest told her that if she would allow him to open the coffin and baptize the dead child he would have it buried in the church-yard, but on no other condition. She, as most persons would in such a situation, let the priest baptize it, knowing it was only a superstitious notion of his.

Many of the Maltese poor have no other way to obtain a living than to serve in Protestant families. The priests therefore direct their efforts to prevent those servants from receiving correct ideas on the subject of religion. They forbid their attending family worship, oppose their hearing the Scriptures read, make them give up the Scriptures which may have been given them. They have passed a regulation that every person in the employ of Protestants shall pay annually a small sum of money, that they may have an interest in the prayers of the church to protect them against the evils arising from being with Protestants.

An attempt was made, not long since, to have regular preaching in the Methodist chapel to the Maltese, for the

special purpose of converting them from their error. Some attended, which excited the wrath of the priesthood. They made an attempt to interrupt the worship, and it was believed, were about to break the windows when the police prevented. There is a family apartment in the same building as the chapel, occupied by a Protestant family. The house is under an interdict, so that no Roman Catholic servant can be had to live in the family. In this way they show their resentment for attempts to convert them.

To a person who has lived where but one language is spoken, it is strange to find everybody around them speaking two or more languages. Hundreds of children grow up here in Malta with the knowledge of several languages, almost without knowing how they acquired them. Many of the servants, boatmen, and porters speak Maltese, Italian, and English. Those in the upper circles are acquainted with four or five languages.

A few days past, wishing to take lessons in Italian pronunciation, I sent for a good teacher; he called, and we came to the usual understanding. I preferred reading in the Bible for a few lessons. He hesitated at reading in *that* book, and expressed his preference for some other book. I told him I had not the books he specified, and thought it hardly worth while buying them for the short time I expected to take lessons. He yielded so far as to read part of a chapter in the New Testament; but the next day sent me a note, that he was not permitted to give lessons in the Scriptures, and, moreover, he was not allowed to come to my room to give lessons. I am now staying with Rev. S., in the mission-house, where there are printing-presses and deposits of Protestant books. It is considered profane ground, and a good Papist will not, if he can help it, set foot on it.

Another more singular fact of opposition to the Bible

was stated to me. Rev. R. made some attempts to read the Scriptures to some poor beggar women. He had a set time for giving them alms—took them into his house and read a portion before he imparted to them his alms. It was soon known, and great offense taken by the priests and those under their control. A disposition was manifested to mob Mr. R., but this was prevented; they, however, stoned his house and broke his windows. While the excitement was up, Mr. R. had occasion to cross the harbor. On leaving the boat, he laid down on the seat a very liberal payment. But the boatman would not touch it, coming from such a heretic, and positively took a stick and pushed it into the sea.

This place has two chaplains, one for the army and one for the civil department and other English residents. One is now absent on account of health, the other performs the duties of both. How they are performed one may judge from the following facts:

Some ten days past the chaplain had a large party. A particular friend of mine was invited, and went. Most of the *fashionables* were there. The party continued until much past midnight. Amusements of various kinds were introduced, and, among others, dancing! My friend did not know that it was to be a party of that sort when he went. Finding that things were taking such a turn, he meditated an escape—was detected in it by the clergyman's lady, who rallied him not a little for his strict notions, and tried *to engage him in a dance.* He was a missionary.

Wishing to know how far his public teaching went with his example, I resolved to hear him preach on the following Sabbath. At nine o'clock he had a noble congregation of soldiers. They are obliged to attend, and are marched to the church with military music. He read part

of the Episcopal service. Took part of the parable of the Good Samaritan for his text, and spoke about ten or twelve minutes. His remarks were wholly on the duty of being kind and charitable, of doing good to our fellow-men, and that thus we would please God, that not to be compassionate would be to sin and offend the Most High. "Precepts of the gospel" was once used, but nothing said that necessarily suggested the idea of our fallen state, the redemption through Christ, or the change that must take place on man through the operation of God's grace; in short, there was no gospel in it, and as good a moral lecture might be found among the pagan moralists. Poor food, thought I, for these soldiers who are exposed to all sorts of vice, and need the full power of gospel truth to change, reform, and save them.

I followed him to the church, where the citizens came to receive their Sabbath-day's spiritual food; but few came for it. His text was II. Kings, xix. 14 and 15, where Hezekiah received an abusive and blasphemous letter from the king of Assyria and spread it out before the Lord. The passage is a fine one, and I did hope he would give us something worth hearing. After a few preliminaries, the bearing of which I did not well see, he applied the text by way of accommodation to the state of the Episcopal Church in England and dependencies. The poor church, so pious, so excellent, so apostolical, like Hezekiah, was truly beset by enemies, who reviled, and abused, and labored to destroy her. He waxed warm on this matter—much more so than on the subject of the Samaritan. He represented the Established Church as *the church* of God, and was equally indiscriminate in representing all who were troubling it, although only to reform its abuses, as the reproaching and opposing enemies of the church. His subject gave him warmth, and he spoke twice as long as he did to the soldiers. It gave him more voice;

on the animating theme of defending the establishment he was heard by most in the church, while at the other church a large part could not have heard him.

He has been here many years as chaplain. As to the advantages of an establishment that fills such places with such men all may judge. The religious privileges of the soldiers would be decidedly better had they no chaplain, provided no obstructions were put in the way of evangelical men preaching to them. Now they are obliged to attend the ministrations of the chaplain; other preachers are not allowed to visit the barracks and forts or hospital and preach, without his permission, and that is not given except they belong to the establishment. Soldiers may attend other churches, but it is not always that facilities are given. Three hours of duty, etc. may prevent.

A Neapolitan vessel of war has just sailed from this port. The officers, in visiting a Protestant family, made many inquiries about the doctrines held by the Protestants, and wherein they differed from the Romanists. Information was freely given. The result was that when the vessel was about to sail, at the request of the officers, five or six copies of the Scriptures were procured for them from the Bible Depository,—the officers expressing a fear that the books would be taken from them, but hoped not. "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump."

The island of Gozo, about twenty miles round, contains a population of 17,000, all natives, with the exception of a few British families and a small company of soldiers. The knobs, capped with rock, scattered over the island, give it a singular appearance. At the north, a very high rock stands off a little from the island, with nothing of interest except that a peculiar fungus grows on it, possessing medical properties, and extensively used throughout Europe. The most remarkable thing in Gozo is an old ruin called

the Giant's Tower. It stands on the top of one of the knobs, made of enormous stones, put together in their natural state without the use of mortar. At the entrance and altars—for it appears to have been a temple—some stones have been smoothed, but neither axe nor hammer have touched those that compose the building. Antiquarians are wholly at fault about its origin.

I must mention the grotto of Calypso, of which we have so pretty an account in Telemachus. There is one other at Malta, but that at Gozo is most visited. There they say Calypso detained Ulysses several years, while he would much rather have been with his wife in Ithaca. The grotto is a poor, miserable hole of a place, not worth seeing. It is all a fable; the whole story of its invention, I am assured, is as follows: Mr. ——, being disposed to have a joke, asked a priest where in Gozo was Calypso's grotto? The priest said he had never heard of any. Mr. —— said it must be there, for Gozo was the island on which Ulysses made the stay. The priest thought and thought, and at last said he thought he recollected, when a boy, that his grandfather had said something about it. He presently fixed on the cave and called it the grotto; and now it is put down on the maps, and all travelers must see it. So much for the way old places are identified.

During the summer there is no rain in Malta. Occasionally a dark cloud may be seen, and a few drops of rain may fall, but for the most part the sky is clear by day and night. If the glare and heat of the sun be great, it is compensated by the beauty and freshness of the night. The starry heavens are most lovely, and when seen from the tops of the houses, with the wide-spread horizon, bounded on all sides by the meeting of the waters and the sky, in the far distant prospect, the scene is enchanting. I am in some danger of falling in love with the eastern mode of building, at

least as to the roofs and terrace on the top. Few things are more pleasant than, at the hour of the setting sun, to ascend to the terrace, where the roof, as smooth as a floor, gives you a long and safe walk—the battlements at the side, some two or three feet high, giving security against falling over, and here, with a friend or alone, to drink in the cool air, to gaze on the wide-spread scene, and the clear blue vault above, and receive the kind greetings of acquaintances who, from the tops of the neighboring houses, are enjoying the same pleasures.

But I have forgotten the rains. About the last of September or the first of October there is usually much rain. It is rather a quick succession of showers, many of them very heavy, than a continued fall of rain. These showers are now frequent, and the cisterns are replenished.

Lady Georgiana Wolff has been a resident of Malta for several years. She was a Walpole, a very ancient and honorable family among the nobility of England. She is, I hope, a truly pious lady; having received, perhaps, those opinions about the literal return of the Jews and the personal reign of Christ held by many in Europe. She very seldom makes these subjects of conversation, but manifests more interest in those which concern the spiritual kingdom of Christ as set up in the hearts of his people.

She owns a handsome property, but owing, perhaps, to the fact that her marriage was not wholly with the wishes of her friends, Mr. Wolff does not use these means in his expensive travels. Lady G. is a very well-informed woman, and has moved much in the best of society. She has traveled a good deal in the countries around the Mediterranean, with her husband. At Cyprus, Egypt, and Jerusalem she has spent some time. She is familiar with four or five languages. She is fond of Malta, and is very useful. The Maltese are rather an improvident race, I fear. They

are poor and ignorant, and the island is overstocked with people for the business of the place. There is, of course, much suffering, especially in winter. There are several charitable societies, supported mostly, but not exclusively, by the English, which give much relief. Lady Georgiana takes a very active part in these societies, and expends an amount of time, labor, and means that few have the ability to do. Truly, the blessings of many who were like to perish must come upon her. It is pleasing to see the great of this world thus coming forward and exhibiting an example of Christian charity.

Lady G. is about the usual height, but somewhat fleshy—her complexion is fine, her face an interesting one, and quite expressive—is intelligent, well read, cheerful, and, at times, full of anecdotes, and very pleasant company. She has one lovely little boy. May the Lord preserve him!

The families with whom I have become acquainted would be an acquisition to any circle; some of them, indeed, of peculiar interest. Many of them are connected with the army and navy, and as these are moved from station to station every few years, families may be found who have lived in various parts of the world,—the East and West Indies, Greece, Corfu, Egypt, and Gibraltar. I was not a little interested the other day while dining with Gen. W., to find that Mrs. W. was a personal friend of Henry Martyn; that he used to preach in her father's house, at C——, in the East Indies, and that he baptized some of her children. She gave me several anecdotes about him, and spoke in the warmest terms of his piety.

The subject of miraculous cures has excited much interest in England of late years. I have been reading a publication stating the cases of persons hopelessly crippled, lame, confined to the bed, suffering acute pain for a long time, etc., suddenly cured and restored to health and the

use of their limbs by faith in God in answer to prayer. The cases are attested by persons of distinction,—two clergymen of the Church of England, eminent physicians, and others. Sir Astley Cooper had in one case reported, "there is a general curvature of the spine and a projection of the seventh joint." Dr. Burnet, and the Bishops of Salisbury, Worcester, and London are appealed to as witnesses of the truth of the statements, as also the Lord Mayor of London.

It is not safe to give too ready a credence to any account which may get abroad; while, on the other hand, it is not the part of wisdom to take it for granted that all such accounts must, of course, be false. There is not, as far as my acquaintance with the word of God goes, anything said which goes to prove that God's gracious and even miraculous interposition would be wholly withdrawn from his church. The saying is, indeed, common, that "the days of miracles are past;" it is not, however, so said in Scripture. I do not say that it may not be true, but *that the Scripture is silent on the matter;* and the longer I live, the more wisdom I see in the advice somewhere given, "not to be wise on religion above what is written."

The deceits and frauds practiced in the Papal Church have perhaps more than anything else tended to produce, in the minds of a large number of sober-minded Protestants, a pretty strong prejudice against all modern miracles. Those extraordinary cures and recoveries which at times take place, and especially when preceded by, and accompanied with, much and earnest prayer to God, with strong faith in his power to afford aid, with a full and clear reliance on the name and merits of the Saviour, at least deserve a serious, and respectful, and unprejudiced examination of the case, and recognition of the hand of God, where the proof is clear that his hand hath wrought.

There are in the lives of God's people, in the private history of many a follower of Christ, many tokens of God's presence, many proofs that he does hear prayer; yea, not a few turns of Providence, and deliverances, and escapes, which are to the mind of the individual as strikingly evidential of the working of His hand as if they were embodied in a real miracle. A person who, on looking back, can recollect such cases, ought not, surely, to say confidently, that God never will, that Christ never does, graciously interpose, even to remove bodily diseases from his afflicted members who in faith seriously seek unto him for aid. Were there more faith in the church there would, probably, be more cases of the divine interposition and more ready admission of his hand.

While my hand is in about the marvelous I will give a case which I had from a person who was present and witnessed it. The relator is a pious person, and would not be apt to mistake. A few years ago Mr. Wolff was traveling from Egypt to Jerusalem by land. There was quite a company along, a good many Arabs among them. These Arabs were very wicked fellows, one of them was especially vile and profane in conversation. One night when they had camped, and Mr. W. had retired to rest in his tent, the Arabs sitting about the fire, the one who had been so very vile and wicked began to make the most strange and unearthly sounds that were ever heard. The others said he was possessed with a devil, and some of them commanded the devil in the name of Mohammed to come out of him. The possessed man replied that Mohammed was a pig,—a contemptuous way of speaking of Mohammed, which a good Mohammedan would not use,—and after this went on some time. Mr. W. said that he fully believed that Jesus had power now as formerly to cast out devils, and he would command the devil in the name of Jesus to

come out of the man; he did so, and the man was silent; after some time he began again a little, but on Mr. W.'s again commanding him in the name of Christ, he was again silent. On the night before they reached Jerusalem the man was possessed in the same way, and his comrades wished Mr. W. to silence him, but on that occasion he declined. One of the Arabs then commanded the devil in the name of Jesus to be silent, and the man was silent. They were much struck with it, and talked about the name of Jesus doing what the name of Mohammed would not, and asked Mr. W. about his character and religion. I make no comment on this.

The Rev. Joseph Wolff, introduced above, has arrived from England. He is of Jewish extraction; early in life became favorable to Christianity, but in the first instance with that form of it held by the Papists. He spent some time at Rome, and was a member of the famous Roman mission-school called the Propaganda. His active and inquisitive mind led him to call in question the various tenets of that church. This was borne for some time, but at length he pushed his doubts so far as to start the question whether the Pope might not be "antichrist" or "the man of sin;" further tolerance could not be expected—he was expelled. Not long after leaving Rome he embraced the views of Protestants; was for a long time connected with the Jews Society, but for the most of the time since has depended mainly on his own resources and that of private individuals. He has traveled much as a missionary; about a year since returned from a tour through the center of Asia. While on this tour he suffered much—was at times in much danger; but, on the other hand, was at various points much caressed, and that from Mohammedan and Pagan princes. From the king of Oude he received about one thousand pounds, and at other times, from other persons, about as much. Since

his return he has published his journal, sold three editions, and realized about another thousand.

He is now preparing for another tour through the heart of Africa—will go from this to Egypt, thence to Ethiopia or Abyssinia, thence to Timbuctoo, and thence to the Cape of Good Hope, after which he says he must visit the United States and ascertain whether our western Indians are of Jewish descent; he is one of those who think that there is a large body of Jews—the ten tribes—who are yet to be found.

In person he is below the medium height, but of a thick, strong frame, well clothed with flesh, has a large, round face, bushy hair, short neck, a quick and rather restless eye, talks a good deal, and often passes from one subject to another before others expect it. He possesses considerable information, is master of many modern tongues, is very lively, cheerful, and even playful, and has a great desire to be doing something for the promotion of the cause of Christ.

He is an ardent advocate for the personal reign of the Lord Jesus at Jerusalem; and thinks that the time is only ten or fifteen years off—is very confident that the Jews will be gathered and re-established in their own land, be the first of nations, have the Saviour to reign over them in person, and that until this great event takes place not much will be accomplished in converting the world to the knowledge of Christ. He does not dwell as much on these points as formerly; in my interviews with him they have not been much discussed.

Malta has been in the possession of the British about thirty-five years; has usually been the place where missionaries to the countries round the Mediterranean first came. The American, English Church, London Missionary, and Jews' Societies have all made it head-quarters for a time. The Americans have left and removed their printing-presses

to Smyrna and Beyroot. The London have removed theirs to Corfu. That of the Church Missionary Society is still here in efficient operation. The Methodists have no press and but two missionaries in the Mediterranean—one at Gibraltar, the other at Malta—the latter of doubtful continuance. The mission has had almost no effect on the Maltese, but has done good to the soldiers and residents. During the present year they have broken up the mission in Egypt and withdrawn their missionary.

There is a restriction on the press here. The government require all the publications to be submitted to them before they are published. Nothing is allowed to be published or circulated against the Romish Church. A small newspaper is printed weekly, but contains but little—the same matter in English and Italian in adjoining columns. It is true that education is not general, but some can read, and perhaps nothing would so soon awaken a spirit of improvement, and beget a thirst for learning to read, as a free press, which would scatter far and wide its publications. Malta might, and ought to be made a school for oriental languages—a great moral, religious, and intellectual lighthouse for the adjacent countries. Its situation, climate, cheapness of living, its oriental habits and manners, and its relation to England, the great mother of modern improvements in arts, commerce, intellectual and moral culture, give it peculiar advantages. May the government have the wisdom and enterprise to perceive and use it.

There was formerly an observatory on the top of the palace. It had the usual apparatus, and a large telescope, well adapted to astronomical purposes. The palace, a high building, standing on the highest point in Valetta, the observatory commands a fine horizon. There is no object to obstruct the view; add to this the fact that, for most of the year, there is no rain, few clouds, and a clear, pure sky,

and being withal the farthest point south at which an observatory is placed, gives it much interest. And yet no proper use is made of it; few know that there ever was an observatory on the top, or that there are stowed away in an old room in the palace the telescope and instruments belonging to it. When the French took the island, under Bonaparte, on his way to Egypt, the instruments were removed and the room used for a signal-point. It is still thus used, and the instruments rusting in an adjoining room. Across the large saloon is a meridian line, together with the zodiac, laid down in marble, with the zodiacal signs and degrees wrought in the marble, admirably done.

This neglect is the more inexcusable, as the English government possess all the property held by the knights, and this comprises a considerable portion of the property, both in town and country, houses and lands. The Maltese have some cause for complaint, and the matter is about to be investigated in Parliament.

Dr. Rudge, in his sermon on the late commemoration of the translation of the Scriptures into English, has the following singular and important record:

"In a memorial presented to Pope Julius III., 1553, by the Bishops of Romania, Capula, and Thessalonica, relative to the prevailing abuses and corruptions, the following important *admission* is made. 'We believe, as an article of faith, what the Council of Trent has decreed on tradition, that our Lord Jesus Christ and his apostles delivered more precepts relating to manners and faith, by word of mouth, than are in the Scriptures, and that these, without writing, were handed down to us; and although we cannot prove this clearly (for among ourselves we plainly acknowledge that we have no proofs, but some sort of conjectures to make out what we teach concerning tradition); yet we confess this to be true, because the Romish Church main-

tains it. In the days of the apostles (to tell you the truth, but you must be silent), and for several years after them, there was no mention made of either Pope or cardinals, much less of any of these doctrines, these laws, these constitutions, or this sovereignty, which we now exercise over people and nations. We have reserved the most considerable advice, which we could at this time (1553) give your Holiness, to the last.' They then proceed to suggest that the Pope 'should use all his force, to prevent the gospel being read,' and they add, 'really, whoever shall diligently weigh the Scriptures, and then consider all the things that are usually done in our churches, will find there is a great difference betwixt them; and the doctrine of ours is very unlike, and in many things repugnant to it.' I need not make a single comment on the above, a Protestant could scarcely find anything more to his purpose."—*London Weekly Journal.*

"According to a statement, which there is every reason to believe correct, there have been 3000 convents suppressed within the last three years. The example was set by the Emperor of Russia, who, by an ukase in 1832, abolished 187 convents of monks. This was followed by the King of Prussia, who, by a royal order, secularized all the convents in the Duchy of Posen. In 1834, Don Pedro put down 300, and Spain has lately abolished 1800 convents." (*Ibid.*) Does not this look like the fulfillment of the prophecy in Rev. xvii. 16? "God hath put it into their hearts to fulfill this."

The monks on the island are an abandoned set. The police have often to interfere in their houses and keep the peace. The more respectable Maltese despise them, and will not permit them to visit their houses; it is believed that they would be glad to see the monasteries suppressed.

After what I have noticed relating to the festivals in other Papal countries, I need not enter into the details of these "religious ceremonies," as they are observed in Malta. Suffice it to state that the processions with images and pictures, the illuminations, the banners, the reports of small cannon from the tops of the churches, the squibs and crackers, the ringing of bells, the music, the shoutings from the crowds who throng the streets, combine to produce a scene of disorder and confusion beyond description. It might be taken for the worst kind of drunken frolic. And all this as a religious festival! The music is chiefly made by the fiddle, playing all sorts of light and lively tunes.

It is a rule that every church before it keeps a festival must obtain leave from the authorities. Mr. G., connected with the Police, tells me, he thinks the applications from the churches in the island average more than one for each day. The expense for oil, wax candles, etc. is often great, while the poor are suffering with starvation. But this is Papacy. The great multiplication of such days in Papal countries does evil in many ways—produces idleness, affects business, and tends to injure the due observance of the Sabbath.

The following curious document is published in the Spanish papers:

"ARMY OF THE KING DON CARLOS V.

"The most Holy Virgin De los Dores, having been declared by me Generalissimo of my troops, it became my duty, from motives of veneration and piety, to distinguish with the title of Generalissimo, the royal standard, which bears for its device this august image; and, in consequence, I ordain that this august and royal standard be not lowered before any person, not even before me, and that the

same honors and salutes be rendered to it as is to the Holy Sacrament.

"Given at Estella, this 2d day of August, 1835.

"I, THE KING."

It is not difficult, I apprehend, to see the design of the above decree. It is to operate on the religious prejudices of the Spanish population, who are yet under the influence of a superstitious belief in the protection of the Virgin, especially on the priesthood and monks, who have lately been so roughly handled; and must not every good Catholic tremble to be found opposing the cause which the blessed Mary is especially engaged in promoting? It is, really, a right good notion of Don Carlos. It is a last desperate effort. It, however, places the Virgin in a delicate position. Should she fail to save him, should his army still be beaten with the Virgin Generalissimo at its head, will not her votaries lose confidence in her?—become heretics as to her power to save! To serve his own cause, Don Carlos has placed the cause of the Virgin in a perilous situation, for it is almost certain, that with all the aid she can give him, his cause must go down—and then the poor Virgin will lose credit.

An evening or two since I was introduced to a young man, as "*a Mr. Trollope, near relative of the Mrs. Trollope who had written a book on the United States.*" The introduction so brought up the subject of the book, that he perhaps felt almost obliged to say something about it. He did this very modestly, intimating that his relative was thought by many not to have done us justice; and passed off to some inquiries about our country, the state of religion, and how we could get along without a provision made by law for the support of the gospel. Mrs. Trollope's book is often referred to. Generally I find that those who have had

some opportunities of inquiring for themselves about America are disposed to admit their travelers have not done us justice.

The state of slavery in the South is a perpetual topic. In truth, it does incalculable injury to our national character. Would to God that it were done away with—that the South would adopt some plan to put an end to the sin, to remove the cause of reproach, and get clear of the danger! Then, indeed, our land might be pointed to as the land favored of the Lord; as blessed with civil and religious privileges above all lands; as loved and gloried in by her sons; and that without having it perpetually said in reply, "but look at your slavery."

We are now in the height of the rainy season. Many heavy falls of rain have taken place. Yesterday we had a Levanter—a tremendous blow, and this morning the roughest sea I have yet seen. To-morrow is Christmas, and we have not seen ice; it seldom freezes here. I have not, as yet, had a fire in my room, and I am in latitude 36 deg., so much does the situation modify the natural heat and cold of a given latitude.

On Christmas there was worship at the government chapel. The congregation was fuller than usual, and the chapel adorned with evergreens. The Lord's Supper was administered, and I was surprised to find that so many remained to partake of it. I learned that it is, at Malta, the custom to partake of the Supper on Christmas-day, and that many who seldom attend church at other times attend then and partake of the ordinance. Whether it is considered a work of merit or of penance I know not, but it gives a discouraging view of the state of religion in the state church; still, as so many show a disposition to attend those meetings where the gospel is plainly preached, I am disposed to throw the blame on the chaplains.

January 1, 1836. To-day there has been a levee at the palace, given by the acting Lieutenant-Governor, in the absence of Lord Ponsonby, the Governor. The rooms of the palace were thrown open, and a crowd assembled in the saloon. Among the company were officers of the army and navy, foreign consuls, priests, respectable English residents, and a Turkish bashaw and suite. At twelve the door from the saloon to the council-chamber was thrown open and exhibited the Lieut.-Governor, surrounded with other governmental officers. The company passed in and bowed to him, and, if they chose, congratulated him on the return of the day. Introductions were not needful. The company passed through the room into the long passage, and traversed it between a double file of soldiers, and thus passed out. No ladies present.

Most of the Christian sects in the Levant, and the same may be said of the Mohammedans, lay great stress on fasting. The Jews did the same. This custom of fasting many days in succession, which implies only abstaining from food to a certain time of the day, and from certain kinds of food altogether during the fast, may have obtained from an early period, and may throw light on some passages of Scripture. In the account of the shipwreck of Paul, it is said they continued fasting to the fourteenth day. They had probably fasted part of each day, or during the whole time abstained from certain kinds of food.

At the levee I was conversing with the Greek consul, who, having lived long at Malta, was acquainted with many present, and who, to while away the time, entertained me with short notices of some of the persons passing. Among others he pointed out a priest who, he said, was a man of more than usual talents and information, and much more liberal in his views than most of his fellow-priests. And, added he, "I met him at the ball last night, and he pro-

posed to me, about eleven o'clock, to go and get some supper; 'for,' said he, 'I must finish eating before twelve o'clock, for I have mass to say in the morning, and you know I must do that fasting.' But," continued the consul, "although he was thus particular about eating before twelve, that it might be before morning, when I came away from the ball, at quarter past twelve, I left him playing at cards."

On Sabbath two men, sailors, were baptized at the Methodist chapel. They belong to one of the English men-of-war at Malta. They had seen and conversed with Mr. Brownell, the missionary, and applied to be baptized. They gave reason to hope that they were renewed by the grace of God. At the request of Mr. Brownell, for whom I have preached about once a week, sometimes oftener, I agreed to preach on the subject of baptism, and also administer the ordinance. The men came to see me beforehand, and gave me an account of their religious exercises. They were better informed on the subject of religion than I expected, considering the situation of sailors. I was glad to find that on board their vessels they have Bibles and other religious books. They have also a chaplain, who reads prayers and preaches. But the state of religion is low. They told me, "while something of a form is kept up, so far, at least, as to the reading of prayers, a large part of the crews are awfully wicked, and many of them are bitter against real piety." Still, there is going forward a change in the British navy, as regards morals, and the same with the army. Nearly one-half of Mr. Brownell's congregation are soldiers and soldiers' wives. After the baptismal service, the Lord's Supper was administered, and about thirty officers and soldiers united in the service.

Intemperance is a great evil in the army and navy, and almost nothing is done to counteract it. The use of wine

is almost universal among the English and better classes of the Maltese. When spoken to about the temperance cause, they say, "Very few genteel people use ardent spirits." It is a fact that too much wine is used. I doubt not that the discontinuance of the use of wine would be of great utility at this place. I am sure that many take too much, that many form intemperate habits from the use of it, and I doubt not that it is not only needless, but that people would be better without it. Such, however, are the habits of the people in these countries, such the cheapness and abundance of wines, that it will be no easy matter to make war with effect against the use of it.

My friend, Mr. S., vouches for the truth of this anecdote: A priest, at the close of his sermon, told the following story in favor of the people buying and wearing those little images of the Virgin Mary, which are stamped on cloth, and always to be had at the principal churches. "A young man had sold himself to the devil. After some time the devil came for him,—his time being out. The devil took him to a place where there was a dark hole, and told the man to throw himself in; he refused to do so; the devil was about to take hold of him to throw him in, but happening to look into his bosom, saw that the young man had there one of those little images of the Virgin; he started back; confessed that he had no power over the man; he was under the protection of Mary, and that he dare not touch him." What an argument this for buying those amulets and trusting in them! Very few of the lower classes of the Maltese are to be seen without one of these hung about their necks.

CHAPTER VII.

Voyage to Corfu—Education—Corinth—Athens—Funeral—King of Bavaria—Excitement among the Ladies of Syra—Scio—Missionary Meeting at Smyrna—Ephesus—Grave-yards—Worship at a Mosque—Hebrew Prayer-Book.

CORFU, IONIAN ISLES, *January* 22, 1836.—On the 18th I took passage in an English mail steamer for this place. I left Malta with a good deal of regret. My stay had been prolonged much beyond what I expected. When I landed there I knew not one person on the island, and intended to remain about two weeks; I stayed nearly seven months, and formed some very agreeable acquaintances, and have reason to hope that my stay was not without some profit to a number of individuals. On my first Sabbath I became acquainted with Rev. Messrs. Brownell and Schleintz—the former an American, a valuable Methodist brother, the latter a German, who, since Rev. Jowett's departure, has had the charge of the Church Missionary establishment. I was received as a brother in the Lord, and had the opportunity of preaching in the Methodist chapel the first week of my stay. From that time, I preached more or less every week for these brethren, in the two congregations. I am indebted to them, particularly to Mr. S., for a great part of my social enjoyments. Mr. Schleintz has a keen discriminating mind, and a considerable tact for reading character. He is rather below medium height, but well built, and a good-looking man; agreeable in conversation and a most pleasant companion.

I have not often met with a man of more worth, more talents, more acquirements, more agreeable properties, and fewer of those items of disagreeables which often form so unpleasant a drawback to the sum total of excellences of some good sort of people.

I found good company on board the steamer. Rev. Buchannon and lady and a number of English gentlemen. The former to fill a chaplaincy at one of the isles. Early on the second day the island of Zante appeared ahead, and on our right the Morea began to rise in view. They both appeared mountainous and broken and almost destitute of vegetation. Zante is a large island with a high mountain running through the midst of it.

Opposite Cephalonia lies Ithaca, the island of the celebrated Ulysses: the side next us was little else but a barren rock, which rose abruptly out of the sea, with some moss and bushes on it. The settlements are chiefly on the other side of the island. Such an island gives but a sorry idea of the kingdom of the great Ulysses. Homer was a poet, and must have understood the poet's license. We reached the port of Corfu in the night of the fourth we had been at sea. In the morning landed and called on J. M. Lowndes, missionary of the L. M. S. I had met with him and lady at Malta, the previous summer. He is the oldest missionary in the Levant, having been twenty years in the field.

The Ionian Isles, lying along the coast of Greece and Epirus, were formerly inhabited by Greeks, and in the most flourishing period of Greece, as also in the time of the Romans, had a large population, and were covered with cities. They have passed through the hands of Turks, Venetians, and French to the British crown. There is now a considerable body of troops in Corfu, and on each of the other six islands, which belong to this republic. It

is strongly fortified: the works are stupendous—the castle, placed on a high rock, is a striking object, with its frowning battlements bristling with cannon, its fosse on the land side, and its light-house on the top. On an island opposite the town the English are erecting fortifications, which will cost near a million pounds sterling. The islands do not appear worth so much expense and care; but their position, their relation to the main-land, gives them their chief value.

The Greek Church is the prevalent one. It allows the reading of the Scriptures—uses pictures but not images in worship—as to forms and idle ceremonies, is not as bad as the Papacy, but yet has many things which obscure the truth. St. Sheridan is the patron of Corfu—his bones are carried in procession several times in the year, and much idolatrous regard is paid to them. This has been encouraged by the British authorities, from the wish to conciliate the people. It is to be hoped that a better way will be found than that of strengthening them in their folly and superstition. The number of feast days is enormous, amounting, as I am assured, to two hundred in a year.

Olives, wine, and currants are the staples. Some cotton and grain are raised. The population is chiefly Greek, but mixed with Italians, Maltese, and Jews—the latter a poor-looking people.

Something has been done for the promotion of education, but the benefits are not in proportion to what ought to have resulted from the money expended and efforts made.

Lord Guilford, for a number of years, expended near thirty thousand pounds, annually, for this object. He established a university with about twenty professors—supported one hundred students, and established one hundred and twenty schools in the seven islands. Had he lived to

direct and control matters, much more good would have resulted. Many of the schools have been broken up, and the university reduced since his lordship's death. He left a valuable library to the institution, on certain conditions; they were not complied with, and the library has been claimed by the legal heirs of his lordship, and lately removed to England. This is to be regretted, as such a library would have been of great value, where books are so scarce; and could be spared from England, where books are so plenty.

The governor, Hon. Sir H. Douglas, has appointed Rev. Lowndes general superintendent of schools in the islands. Mr. L. is well informed of the state of things, and is about submitting a new plan for a school system, which it is hoped will prove efficient.

These islands all lie in full view of the main-land, some of them very near, separated only by a narrow strait. The high mountains in the surrounding country are now covered with snow, and the effect of it on the temperature of the air is very manifest. It is much colder than it was at Malta any time during the winter.

January 30. Took leave of Rev. Lowndes and kind family and embarked in the steamer for Patras. Had a good view of the islands and coast—all rough and mountainous. Patras was almost destroyed during the war, it is now in a state of rapid improvement—much building in progress. We engaged a passage to Corinth in a small trading vessel. Mr. Wait, a young English traveler, bears me company. I had heard it said more than once, that those traveling in the East must take their bed with them, if they wish to have the benefit of one. Up to this time, I had not found special need of one, as part of my traveling apparatus. I made some efforts to furnish myself with a hanging bed at Patras, but saw none that pleased me,

and as I expected to be out but a night or two, concluded I would try and make out without one until I reached Athens. At night I put on my great coat, rolled myself up in my cloak, and lay down on the floor of the cabin, for in truth there was nothing else to lie on, there being neither table, chair, nor stool in the vessel. The second and the third night was ditto, ditto. We made slow progress—wind light —sometimes dead ahead—lay to part of a night—passed the Bay of Galaxidi, near which the ancient Delphus stood and the Castalian Spring—wind contrary and increasing to a gale, we concluded to land and finish the rest of the way on horseback. But, on landing at a small village, Acrata, we were told that as the arrangements for the day had been made, and the people were gone out to work, we could not get horses until the next day. It is true, we saw a few people in the fields at work, but we saw others idle, loitering about, and tried to induce them to let us start forthwith; but it would not do; we were assured we must wait until the next day; that then horses would be provided, and we would be sent on our way: we had to submit. There is nothing like patience in such cases.

We were shown lodgings in a room over a shop. There was no kind of furniture in the room—not so much as a three-legged stool. The day was windy and the night was cold. There was no chimney, but some dirt put on the floor at one end, and on that some fire was placed, and the smoke was left to find its way out as it could. The roof was so open we could see the stars in many places. There were windows enough, but no glass. The floor was so open that you could almost drop your shoe through. A good woman brought us an armful of straw, and that was useful as a separation from the dirt on the floor.

Notwithstanding the absence of almost everything that I had been accustomed to think needful for sleeping com-

fortably, I passed the night well; but I resolved I would embrace the first opportunity of getting a bed for halting with. But the traveler will do well to take something more than a bed; bread and meat, sugar and coffee, if he would like to enjoy such luxuries. It so fell out that Mr. W. had heard more of the real state of matters with the traveler than I had, and had taken more pains to provide what was necessary. It was agreed, indeed, between us that he should be chief manager of all such things; we therefore made out pretty well. It is true that our journey occupied so much more time than we expected, that we were like to be on short allowance, and our efforts to obtain additional stock were rather discouraging.

The Gulf of Lepanto runs nearly east and west; it may be sixty to eighty miles in length and from one to ten or more in width. It is very difficult to get distance correctly in these parts. The gulf is a fine sheet of water, inclosed on both sides almost from end to end by mountains; these are not very high, but steep and precipitous, almost bare of vegetation. Near the foot of the hills are some pine-trees, holly-bushes, and olive groves.

We were called bright and early, and made preparations for setting off. Our trunks were swung on the sides of a mule, and smaller articles piled upon them. Our saddles were nothing more nor less than pack-saddles. By folding our coats and cloaks and putting them under us, we made out to ride with some comfort. Our stirrups were pieces of rope doubled for the foot to go in, and did better than I could have supposed. It is certainly true that we at home spend much for appearance; still there is more comfort riding on a good American saddle with its fixtures, than on a pack-saddle with nothing but ropes to support your feet—try it who will.

We had left the boat about thirty miles from Corinth,

on the south side of the gulf. Our road lay along the shore, and was not bad, although no work had been expended on it. We had some gullies to cross, and in a few places were in danger of being swamped in the mud. A driver walked by or behind each mule, and by a word, or a stick, guided and hurried on the animal; we seldom went out of a walk. I was reminded of the Shunamite. At first, the plain was narrow, but it began gradually to open. It is a noble plain, but little of it under tillage—mostly used for pasturing flocks of sheep and other animals. Near Corinth more indications of industry were perceptible. Much of the breaking up of the soil was done by hand; the plow was seldom seen. Women were seen working in the fields, others spinning cotton on the distaff. The mountains on the south side sweep off from the gulf as you approach Corinth, and lie round like an amphitheater; a secondary range of mountains, which, at the lower end of the plain, is much washed, and shows but a skeleton of a mountain, sinks into a table-land, as you approach the city. The view from this land is grand.

Near the Isthmus, which separates the east end of the Gulf of Corinth from the Gulf of Ægina, this secondary ridge again rises to a considerable height, and at the foot of one of the peaks that rises so much higher than any land adjoining it, as to form a kind of sugar-loaf, stands Corinth. A fort occupies the top of the peak; the sides are inaccessible, high walls are built round the top out to the edges of the precipices, with strong gates. The road is a place of great strength. The morning after our arrival, we climbed up to the gate of the Acropolis, but were stopped by the sentinel, who informed us that most of the soldiers had that morning gone down to the town, and that his orders were to let *no person* enter until they returned. We failed to look at the view from the summit, but from the

side of the gate and many points below, the prospect was splendid. We had a view of the plain, with a noble grove of olive-trees across the middle of it, the gulf and the long ranges of mountains north and northwest, that amply repaid the labor of ascent.

The present town is small—it does not contain more than two thousand people. It is a poor place. Most of the houses mud hovels, with a few of a better class.

Ancient Corinth has almost wholly disappeared. Six or eight pillars of an old temple stand near the foot of the citadel, and some broken pieces of large pillars were lying about with loose broken rock, but clustered remains of the rich work of the ancient city are not to be seen.

We found, at Corinth, what passes for a tavern, kept by a Corfuite. We had no good character of him, but, on the whole, fared better, and were less imposed on by him than we expected. True, his house is dirty, and his cookery not to be praised, and his prices above the real value of the accommodations; still, after the adventures of the last four days, we enjoyed his room and chairs, beds and table-fare much more than we would have done under other circumstances.

I had almost forgotten to state that I first used a cup of Turkish coffee a few hours before reaching Corinth. We stopped to rest at a locanda, or eating-house, and ascertaining that coffee was to be had, called for some. The man had a few coals of fire on the hearth, and over it a vessel of water. He took a small coffee-cup and put a spoonful of ground coffee in it, then filled the cup with water, stirred it with a spoon, and handed it to us. I took it with a great relish. I believe the secret was that I was tired and hungry and prepared to love anything in the form of eatables. As my rule is to conform as much as may be to the customs of the people among whom I am, it will not be surprising

if I become fond of Turkish coffee. But as to their smoking, I have pretty much made up my mind that I will not conform to that evil habit.*

Although I have spoken of Turkish coffee, you must not infer that it was made by a Turk. There are no Turks here. They have had the rule so long in Greece that the Greeks have, in many things, adopted their mode of living.

How is this place changed since Paul and Apollos labored here in the gospel! Corinth was then a wealthy, refined, and splendid city. Paul labored here one year and six months. Apollos followed him, and their labors were not in vain. That the church which Paul founded in this city was large and important, may be inferred from the fact that two of his largest and most important letters were addressed to this church. From various things in those letters, it would appear that there was a great deal of vice at Corinth at that time. Where are the many who heard Paul preach while resident here? Where are those who sat under his instructions? And where the idle, pleasure-loving throng, and those who for earthly riches neglected the care of the soul? All, long since, gone to their final account! How richly have those been rewarded who believed the gospel and bore the loss of all for the sake of Christ! And, oh! how many unavailing tears have those shed who for the love of the world neglected the gospel!

Our stay at Corinth was short; we wished to reach Athens before Sabbath. We hoped to have the pleasure of joining in worship with the mission families. We were told that we could cross the isthmus in two hours, and in three more could reach Athens by water. We were sadly disappointed. Our road led us in an oblique direction

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* He was man enough to keep his resolution to his dying day.—M. W. P.

across the isthmus. The elevation of the isthmus above the level of the water on both sides must be several hundred feet; some deep ravines run up from the southern side; one looks as if it was artificial. It is said that an attempt was once made to open a canal, and it may have been at this place.

The place of embarking is not at Cenchreæ, but at Calamata, the northwest corner of the Gulf of Ægina. Cenchreæ is a small place, and of no interest. At Calamata we first saw camels used in considerable numbers as beasts of burden. They were rambling over the plain with their huge pack-saddles on. It appears to be the custom, in Greece, to let the saddle remain on the beasts of burden day and night.

On reaching the port, we had the discomfort of not finding a vessel that would leave for Athens until night. The wind was ahead, but a change was expected early in the night. We still hoped that we would find ourselves at the Pireus in the morning, but it was not until the second day near ten o'clock that our voyage ended. We had the discomfort of spending the Sabbath in a small sailing-boat on the Gulf of Ægina, almost becalmed most of the time, and the rest with adverse winds. We had but little bread to eat, and a few figs. In other respects we had cause of thankfulness; the weather was fine, and the crew more free from noise and vice than is generally met with.

To the left we had a distant view of the plains of Megara with its groves of olive-trees; to our right the mountainous coasts of the Morea. The island of Ægina lies near the middle of the gulf, a place of much celebrity, but now, like all else in these regions, has greatly declined, in these latter days, from its former glory. The rude hand of the northern barbarians, the still more rude hand of the Turks, and the all-wasting hand of time, has been laid heavy on

all these countries. This eastern world has grown old; its iniquities have been visited upon it, and it may well be doubted whether God's controversy with it has come to a close. There is so much vice, so much superstition and idolatry among those who profess the Christian name, so much backwardness to receive the pure truth of the gospel, even when brought to them, that we may well fear that the rod will be heavily laid on it.

The port of Athens was once surrounded with strong fortifications, but they are all destroyed. The situation of Athens is very fine. It stands near the middle of a wide plain, on a gentle rise, and around the foot of the Acropolis, with mountains at a distance on most sides. A few years ago it was a mass of ruins, and, with the exception of a few houses, it is not much better yet. During the late war it was almost entirely destroyed. After the Turks were expelled, the people began to return and repair their houses, so as to be able to live in them. The old town must have been built without a plan, every man doing that, as to locating his house, which was right in his own eyes. The improvements which have lately been made have also the disadvantage of having no general plan. Houses are constructed of all kinds of materials, of all sorts of forms, and situated in all sorts of ways.

The streets are endlessly crooked and winding, and withal so narrow and full of filth, that it is painful to walk in them. Since the government has been moved to Athens, some attempts have been made to put things in better order, and in time the city may exhibit proportion, beauty, and cleanliness.

The peak called the Acropolis is high, steep, and rocky. By building a high and strong wall all round the very edge of the precipice, the place is almost impregnable. The top was once covered with temples and other buildings. The

ascent is a good deal winding, and several gates are to be passed. We paid a small sum for permission to enter. The principal gate has been a splendid piece of work; it has been sadly abused and its appearance injured by the alterations made at different times. Most of the old gateway is now filled up, many of the splendid pillars misplaced, broken, or removed. In removing the rubbish from the gate, just before our arrival, the old Temple of Victory was discovered. It is a small building, and almost entirely thrown down. They are now gathering the pillars and making an effort to put them up. This discovery has given great pleasure to antiquaries.

The Parthenon is the object of most interest on the Acropolis. It was a temple of the largest size and most finished workmanship, and chiefly made out of beautiful white marble. Much the greater part of the structure has fallen; enough, however, remains to give an idea of what it was in its glory. The roof is gone; the ends entire; an ugly misshapen mosque has been put in the center of the temple. The pillars are large; the blocks of marble which form the great connecting parts are of enormous size. The floors were paved with very large slabs of white marble, finely polished. Originally there was much sculpture connected with the temple. Many pieces of exquisite designs were taken down and removed, by Lord Elgin, to England.

The late wars have done much to complete the ruin of this place. Parts are sadly battered and bruised by cannon balls. The view from the top of the Parthenon is very picturesque. A fine command of the plain, with its extensive olive grove giving relief to the eye, the Ægean Sea, and mountains with interspersed plains in all directions.

Mars Hill, where the courts of justice were located, and

where Paul made his first memorable public address to the philosophers of Athens, stands a little west of the Acropolis. It is a low elevation, destitute of buildings, a bare rock, except on part of one side, where wheat was growing from soil made from the rubbish which covers the rock. A small stream of water runs near and empties into the harbor of the port.

The Temple of Jupiter, to the east of the Acropolis, had been of gigantic dimensions. A number of large pillars remain, but the body of the edifice has long since disappeared. Within the area of the temple, and occupying but a small part of the vacant space, were two threshing-floors paved with stone. I measured one of them, and found it over forty feet in diameter.

The Ilissus I used to consider, from the way it was spoken of, as a considerable stream. I think I have heard mention of an island in it, opposite the Temple of Jupiter; however this may be, and however large the stream may *once have been*, we found it now a very small rivulet. Hundreds of springs, in all parts, may be found that pour out as much water as now flowed in this river. I stepped over it many times, at different points, by the help of small stones which lay in the channel. It is a dry time now, but the middle of February ought to show a medium quantity of water. The Greek writers were bound to make the most of everything that set forth their own country to the greatest advantage. A good river near a town was a fine thing—therefore Athens must have one; and, as it was not easy literally to create a river, they took the easier way of describing the Ilissus as one.

Beyond this stream are the remains of the Stadium, the seats all removed and the area under cultivation, but the general plan of it is very perfect. Here the races and games were exhibited. Near the back end a way has been cut

through the hill sixty or more yards, by which those overcome might pass out, and thus escape the gaze and hisses of the spectators.

The corner-stone of a new palace for King Otho has been laid. The site is a lovely one—commanding a view of the most interesting objects which belong to this far-famed city and plain.

I witnessed the funeral of a talented young Greek, a teacher in one of the king's schools. I was too late for the services in the church. The procession was preceded by several priests, in their robes, carrying small tapers. The corpse, on a rude bier, was borne on the shoulders of four men. Several tapers were placed on the coffin, but not lighted. A number of persons followed, some with tapers in their hands. The grave was so shallow that when the coffin was lowered the upper part could not have been more than eight inches below the surface. The coffin was a straight box of coarse plank, with a covering of black bombazet fastened over it. The lid fitted very badly, was much sprung, and was merely laid on,—not a nail to hold it to its place.

When the coffin was put in the grave it did not go in easily, a man jumped on it and thus forced it down into place; a few prayers were said by the priest; each person then threw in a handful of earth, and then the grave was filled. There was much seeming unconcern, notwithstanding the deceased was much respected. As we were separating, the person who had the management of the funeral came to us and thanked us for the respect we had shown the deceased, in following him to the grave and assisting at his interment.

On inquiring why they buried so shallow, was told the Greeks are accustomed to open the grave, in about a year, and examine the remains; and from certain marks, they

judge whether the soul is in a happy or miserable state; if the evidence is bad, they pay the priests to have prayers offered and other things done for the repose of the soul. I noticed in the grave-yard, cups, bottles, and pitchers at the head of graves. Incense and lamps are burned at times at the graves of friends.

Dr. Jonas King, of the A. B. C. F. Mission, is located at this place; also Rev. Hill, of the American Episcopal Mission. I have visited the various schools, and obtained much information respecting missionary efforts and prospects in this and adjacent countries. On Sabbath, by request, I preached at Dr. Kork's, to a small assembly,—a few Greeks, who understood English, were present. Dr. Kork was formerly superintendent of schools, but resigned. The government is unfriendly to education, but the people desire it. The public schools are much under infidel influence, hence the importance of Christian effort to scatter the Bible among the people. The Episcopal Mission has given much attention to female education, Dr. King to the training of young men. One of the most important parts of missionary work in Greece is the distribution of suitable books. During the last year Dr. King has put in circulation, by sales, donations to schools and individuals, 2700 copies of the Scriptures, and 25,000 parts of Scripture, school-books, and religious tracts; and had books been on hand could have doubled it. Rev. Hill has also done much in the same way.

Our week at Athens has passed very pleasantly. We were hospitably entertained at Dr. King's. He and his kind lady showed us much attention, and I enjoyed the company of the doctor very much.

From Athens we crossed in a sail-boat to Epidaurus; had a strong wind, and made the run in six hours. The room we occupied at E. was furnished with a hearth at one end,

with a narrow groove-like place in the wall until near the top of the room, where it took the form of a chimney and passed out. It had not much draught, but took most of the smoke out of the room; a great improvement on that of having a fire-place without any particular place for the smoke to escape; we have spent the night in several such rooms.

We hired horses and proceeded to Argos, through a country almost destitute of inhabitants; the mountains rose all around us, the highest capped with snow. The streams were all small, none that could not be stepped over; much bare rock on the surface; vegetation scanty, a good many evergreens, occasionally bunches of oleander, and olive-trees. We halted at a few places where a guard was placed and had our passports examined.

But the plain of Argos is one of the finest, most compact, and best cultivated I have seen in Greece. It is almost circular, hedged in with mountains, excepting at the south, which borders on the bay. Oxen were seen drawing the plow, and a few light divisions were made, but most of the cultivated soil lies in a body.

Argos lies at the north of the plain, near a high spur of the mountain. We called at once on Rev. E. Riggs, were received as brethren, and invited to remain with them. Called also on General Gordon, who commands in the Morea. The next day the King of Bavaria visited the town. His son Otho was not with him. Not much excitement produced by the visit. The king is a plain-looking man, dressed in a plain suit of black, with nothing, that I could see, to distinguish him from others, unless it was that two soldiers walked about ten steps before him.

We visited Mycene, the royal city of Agamemnon, "the King of many isles and all Argos." It was in ruins before the Christian era. The great gate, through which we may suppose that the king led out his troops when he went to

the siege of Troy, remains. Without the citadel are some singular excavations; the tomb of Agamemnon is the largest and most entire.

Churches are often seen in Greece standing out on hills, far from towns; they have been built by devotees, and are seldom used but on the day of the saint to whom they are dedicated.

On Sabbath I preached for Brother Riggs; a small assembly,—General Gordon and his secretary, Mr. and Mrs. Riggs, two servants, and Mr. Waite. On the morrow we left Argos, where we had spent five days most agreeably with Rev. Riggs and lady. They are an interesting couple, actively devoted to the work of their Master. Mr. Riggs accompanied us to Napoli and introduced us to Colonel Baker and family, and Mr. Green (consul). No vessel ready to sail for Syra, we, of course, must wait for one.

Napoli is cleaner, better built, and more business-like than any town we have seen in Greece. We have heard that continental Greece is in a state of insurrection.

We left Napoli in a small caique, passed Spitzera and Hydra, and arrived at Syra in three days. Syra is one of the northern Cyclades. It is an important island. Rev. Messrs. Robertson and Hildner are resident missionaries—Rev. Leaves, of the British Bible Society, has long been employed, in connection with Professor Bambas, in translations of Scripture. Mr. H. has 600 pupils in seven departments. Much attention is paid to schools in the islands. Rather a ludicrous event took place to-day. About the time King Otho visited the island, the ladies formed a society for the benefit of the poor. With a view, mainly, to get a donation, they had their constitution shown to the king, who gave it his approval. For a similar reason in part, and from respect to the office, it was shown to the Nomarck. He said he approved of it, but wished to

have it so arranged as to be, in some sort, under his inspection. At their meeting to-day he sent his secretary to them with a notice that their regulations, changes of rules, etc. must be submitted to him before they would be binding; and to enforce this, sent a copy of the laws of the land, with a leaf folded down at a place which specified a heavy fine for non-compliance. The article belongs to a law that is designed to prevent secret and unlawful societies, and he is for making this law bear upon a little association of women, whose object is to receive old clothes, gifts, etc., and make and prepare garments for the poor!

His attempt to regulate the ladies excited a considerable opposition. They all talked together, almost made a tumult, and were very indignant at the littleness of this ruler of the people. The account Mrs. Leaves gave of the matter was quite laughable. I suggested it might be well to pass a number of rules, such as a tailor might give his workman, stating the kind of seams for the different garments, the length of sleeves, kinds of borders, and gravely send them to his honor, and thus show him the folly of his request. They had not concluded what they would do when I left.

We had a rough passage in the steamer to Smyrna. Mr. W. and myself tried a deck passage; it was not pleasant, from the fact that we shipped water several times and were out two nights. In passing from Tenos toward Scio, we had a strong wind, and I suffered from sea-sickness. I fear I shall never make a good sailor. After having made five or six short voyages, I am still liable to be sick when it is rough, and I must say it is one of the most unpleasant kinds of sickness; it makes a person feel like giving up everything, as if life was not worth keeping; it makes him hate himself, and our self-love quarrels with that.

Our course led us toward Scio, and my hope was that we should touch there, as my friend and relation, Rev. Houston,

is located there. When a youth, I sat under the ministry of his father, and knew the missionary from his childhood, and withal saw him a few days before he sailed, and on the day after he had married an interesting young lady, who is now his companion in the work, the partaker of his pains and pleasures. I met them, unexpectedly, on the highway the day after their marriage, and learning that they were on their way to the mission-field, I told them, I hoped to make them a visit in the course of a year or two and see how they did. With Scio now in sight, I remembered my promise, and felt no little desire to land and hunt out their habitation. But that might not be. The wind from the south blew a gale, and the captain, to avoid the heavy swell, ran to the north of the island, and thus left the town far to the south.

Scio is a large, and, I am told, a lovely island, and before the reverses which came upon it during the Greek revolution it was a place of more intelligence, wealth, and refinement than any of the isles. When the Greeks struck for freedom, it was natural for the Sciots to sympathize with them. Scio lies near the Asiatic shore; the Turks poured down upon them from Asia Minor, crossed the strait, and wasted and destroyed all before them. Thousands were destroyed, and tens of thousands carried off and sold into bondage, and the hand of desolation made to pass roughly over the fairest isle, and most beautiful town and most refined people, in all Greece. A small part of the remnant have returned, and although not soon likely to be what it was, it is still a place of some interest, and worthy of being the seat of a mission.

We passed Scio and entered the Gulf of Smyrna about night. The city lies at the head of this very deep bay. When I awoke in the morning, Smyrna, with its surroundings, all at once burst upon my view. Our vessel lay close

to the town, with vessels of many nations around us; the town spread for miles along the southeast side of the bay, and back to the verge of hills which rise round the bay at some half a mile's distance. The hill back of the town was crowned with the stupendous walls of an old citadel, now in ruins. For the first time I saw the high and graceful white minaret which uniformly is the appendage of the Turkish mosque.

We soon landed, and found our way to Rev. D. Temple's abode, from whom we received a kind and hearty welcome. In the course of the day we saw all of the American missionaries who live here, and their families, as Mr. Adger, Mrs. Hallock, Mrs. Brewer,* together with Mr. Bird's family from Beyroot, Mr. Jetler, of C. M. Society, Mr. Lewis, of the Jews' Society, and some others. The next day Mr. Goodell arrived from Constantinople, and, to my great joy, Mr. and Mrs. Houston, from Scio. Several of these brethren had not before seen each other, while others, as Goodell, Bird, and King, had been fellow-laborers in Palestine, some ten years ago, and have not met since until now. With none of them but Mr. Houston was I personally acquainted; but I had corresponded with some, and by character knew them all. The first few days were those of no little interest to me, as thus setting my feet in Asia, and that at Smyrna one of the seven churches, and there meeting so many beloved ministers of the gospel of peace from our own beloved land. But it was not only a time of interest and social enjoyment, but, I trust, a time of prayer and spiritual communion one with another, and with our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

The English have had a chaplaincy at Smyrna for many years. Rev. Arundel now occupies the station, and appears

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* Messrs. Brewer and Hallock were in the United States.

to be living in fellowship with the missionaries, and desirous of promoting the cause of truth. There is a Dutch chaplaincy also, but no chaplain; worship is held in the chapel by the missionary brethren. The Greek, Greek Catholic, and Arminian are the prevailing churches. It may be said therefore that there is a church at Smyrna; but as regards the native Christians, they have greatly departed from "the faith once delivered to the saints, and turned aside unto old wives' fables, and the doctrines and commandments of men."

The burying-grounds are among the most picturesque objects in or near Smyrna. They are planted thick with the cypress, a tall, tapering evergreen of a dark-green color. The Turks place a stone at the head of the grave, with the top of it shaped like the common turban.

Most of the houses are constructed of wood and mortar; this is the more remarkable as wood is scarce. Many of the shops contain a great variety of rich and curious articles. The streets are narrow, crooked, and, for the most part, dirty.

I visited several places of interest in the vicinity of the city, but of these my four days' trip to ancient Ephesus was the most interesting. I set off, in company with Rev. Bird and Adger, Baron Sakius, and Rev. Pierpont, from Boston, who is making a hasty visit to these parts. We had also a guide, and a led-horse for our baggage. Some miles out from the city, the plain over which we traveled was very level, with scarcely a tree to be seen. The soil appeared rich, but the cultivated spots were few and far between. The villages seemed small, built in out-of-the-way places, near the foot or on the lower part of the mountains. We passed very many grave-yards near the road; some of these had turbaned-topped stones, and a few were ornamented with the cypress. The number of

the old grave-yards with the small number of villages, the very many grave-yards with no village, was a striking fact.

Having rode about twenty miles, we stopped at a kharn kept by a Turk, who seemed to be living there alone. We saw none but himself, and there being but one house and but one room in it, we must have seen all who were there. He procured us some eggs, and made us some coffee. He had some carpets on his floor; on these we sat and, spreading out our beds over them, slept. The next morning, after taking coffee, we continued our ride down the plain. This day we occasionally saw a sycamore-tree near a well, a few pines, and farther on some olive-trees. As we approached Ephesus we crossed the river on a pretty good stone bridge with several arches. This is modern, and contains many pieces of finely-polished marble, which were evidently once parts of highly-finished structures. Farther on, we halted at a small Turkish village, where there was a pretty good kharn. Many pillars of an old aqueduct were standing, and on the top of nearly all of them were storks preparing their nests, as also on the mosque and old minarets. They were tame, and seemed to feel perfectly secure from any evil.

On the north and west of Mount Prion, along the sloping side of Mount Coressus, in the space between them, with a portion of the plain, the old city of Ephesus stood; this space has many ruins scattered over it. The Stadium, Odeon, Theater, and near it the Agora, can all be identified. The ruins, I suppose correctly called the Temple of Diana, lie on the plain, forming an immense mass of ruins. The wall, in part, remains, but the place is covered with large masses of rock, much of it a gray limestone, so firm as to be called by some marble; much, also, of travertine. This is a most enduring rock. It is the rock of which the temple at Pestem, in Italy, is chiefly made.

There is of it in the buildings of Pompeii. The high cliffs on our right, as we approached Ephesus, appeared to be of it; they seem less decomposed by the weather than usual with rocks.

It is calculated to give a strong impression of the transient character of all earthly things, to stand on the site of Ephesus, once the mistress of Asia Minor, and see the whole ground strewed with fragments of former dwellings, while not one house remains nor one family is found to dwell there.

On our return, having spent twenty-four hours among the ruins, I was struck with the very many camels we passed. Several caravans had near a hundred each; they walk in single file, one tied to another. Transportation is carried on almost wholly by them. They bring to Smyrna cotton, wool, and fruits, and take back coffee, sugar, goods, etc. A paved road once connected Smyrna with Ephesus; remnants of it remain. A good wagon-road might, with little labor, be made on this route, but as wheel-carriages are not used, no care is taken to have good roads. At Athens I saw carriages, and at the port, carts and wagons, but in no other place in Greece.

April 1. To-day I went to the great mosque, it being the Sabbath of the Mohammedans. We found but few there, having gone rather before twelve, their hour of worship. We took off our shoes, and went in and placed ourselves near the wall. The entire floor was carpeted, but had no seats. The people soon began to come in crowds; all washed their hands and feet at the fountain near; shoes were pulled off at the door and taken in the hand; some persons of distinction had an attendant, who took up their shoes. They entered and seated themselves on their heels, in rows of about four feet apart, facing the southeast; after a little they prostrated themselves so as to touch the ground

with their forehead, repeated this, rose, prostrated again, and repeated prayers, as I judged from the movement of the lips; having done this they remained seated on their heels. This was done by each as he came in. Presently the rows were filled out from end to end, and all the rows that could be formed with the space of four feet before it. They crowded close to us, and as more room was needed, a man, who from his dress appeared to be an officer (there were many soldiers among them, but no women), said something in Turkish to another, who came to us and made us go out of the mosque; we found a long porch in front full of rows in the same order, and had to move back behind them, where we took our stand to see what was to be done. We had a pretty good view through one door.

A man now appeared at a window in the gallery, who called so loud as to be heard, and accompanied his call with various actions,—would rise, and all would rise; would fall on his knees, put his forehead on the floor, and remain near a minute thus—the whole assembly did so; this was repeated a number of times; at the end of about half an hour he said something, looking around to all parts of the assembly, which then dispersed. Some, however, remained a time, prostrating themselves. Their mode of prostration is much the same as the Greek. Some also use a string of beads in keeping count. The yard was full of persons, who spread their coats or mantles and knelt on them.

The following curious article is taken from a copy of the Episcopal Prayer-Book translated into Hebrew and lithographed, of which many copies have been sent from England for the benefit of the Jews in this region. It would seem that odd notions are not confined to the new world as some would have it.

CERTIFICATE.

"I certify, that during the time that I was translating and transcribing this Prayer-Book for the use of the Christian Jews, that lest they should deem it an offense to use any Book of Prayer written by a Gentile, I abstained from eating anything forbidden by the law of Moses, nor did I use any pens but new ones, that had not been used in any other writing.

"MARIANNE NEVILL.

"No. 2, Mount Zion Square, West Dublin, Oct. 25, 1829."

CHAPTER VIII.

Constantinople—Fiddling and Dancing in a Grave-Yard—Objects of Interest—Sultan's Kitchen—Chalcedon—Sultan attending Mosque—Ceremonies and Festivities of the Espousal and Marriage of Sultan's Daughter—Circumcision of his Two Sons—Broosa—Pleasant Greeting—Mausoleum of Bajazet—Bath à la Turk—Nice—Fruit—Nicomedia—Turkish Post—Bosphorus—Whirling Dervishes—Rhodes—Cyprus.

April 6, 1836.—Left Smyrna in the steamer for Constantinople. Had good views of the coast and the islands as we passed up—entered the Dardanelles—passed the forts—the strait only a mile or two wide—the current from two to four miles an hour—wind either up or down—down nearly ten months in the year. The land on both sides high, rolling, apparently rich, but little cultivated—many lovely scenes—small villages from time to time. The next day Constantinople rose in view with its mosques and minarets—passed the Seven Towers, which lie lowest down the strait—then the body of the city—the strait here about two miles wide—came to, and passed round Seraglio Point—entered the Golden Horn, and cast anchor—Constantinople to the southwest, and Galata northeast, and Pera above or back of it. The view is splendid. The mosques rise high above the other buildings, with their high, white minarets, from two to six at a mosque. The groves of cypress which fill the gardens of the Seraglio, and in many quarters mark the cemeteries, diversify the scene.

Landed, and found the Brethren Goodell, Homes, and

Dwight, with their families, well. Schauffler and family had left for Odessa.

Mr. Goodell had a funeral to attend on the afternoon of the Sabbath; we found the streets full of people, making merry. At the grave-yard were thousands, dancing, swinging, fiddling, drumming. They choose this for their place of mirth. Horizontal, rotary, and vertical swings, were all in use. Most of the crowd were men; a few women looking on, but not engaged in dancing. On Monday, in passing the same place, found the people engaged in the same way. These are the Easter Holidays—old style.

I have visited the Medan, Hippodrome, the Burnt Pillar, the Egyptian Obelisk, the Bronze Twisted Column, the Mural Column, and several mosques. Of the latter we entered but the courts. We walked through several bazaars, and visited the Cistern of the thousand and one pillars, the Seraglio, the Gardens, the Esplanade, and the Sultan's kitchen. The chief cook was very polite, and took from the oven two cakes apiece, and gave us; also a bowl of custard and a piece of nice pastry; all were very good. The Sultan was, with most of his household, at a palace about a mile off, but some of his ladies were at the Seraglio. We saw his stables and horses. The Sultan has not lived at the Seraglio since the Russian war. A law of the realm forbids the Sultan to return to his palace, when he goes out to war, until he has been victorious. He failed in the contest, but he may have other reasons for avoiding it.

At Scutari, I saw the silk-weavers; their looms like the old-fashioned ones of America. Visited the barracks, a noble building, capable of accommodating ten thousand troops. The soldiers make their own shoes and clothes. The school-rooms are very good, fitted up on the Lancasterian plan, with globes, orrery, maps, etc. The Amer-

ican missionaries assisted them in fitting up, and arranging the lessons. We were treated with great kindness, coffee and pipes were offered us. Mr. Goodell and his translator were my companions in this excursion; the latter gentleman had spent a few weeks with them when they were going into operation.

We passed out through the town, which is large, and through the extensive grave-yards, where millions lie interred. Groves of cypress shade the graves, and the stones had various devices.

Chalcedon lies a little south of Scutari, a few hours' sail from Pera. I thought it worth while to visit the place. It is a small village, indifferently built; the situation is fine, a projecting point running into the Sea of Marmora. We walked through and around the town, but could find no trace or remains of the old church where the Council sat.*

The Sultan usually attends mosque on Friday, which is the Turkish Sabbath. It is the privilege of persons who may be aggrieved, or may have petitions to make, to present them to the Sultan on these days, and he in person will attend to these requests and give a speedy answer. In case he refuses the requests, he tears the paper and returns it, which is final; from this there is no appeal. An attendant of the Sultan receives them from the hand of the petitioner, and lays them before his master on his return from the mosque.

Having ascertained what mosque the Sultan would at-

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* Com. Porter, our Chargé d'Affaires, resides at St. Stephano, ten or twelve miles below the city, on the European side of the Sea of Marmora. On my return from thence, I came up to the Seven Towers, and crossed the city in its whole extent. It took me over an hour; it must be four miles across.

tend, I went in company with Mr. D., who procured a place in a shop, that we might see him as he passed. The street had been swept and sprinkled with water. Fresh earth had been spread along in narrow strips in parts of the road. It has been the custom to extend this from the palace to the mosque; the street is good, which may account for the omission, or it may be that the Sultan, who is one after another changing old customs, may intend thus gradually to give up this ceremony of covering his path with fresh earth.

Guards were placed, a few rods apart, on both sides of the street; a number of people collected along the street to see him pass. Before twelve the procession began to approach. First came soldiers on horseback and on foot, then about half a dozen of the Sultan's horses led by grooms. It is the custom for the Sultan to select, at the beginning of each year, a horse for his use, which horse has to carry his Majesty for that year; after which, it enjoys a dignified rest in his Majesty's stable, bating that in token of his dependence he must from time to time attend his master to the mosque. The horse remains at the door while the master enters and worships, and returns again.

After the horses followed Seraskier Pasha, his two sons-in-law, and several high officers. The Sultan rode alone, perhaps two rods from the officers who preceded him. Several grooms walked near his horse.

The Sultan Mahmoud is a fine-looking man; he rode erect and firmly seated on his horse. His horse was richly caparisoned, but I had not time to examine the horse and furniture while the Sultan was on his back. The Sultan wore the red fez cap, which he has substituted, in his army and court, for the turban. It was a rich one, but had not a great show of ornament. He wore a fawn-colored cloak or mantle, fastened under his chin. He has a large black

beard, and is said to use means to keep it of that color. He did not appear to notice us—we were four or five together—until he was nearly opposite us; we pulled off our hats. "Honor the king," says Paul; it is a good precept. He cast on us a keen, piercing glance,—it was but a moment; he could not have prolonged it without either stopping his horse or turning his head, either of which his dignity would not allow. He passed on; some troops and some officials followed.

After waiting about thirty minutes, the Sultan and escort returned in the same order. He now honored us with more of his royal attention; knowing where we were, he fixed his eyes on us at some distance from us, and gave us a long, keen, and penetrating look. There was not, to me, anything very severe in his aspect, but a good degree of dignity and firmness. It was the cool and dignified, settled expression of one who feels that he was born to rule.

I could not help but think of some of those fearful tragedies in which he has had a high part to act. The death of his brother, who once sat on the throne, may not have been the authorized act of the Sultan, but that of some of his party; but as it took place to secure him the undisputed right to reign, as no inquiry has ever been known to have been made as to who did the deed, or at whose command, it is natural to suppose that a brother's blood must cry from the ground against him.

In the fearful tragedy of the destruction of the Janizaries there is less doubt as to the part he took; and it may be our moral feelings will be disposed, if not wholly to justify, at least to throw on him but a part of the blame. He did, it is true, when fully engaged in the contest, make the poor but guilty Janizary bring out and drink the *dregs* of the cup. But they, in their folly, had mingled it, and in their

frenzied madness pressed it to his lips, leaving him but the fearful alternative—your neck or mine.

Possibly he may have provoked them to engage in projects that would justify a strong measure against them. However that may be, when the hour came, and all depended on a single cast, and that cast was war to the knife with a foe who, however recreant in other fields, had heretofore been triumphant at the Seraglio, there was a moral greatness in the spirit with which he girded himself for the terrible struggle. Had he but stopped the flow of blood when victory was sure,—had he spared all but a few of the most guilty,—but indiscriminate slaughter nothing can justify.

For several months past, much has been said about the marriage of a second daughter of Mahmoud. About two years ago he gave his oldest daughter in marriage to Hilile Pasha. This marrying of daughters may be classed, very fairly, among the innovations which are taking place under the present Sultan. It is said that, until what took place two years ago, there had not been a daughter of a Sultan married for about one hundred and twenty years. The fear of rivalries and contests about the throne has worked ruin to many an infant. It is a sure way, but one of dreadful guilt, to destroy all the branches but one, that that one may encounter no rivalries and meet nothing to endanger its succession. Whatever the present Sultan may be, it must excite an interest in him, in all benevolent minds, to know that he has strong family feelings and attachments, and takes a pleasure in letting it be known. On his first married daughter becoming a mother, she was visited by her father, who embraced his little grandchild, and directed his officers of state to salute it as a branch of the royal family. It is much to his credit. It is a matter of course with us; but among his people, and of a line

who for generations have acted differently, it is a noble triumph of good feeling over cruel custom.

The Turkish mode of marrying and giving in marriage differs much from our mode, but not much from other Eastern nations. I have made particular inquiries into the subject, but will confine my notice to this marriage in the royal family which has engrossed so much public attention.

The Sultan chose the husband for his daughter, and who more likely to make a good choice? Having made the selection, he gave formal notice of it to his Grand Vizier, his first minister. The following is a translation of it, as taken from the public prints:

"A Copy of the High August Hand.

"My Vizier:

"In accordance with the law of the Holy Prophet, by the grace of God, I have determined to marry my honorable and respectable daughter, Miliri Mah (Light of the Moon), Sultana, to Saaid Pasha, formerly Keeper of Dardanelles, whom I have now made Counselor in my Imperial Guards. And, if it please God, a chosen time has been appointed for the ceremony of the espousals, after which the ceremony of the wedding will take place in the last of April, at my royal palace, at Besheck-tash. In the month of May, it is my will that the ceremony of the circumcision of my two sons, Abdulh Mijid and Abdulh Aziz, take place at the Sweet Waters.

"As the above Saaid Pasha is a talented young man, and has been educated by my Royal Highness, to execute exactly my royal will, it is my hope from the Most High, that he will be useful, and fit for many high services. It will therefore devolve on you, together with the general-in-chief, to arrange the espousals and the wedding, and you have my royal permission for all things necessary.

"And as such a man as Saaid Pasha ought to have a maintenance corresponding to his rank, you must provide for him out of the royal treasury. It remains, therefore, only that the Most High God and the beloved Prophet, by their grace in this, our august and royal wedding, make his rewards joyful and happy.

"Amen, in the name of the Head of the Prophets."

The preliminaries that followed I collected partly from papers and partly from reports; they were of a more private character. A committee of four, two to represent and regard the interests of the bride, and two those of the bridegroom, and to testify to the facts, waited on the bride to get her assent to be married to the pasha chosen for her. The committee was, of course, of the first men in the kingdom. The lady, in the presence of her mother, was asked, with due Turkish gravity, if she would have Saaid Pasha for a husband, according to the designation of her royal father. What a question for a young girl! and put not by the adoring lover, but by the grave dignitaries of the state, and that before the committee had learned formally how the bridegroom would answer the counterpart question, which was afterward to be put to him; what an odd predicament to be put in! and to a man she had never seen, unless by stealth through a lattice, or in a ride during a festival! But the question must be answered, and gravely too, for the Turks are not a laughing, trifling, humor-making people.

The story goes, that there was a due show of modesty, and of hesitancy, and a flutter of spirits. The good old mother, from pure good-will as to the honor and happiness of her daughter, hunched her, and, in a whisper, urged her to say yes; with some such urging and coaxing, she said it loud enough to be heard and testified to by the committee,

who now had the less delicate part to do, to get the consent of the gentleman. Saaid Pasha must, of course, according to all the rules of decorum, have answered louder, without the urging, and have shown great pleasure at the happiness that awaited him. Mutual presents were exchanged between the happy couple; these were some articles which constitute what is called the espousals. The marriage ceremony will be performed in a few weeks.

I availed myself of the steamer Essex to make a trip to Mondania, which lies across the Sea of Marmora, on the bay of the same name, separated by a ridge from the Bay of Nicomedia. Arriving, we procured horses, and in about five hours reached Broosa. The country is rolling, the ridge near the bay covered with the olive; the land was good, much more free from rock than usual; but a small part was cultivated. A few oaks, walnuts, mulberries, and other trees appeared, many of them but the remnants of trees, having had the tops cut off many times, possibly for fuel, as in Savoy and Italy.

After an hour's ride we entered the plain which extends to Mount Olympus. This mount rises high, and is now capped with snow. As we drew near to Broosa we crossed and recrossed a stream of water. Broosa is famous for the raising and weaving of silk. The mulberry-trees are grown in immense numbers. They are planted from two to five feet apart, and the tops cut off about five or seven feet up. The ground is kept clear and loose to make the trees thrifty. Broosa is famous also for fruits. The grape-vines are cut close, only part of the main stock, from one to two feet, is left. There are in this vicinity more large trees (not more in number), hickory, walnut, cypress, and plane trees, than I have seen lately, except in the grave-yards of Smyrna and Constantinople.

Broosa stands on the first rise of the plain toward Olympus.

The ground over which it is spread is rough, and in some places steep and precipitous. The buildings are scattered along the foot of the mountain some three or four miles. There are many mosques, they say one minaret for every day in the year; this, however, is a flourish. The Greeks, Armenians, Turks, and Jews have each their own quarters, as is the custom in these Oriental cities. There may be from sixty to eighty thousand inhabitants.

Revs. Schneider and Powers, American missionaries, with their wives, are stationed here. These young brothers are quite alone. A few French and Swiss the only Frank residents. The day I arrived, Mrs. Powers, who was in feeble health, read the passage where Paul said to Barnabas, "Let us go and visit our brethren in every city and see how they do." "I wish," said she, "some minister would come out and visit us." In a few hours she heard that I was in the city. I went to see her soon, and she received me as a brother in Christ.

The rock on which the city stands appears to be a very porous travertine; it is much used in building, and is nearly as porous as coral. The old town is inhabited almost wholly by Turks. It is on a hill that stands out a little from the mountain, and its front next the plain has a high precipice. The hill has been surrounded on the other sides by a double wall, like that of Constantinople, the inner one the highest, and, with the large square towers, those of the outer wall lower.

The large mosque is about 200 feet long and 174 feet broad. It has some rich work, and about twenty domes. Some old Greek churches were used for burying-places for Sultans when Broosa was the Turkish capital. In one of these in the old city I saw the old Greek cross.

The mosque of Bajazet, with his mausoleum, stands a little out of town—is of hewn marble; we ascended the minaret,

which gives one of the best views of Broosa which can be had. As no one was in sight, we were permitted to wear our shoes, but when we entered the mausoleum some Moslems were near, and the same doorkeeper required us to take them off. The crown and turban of Bajazet were shown us; also some rich copies of the Koran; the largest one was locked up and the key not to be had.

We looked in to see a potter making vessels on the wheel, and a glass-blower making small glass bottles.

I took a bath, the other day, *à la Turk*. The building, as is usual, had three rooms. In the first we left our clothes and were furnished with three cloths—one to tie around the body, one for the head, and the third to throw over the shoulders. We passed into the next room, which was very warm; after remaining here a little, we went into a third, in which was a large basin of water, so warm that you could just bear to go into it. It was a mineral water, and at its natural heat. We plunged in the basin, and swam and washed a short time, then came out and laid down on a board near a cock of hot water; there the attendants rubbed us with a rough woolen mitten on their hands; we then went in the basin again a few minutes. Then they soaped us well with a thick lather, and rubbed us well; we washed once more, and thus finished our bath. Some of these waters are highly sulphurous and medicinal.

Mr. Schneider has distributed, chiefly by sale, near 1500 Bibles and Testaments, and 2000 other books, and many tracts. There is so much jealousy as to make it needful for these brethren and sisters to proceed with caution. But they are gaining the confidence of some, and by the time they acquire the language, so as to be able to talk with ease, it is hoped the way will be more open.

On Sabbath I preached to the little band of missionaries and a Swiss gentleman, and administered the Lord's Sup-

per. We had a comfortable day, spending it together at Mr. Powers'. On Monday I bid farewell to my dear brethren and passed on to Ghemlic, at the head of a bay in the Gulf of Nicomedia. A portion of this region has a soil equal to that of Kentucky. A letter from Mr. S. procured me a kind reception from a Greek family; a young man could speak English.

In the morning a boy brought in a large basin with a cover pierced with holes, and a pitcher of water, with a long towel over his shoulder. I washed, holding my hands over the basin, while he poured water on them. "Elisha poured water on the hands of Elijah." On leaving this hospitable household, not even the servant would receive any money.

I left Ghemlic, and with a Greek guide rode eastward, and about two hours came in sight of the Lake of Nice. We passed on the south side of the lake. The mountains on our right were more covered with trees than any I have seen in Europe, Greece, or Asia. The plain was cultivated in grain, vines, and mulberry. As we passed up, saw many chestnut, almond, apricot, and other fruit-trees. Near the lake, columns and blocks of marble were lying about in places where there were no traces of buildings. One or two boats were on the lake; reeds, of which mats are made, grow along the shore. In many places there was a sheet of newly-formed rock, full of pebbles like those which lined the shore. The water is fresh, and contains fish. The lake is twenty-four miles long, and from eight to twelve broad. Nice lies at the east end of the lake, surrounded with double walls and towers. The city wall is remarkably perfect, compared with the state of the houses within it. It may be five miles in circuit; much of the space is destitute of houses, and even of ruins; covered with grass, and parts under cultivation.

There has been a pretty thorough repair of the old church where the Council of Nice sat. It is a low, ill-looking building; a few parts of the ancient structure remain, and it is filled with daubs of painting. The remains of the palace where the Council assembled, A.D. 315, are but a mass of ruins, covering a large space,—remarkable for the arched rooms which run under the buildings.

In rambling around, I heard the noise of a school and went in. There were about a dozen boys and an old man, their teacher. He asked me to sit on his carpet. After looking at their books I returned to my lodgings for a modern Greek New Testament, and returned to the school. The old man seemed much pleased with it. I pointed him to John, v. 39,—"Search the Scriptures,"—and to Timothy, iii. 15, and others. I read these passages to him, and gave him the book, requesting him to read it much, and read it to his scholars, which he intimated he would do. The scholars crowded about us to see the book, and manifested great interest.

A young Greek doctor, who had studied in Pisa and spoke Italian, showed a disappointment at my giving the Testament to the master, and evidently wished for it. As I had no other, I gave him my Italian Bible, which pleased him much. He could read it well, and promised to read it daily, and read it also to his father's family, in which I stayed. May the Lord bless those books to many!

From Nice I passed on to Nicomedia, in a very roundabout way, over hill and dale, some places rocky, but for most of the way a rich soil under cultivation, and villages, more or less numerous, in sight. My guide would have halted two hours before night, under pretext that we could not reach another Greek village, but I prevailed upon him to keep on, and two hours more riding brought us into the middle of a fine country through which a stream of water flows.

A few hours' ride, in the morning, took us to Karamousal. The hills close in on the Gulf of Nicomedia, on the south side, along which we passed up. Our road lay along the shore, and we had often, in getting round points, to go into the water; the shore is shallow, with a firm gravel bottom. Uncommonly fine orchards of cherry, almond, filbert, and other fruit, with groves of white walnut, are found in this region. Timber was being cut from the burying-grounds—the cypress uncommonly large.

As we approached the head of the gulf the plains widened, the mountains lowered, and a delightful situation for a great city presented itself. The head of the bay is most beautifully rounded, almost a perfect half circle, with a noble, large plain, from which the water appears to have receded; a high mount southeast of the bay is now covered with snow.

The present town is built in part on the plain and on the side of the hill to the top. Much of the old city wall, which included a much larger space, is now being removed for the sake of the material. The Sultan is now building a new palace on the site of the Palace of the Cæsars.

At the west end of the new building, the remains of the wall of the old palace have been raised by rock to about ten feet, the space on arches filled with earth, in the midst of which is placed a grand marble basin, with a communication from it to the baths. The remainder of the space, made smooth with earth, is planted with trees, shrubs, and flowers. The site is most beautiful, commanding a lovely prospect of land and water. Just below it is a new dock-yard, with a large vessel in the stocks.

It was here in Nicomedia that Diocletian, instigated by Galerius, issued the decrees to extirpate Christianity. The old church in which a famous council was held, lies outside of the town, a mass of ruins.

It is exceedingly difficult to obtain correct statistics of population in Oriental countries. I must be content with knowing that the inhabitants consist of Mohammedans, Armenians, Greeks, and a few Jews. I received kind attentions from Signor Guelielmi, to whom I had letters.

There is a well-made road from Nicomedia to Scutari, and the Turkish post runs over the distance, sixty miles, in nine hours. The road keeps near the gulf, and passes many towns, at one of which, Lybissa, it is said Hannibal poisoned himself and was buried. As we drew near Constantinople, Princes' Isles and other charming scenes presented themselves.

The Turkish post is a little, four-wheeled wagon, with a box-like place four feet long, two wide, and eighteen inches high, with a coarse, split basket in it; over the top a cord, as large as a man's finger, crossed in net fashion, for a seat. It has no back, no side supports. They drive four horses, and travel fast.

On my return to C. I found that the wedding festivities had begun. They took place on the European side, at the palace, three miles above the city. Many tents were pitched on the hills near the palace; a large number of troops stationed in small parties in all directions; a place prepared for sports, rope-dancing, etc., for the amusement of the people. The rope-dancers performed many wonderful feats. Mr. D. saw one the other day take a sheep on his shoulder, carry it up on the rope, twelve feet from the ground, kill it, skin it in part, cut out a piece of flesh, put it on a pan of coals, which another had brought him on the rope, boil it, and eat it there. These performances took place during the day, and a great display of fireworks were exhibited at night. The Bosphorus was illuminated from Seraglio Point to the Black Sea, a distance of eighteen miles. These amusements continued for four

or five days, and other matters filled the time. One day, for instance, a splendid dinner was given to the foreign ambassadors. The Sultan did not dine with them, but most of his ministers did. I was told, by one that was present, that the company was large. I was admitted to the tent with a few friends, but not allowed to remain long. The tent was constructed of posts set in the ground, wrapped with silk, a rich covering of silk drawn over the top, and elegant silk curtains hanging from all sides. Mirrors were placed at opposite ends. The plate, gold and silver, and everything most royal. It reminded me of the splendid feast of King Ahasuerus' Esther.

Many pashas were invited, and were expected to bring presents to the Sultan; and woe be to the person who, being invited to this royal wedding, should refuse to come. This is an ancient custom, and gives much force to the parable in Luke, xiv. The Sultan even chartered a steamer and sent it to Cyprus, to bring to the wedding the governor of that island and his present. Whether he most desired the presence of the pasha or his present, my informant saith not.

The multitude who attended daily became greater and greater,—men, women, and children, old and young. Immense numbers of Turkish women on foot, and in carts drawn by oxen, were seen looking at the exhibitions on the ropes and such follies.

Their mode of illumination is good. The lights are fixed on a framework before the house or in some open place; a small cup or tumbler is in part filled with water, and oil put on the top, and a wick placed in it. This is set in a wire ring, the ends of which are placed in a hole in the frame; a small tin cover over the glass protects the light from wind or rain. The frames are of all shapes, and the lamps arranged to form some device, as a palace

front, star, gate, bridge, tree, or whatever else fancy may select.

Most of the ships and forts were illuminated. I took a boat one evening and rowed up the stream six or seven miles. The effect of these lights from the water is very fine. The villages on both sides, the palaces, twenty in number, and the forts, all had these frames, and the largest of them must have contained from three to five thousand lights.

Floating forts were anchored opposite Besheck-tash, where the festivities of the marriage were mainly concentrated. Troops on these erections sent up immense numbers of rockets and fireworks from dark till near midnight. Miniature ships, rigged completely, large enough to hold two or three men, were plying around. Two carriages, drawn by white horses, and their drivers, were nicely imitated, fixed on a boat-like bottom; the wheels would turn and move the concern like paddles. These wound about and played off fireworks from the windows; they seemed to roll along in the water. There was a boat intended, in shape and appearance, to represent a whale. It was a very good imitation, as it moved about in the darkness of the night and from time to time let off great explosions of fireworks.

I am sure I am tired of writing of this folly, but it is worth looking at in one point of view,—it shows what is interesting in the eye of a Turk. Here the wealth of a kingdom is employed to please the people; and thus the wisdom of the nation resolves to exhibit the glory of the Sultan—the riches of his glorious majesty! But we have not yet come to the great and most striking things in these festivities.

The carrying the dower to the house of the bridegroom, or, in other words, the outfit the father gives the daughter,

precedes the taking of the bride to her new home. In this instance a great affair was made of it. The sofas on which the lady was to sit—the many things which Turks have in their establishments, which we have nothing precisely like, were not allowed to travel quietly and alone from one palace to another, but must be escorted with all the dignity becoming things of royalty. If ease alone were consulted, they might have been taken by water; but there must be display—the people must see it,—and a singular procession and display it was.

As the road was from six to eight miles, there was ample room and choice of places to those who were early on the ground. I took my position on the top of a hill, some distance above Besheck-tash, and found many people there, but the crowds from the city were but beginning to pour out. It was astonishing to see the multitudes that arranged themselves on the sides of the road to see the lady's goods and chattels pass.

First came lancers, each with a small red flag on the top of his lance; next a numerous train of officials, officers of the palace, etc. Then followed forty mules, loaded with furniture, sofas, cushions, trunks, washstands, and I know not what. Next nearly twenty small wagons, each drawn by four horses, loaded with all sorts of things; then about one hundred and sixty or more porters, bearing vessels, mirrors, pitchers, bowls, ornaments, jewelry, etc. The whole was so arranged as to set it off with the greatest effect. One porter might have carried what was divided among three or four, but the impression made by numbers would have been lost. The train extended for miles, a company of lancers forming the rear. I did not follow on to see how it was received. It was enough to have walked two or three miles and have waited several hours to see this sample of Eastern display.

The day following, a similar procession passed over the same ground, to take home the bride and deliver her to her husband, whom she is supposed never to have seen. The etiquette of Turkish manners—the higher the class the more strict—is that the lady see not the gentleman, and especially that she be not seen by him. The exclusion is not really so great as is often represented. I saw, during these festivities, many ladies of rich and wealthy families, as their equipages indicated, and several open carriages, filled with the Sultan's harem, pass through the crowd, drawn by their richly adorned white oxen, with their tails tied up to a pole that passed over their backs. The oxen often stopped, always moved at a snail's pace when they did move, and if the ladies did cover their faces from the nose down and from the eyes up, they did not spare their eyes, but gave them full license to look at all persons and things that came within reach, and to be looked at again as much as any one might please.

The crowd that came out to see the bridal procession was very great indeed—more numerous than what had looked upon the dower. First came troops of lancers with their red flags, preceded by a full band of music; then officers of the army and navy, a large body of officers of the palace, six or eight moolahs, or priests, splendidly dressed, and accompanied by many attendants; then pashas, officers, highest pashas, eunuchs of the palace; a superb carriage and eight, with two sons of the Sultan; a second carriage and six, almost covered with gold, in which the bride was said to be,—on the window rested a *white hand*, but it seemed too large for a lady in her teens; four or five rich carriages and six, with women and children and attendants; near forty more carriages—most of them of European fashion, the remainder Turkish arabas; then a large parcel of nondescript vehicles, filled with women and children; the whole

closed again with companies of lancers. These processions were attended by tens of thousands of women, and, what was more remarkable, they were out to see the illuminations at night, a thing said to be new until now.

The Turkish women usually go out in companies of four to eight. They have no male attendant, except the driver, when they go in an araba.

The bride was taken to the palace given her by her father, and installed in the apartments. The parties who made the engagement remained, and after the last hour of prayer took Saaid Pasha to the apartments of Miliri Mah and put him in possession of all they contain. He becomes the lord of the manor.

The enjoyments of society, with us,—the moral purity, the refined and social pleasures,—spring greatly from the female part of it. The absence of it leaves a roughness, and often a rudeness, that bears hard on all the fine moral sentiments in man. I have often noticed this in traveling in our public vehicles. I have made part of a company in a stage-coach or steamboat where there was no woman, and been wounded at the rudeness and coarseness, not to give it a harder name, of men who wore the garb of gentlemen; and I have witnessed the entrance of a genteel woman produce, as if by magic, a change of a most grateful kind. A politeness, a careful avoidance of all impure sentiment, a delicate regard for the proprieties of refined society, has been manifested by the same persons who but a few hours before were uttering most unseemly sentiments.

Now the Turks are, unhappily, by their customs, cut off from a free intercourse with a varied female society. Is it to be wondered at that they should exhibit an absence of fine moral sentiment? Articles not subjected to the material that polishes and refines cannot be expected but to exhibit the want of polish.

The marriage festivities did not last as many days as was expected. The cause assigned was a death among the women of the royal household.

The Sweet Waters is the name of a place toward the head of the Golden Horn, and, by land, not more than five miles from the city. The grounds are pretty, well shaded with trees; the Sultan has a splendid palace there, and a beautiful kiosk. The preparations for the festivities of the circumcision had gone on simultaneously with those of the marriage.

A few days after the close of the latter, the harem went, in boats, up the Golden Horn to the palace at the Sweet Waters. The rope-dancers, the merriment-making people, and the fireworks were all transferred there, and began another campaign.

I went up to see what was going on. There were many soldiers encamped on the hills, and all the apparatus for amusing the people in full operation. There were many extensive suits of buildings of one story high, furnished with sofas, and open in front. Many were circumcised in the forenoon, and the amusements engaged attention in the after part of the day. Although the feast was avowedly given to grace the circumcision of the Sultan's sons, yet it is confidently said—I know not on what authority—that they are not subjected to that rite,—that it is contrived, in operating on the many hundreds who are associated with them, to pass over them, that the royal blood be not spilt. The Mohammedans circumcise at the age of seventeen.

The Turks, with all their gravity and silence, are fond of shows, but chiefly of dumb shows. It is not uncommon, at these feasts, to see thousands who will sit on their heels almost the whole day looking at a man walking on a rope, or performing some feats on a rope ten or fifteen feet from the ground. One object which I have had in view in visit-

ing these immense assemblies of people, and at these times and places, where all may be supposed to be done that is most congenial to their tastes, was to see if I could obtain a clear insight into Turkish character, and in the unsuspecting moments of their good humor,—for who will not be in good humor when the successor of the prophet is doing so much to give them pleasure?—to see if I could not read them more fully. I am not sure that I have gained my object; yet I have had a practical exhibition of the tastes, manners, and habits of Turks, Armenians, and Jews, that is worth obtaining.

Hearing that the Sultan would go by water to attend a mosque, I went to see him embark. We took our station on the quay, near his barges. They were richly ornamented with devices in gold. The one nearest us had on the cover or roof, supported by four pillars, a gold globe with spikes standing out as rays of the sun; under this a splendidly cushioned seat, and a rich sofa on the floor before it. His highness did not come out of the palace where we hoped he would; the boats were ordered to a flight of steps leading from a piazza to the water. When he got in the barge the band began to play, the ships ran up their colors and began firing salutes, which was continued by the ships along the Bosphorus.

After this I went to see the whirling dervishes. Their room for worship is a neat building, of an octangular form, with a small gallery. There is a space, say of eight feet, round the wall, set off with a low railing, where spectators may stand. The area for exercise may be twenty-five feet in diameter; a narrow mat is laid round near the railing, on which the dervishes take their seats as they enter, after having made a most profound bow, and stooped down and kissed the floor.

They all wear a coarse, high, conical cap, with a thick

edge where the brim ought to be, of a whitish, dirty color. Most of them have a large mantle, of various colors, and under that a close white cotton jacket and petticoat which reaches to the floor, made funnel-like, so that at the waist, where it is wrapped with a girdle, it sets nearly close, while at the lower part it gives ample room for the longest step any may make.

They continued to come in to the number of twenty; several then went into the gallery, and slow music from a wind instrument was heard. Two, with green sashes wrapped round the dervish cap, took their seats on a small carpet opposite the music in the gallery. When the music began, the dervishes rose and laid aside their mantles, and walked slowly round the room in single file, led on by the two with the green turbans, who retained their cloaks or mantles; as they came to the rich carpet on which their turbaned leaders had been sitting, they bowed low, and passing by it with their faces to it bowed low again before they resumed their upright position, and renewed the line of march. The leaders did the same.

After making the circle of the room several times, the leaders took their stand at the red carpet, with their backs to the railing; the rest, as they passed, bowed; a few of the first kissed the right hand of the leaders, and passing on, began to whirl; at first their arms were crossed on their breasts, and the hands laid on the shoulders; their arms, however, were soon thrown out and kept in a horizontal position, the right hand with the palm up and the left with it down.

As each one began to whirl as he passed the leader, they were soon all whirling; at first the motion was slow, but it soon became faster and faster, until they went like a top. Their long, loose, funnel-shaped skirts, with a broad, heavy hem below, were soon filled with wind, and stood out to

their full dimensions. Their faces were slightly turned up, and had an abstracted, and contemplative air. The room was filled with them, yet they did not run against each other; there was a gradual motion round the room in the way they had walked, but their chief motion was a rotary one, and that was pretty quick.

After whirling about five minutes, they made a pause for a short space, standing on the mat round the railing. Then passing round, single file, bowing to their leader, they began again to whirl. This was renewed several times; the last time they spun round near eight minutes, and appeared more exhausted than usual. While they stood they crossed their hands on their breasts; when they whirled they spread out their hands and looked up. The dervishes are a class of Moslem monks. The howling order has been suppressed.

There were a good many spectators present. How painful it is to see such strange perversions of the religious principle! All men have a feeling that religion is needful; but when the word of God is not followed, into what strange and foolish practices do men fall!

One of the most pleasing excursions I ever made was up the Bosphorus and along the shore of the Black Sea, in company with Mr. Dwight and Mr. and Mrs. Jackson. The freshness of the vegetation, the fortifications, the shipping, the magnificent palaces of the Sultan, with those of his pashas, the many villages, with the mansions of the wealthy, the residences of foreign ambassadors, with the gardens and groves in the background, presented panoramic views of great beauty.

May 17. Left Constantinople in the steamer and returned to Smyrna. At the suggestion of the brethren, in part, took passage in a Greek vessel for Beyroot, in company of Miss Tilden, who had been detained four months

for an opportunity to proceed on her way to Jerusalem, and Mr. and Mrs. E. Fuaz, native Christians, who had been sent on a few days before to escort her to Syria. I was requested to act in some sort as *paterfamilias* of the company.

After making the necessary preparation and procuring provisions for the voyage, I learned that the vessel must go via Syra to procure her papers. This being out of the way, I was on the point of declining; but as no other vessel offered, and the captain entered into a written engagement not to stop over twenty-four hours, and at no other place on the route, except Cyprus, I continued my engagement. We had chartered the vessel, but on sailing, found that the captain had picked up about twenty other passengers. However, they did not occupy much room by day, and at night laid down on deck—anywhere—to sleep. I brought out some Greek and Italian books, Bibles and tracts, and soon had the pleasure of seeing the greater part of them engaged in reading.

I had passed up and down the Gulf of Smyrna several times before in a steamboat, and always at night; on the present occasion I had more time to look at it than I cared for. We were nearly three days in getting opposite Scio, annoyed with head winds, or what is worse to the sailor, with no wind from any quarter. We were seven days in coming from Smyrna to the Island of Syra. Here we were not allowed to land on account of quarantine regulations. This being the season when plague usually visits Smyrna, the laws are strictly enforced. However the question of utility may be decided, these quarantines are a great annoyance to trade and traveling.

Our missionary friends came off in a boat, and we learned that they had had much trouble since I was here two months ago. Great efforts have been made to excite prejudices against the missionaries and their operations, books and

Bibles destroyed, and pupils withdrawn from schools. Through the kindness of Revs. L. and R., I replenished my supply of Bibles and tracts.

The number of islands in the Grecian seas is very great. The many small islands and rocks, which do not appear on the maps, meet the eye of the voyager, break the uniformity, and give variety to the watery world by which he is surrounded. Although our course did not lead us through the thickest clusters, it gave us a view of as many of the larger and more important ones as any one course could have done. From Syra we passed in nearly a direct course east, till we were near Patmos, near enough to see that it is a rough and mountainous isle. It was the native place and home of our captain. He informed me that the population was small, but he wished somebody would establish a school there; that a good man, a missionary, some time before had established one, but not having been visited since, it was not doing much good. He thought, as I run over the names of several missionaries, that Brewer was the name. It is found that those who offer as teachers in these regions are so little trustworthy that, without a pretty constant watch over them, they will not give that attention to schools that is indispensable to make them a real blessing to a people.

From Patmos, we bore to the southeast, keeping the large open passage, having Levitha, Zinari, and Livourne on our right, and Lero, Calimnos, and Cos on our left. Passing Cos and Nisari, with Piscopi, Karki, and Rhodes on our right, we were fairly out of the Grecian seas, and have now a plain of water before us and the Asiatic coast, with its isles, and promontories, and deep bays looking down upon our left. Of all that I have yet seen, these Grecian isles appear to be the most barren and destitute of trees,—I had almost said of life, for they seem to have

but little of animated nature upon them. Perhaps a nearer inspection would not place them thus low in the scale of vegetative worth.

The Sabbath passed off with us better than I had reason to hope. As the greater part of those on board could understand but little of anything else than Greek and Italian, I had no other mode of doing them good than by supplying them with religious reading. There had been a good deal of playing at a game, a little like chess, and I feared that it might be engaged in on the Sabbath. It was, indeed, once begun. I perhaps showed by my countenance that I did not approve of it, but said nothing; it was in a few minutes discontinued and the apparatus put aside. Application was made to buy some of the books; I told them to read them, and when the Sabbath was passed, I would supply them. I have disposed of most of them.

Night came on as we drew near Rhodes, and the next morning it was so far in the distance that we had not a very clear view of it. It is an island of considerable size, celebrated for a stupendous colossal brazen image which once bestrode the harbor, and also for the splendid defense which the Knights there made against the Turks. They were at length obliged to capitulate, and took their next and last stand at Malta, where the order may be said to have found its grave. *Sic transit gloria mundi!* Like many other names of men, and families, and powers, they are only found in the record of the past "to point a sentence or adorn a song."

Soon after passing Rhodes, the Asiatic coast fell back, and gave way to a wide-spread bay. The mountains far to the north told the bounds of the water, and I thought I could discover towns, but the view was too distant to be satisfactory.

The northeast side of this bay is bounded by a high

mountain, which, running into the sea, forms a bold and far projecting promontory. This state of the coast continued, with occasional islands, bays, and promontories, from fifty to one hundred miles, when a larger bay, with high mountains behind it and many barren and peculiarly rocky islands scattered in it, came into view. To our great dissatisfaction, the captain ran in and cast anchor for the night in a harbor of one of the principal islands. The bay was one of the most beautiful I have ever seen; the water uncommonly clear, from fifteen to twenty feet deep. A kind of sea-moss spread its dull-green covering over the bottom. Fish of considerable size could be seen moving about below us.

I landed at Castle Rosse, ascended to the fort, and had a good view of the town. The houses are indifferent, built of stone, with flat roofs, like those of Malta. A large church is being erected. It has two rows of granite pillars within it. On inquiring where they were procured, I was told from the old ruins of Patara, twenty miles off. The Patara most likely mentioned in Acts, xxi. 1.

Having asked for the priest, a messenger ran and brought him. He said they had a school for boys, and showed me the prayer-books used in the church. They appeared new, were well kept, and were in ancient Greek. Finding that he had no copy of the Scriptures, I told him if he would visit our vessel I would furnish him with the New Testament, Pentateuch, Psalms, and Isaiah, in modern Greek. He promised to come, but failed to do so, before we sailed, which was soon after our return. I regretted this the more, as I wished to put a few copies into the school.

The church, though not finished, was adorned with some ugly pictures; and several persons prostrated themselves before them. Wishing a sample of the granite, and supposing that in fitting them some chips might be about, I

asked the priest to get me a piece. To my surprise, he took a hammer and knocked off a piece from one of the pillars and gave it to me. Not unlikely, he thought I wanted it as a holy relic.

In passing out of this bay we had a clearer insight into the peculiar geological conformation of the coast than we had before enjoyed. A low mountain, rising high as it runs east, tapers down irregularly at the bay and sinks under the water, throwing up, however, rude masses of naked rocks for miles across the mouth of the bay, then rises in the high rocky island on which Castle Rosse stands, and those that lie west of it. Back of these hills, and farther in the interior, mountains behind mountains rise; the highest are now, June 10, covered with snow; and thus, as we pass toward Cyprus, our last land object will be the snow-capped tops of the mountains of Asia Minor.

We approached the western end of Cyprus, and sailed round south of it to the port of Larnica, on the eastern shore. The island is large, resembling the face of country in Asia Minor. The distinguishing feature, the whitish appearance of the hills, resembling the chalk cliffs of Dover and the coasts of the islands at the mouth of the Gulf of Smyrna.

I sent letters on shore to the American missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Pease and Mr. J. Thompson. They called in a boat, but quarantine would not allow of our calling on them. They are hopeful in regard to their prospects, but the mission is not of long standing.

I have been much gratified to find such a brotherly spirit prevailing among the missionaries around the Mediterranean. Some of them have never met, but they all feel a common interest, and one tie binds them all as members of one loving family. And I will add, especially pleased with the way their children are managed. They take great care in

their training, keep them under their own influence, pray much for and with them. I have seldom seen children more interesting or better behaved than those of these families. There are now about fifty, I suppose, at the different stations.

It should be borne in mind that though the Greek Church does not use sculpture in worship, and charges this on the Romanists as idol worship, its members are as *mad* after their pictures and the sign of the cross as the veriest Papist can be after images of wood and stone. To worship an image is a very bad thing, while *not* to worship a picture is as bad. Thus, the missionaries are considered as almost atheists, because they do not worship the picture of the Virgin. If a picture be not an image, one would think it ought to be a likeness, at least, and the prohibition to worship images includes likenesses. It is true that most of the pictures I have seen in the Greek churches can hardly be said to be "a likeness of anything in the heavens above, or the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth." They are like nothing but each other, a kind of family likeness prevails among them, being the most ill-favored things that were ever made to excite the recollection of human beings.

Their churches are full of such pictures. They bow down before them, kneel, touch, and kiss the floor, and approach and kiss the picture. Most of the large pictures have a small picture placed under them, a representation of the larger one, to be kissed in its place. I have seen a person go from one side of the church to the other, taking the pictures in regular order, bowing, prostrating, and kissing each one as he passed.

The missionaries, of course, do not encourage this, but for the most part say little against it, thinking it is the best way to impart general and Biblical information, and leave

that to operate on all these abuses. I am not sure that they may not have carried this forbearance far enough, but am not prepared to say they have not taken the right course, taking things as they are. The alarm is now given, and it is charged, as a fault, that they do not worship the pictures. They may now be obliged to tell why they do not and make the appeal to the word of God.

The Greek churches are without seats; the people seldom sit in worship, or kneel in prayer—to kneel before the picture and kiss the floor excepted. In some cases I have seen frames placed in the middle of the church, high enough for a person to lean on, intended for supports to aged and infirm persons.

The priests read the service in ancient Greek, and so loud and fast that few can understand one word in ten of what is said. There is a lightness and irreverence in their manner that is painful. They have almost no preaching. That most important part of worship—that most valuable mode of operating on the moral and intellectual character of a people is almost gone out of use in all these Eastern branches of the church.

The Greek priests are, for the most part, ignorant, but, report says, not so corrupt as the Romanists; they are more open to improvement, and less prejudiced against those who differ from them. What are called Greek Catholics, are those who admit the claims of the Pope, but are much the same in rites and ceremonies. I fear there is a union of feeling and action, at present, to stop the progress of light and information.

Taking human nature as it is, we must expect that at some stage of the progress of light which is dawning on these regions an excitement will take place. The prince of darkness will not let the light come in to disturb the peace of his subjects without showing signs of displeasure.

It may be a cause of regret that more light has not been shed abroad before a contest takes place. My impression is that the recent opposition is but the prelude to a great conflict which may impede but not wholly stop the progress of truth. I know that it will not go on without the blessing of God, and I dare not say that the people of these regions may not reject the light; like the Gadarenes, they may say, Go out of our coasts, and it may be He will.

But, on the other hand, God in his providence has brought so many things to bear in favor of the advance of light and truth,—so many causes are at work now, that I see, in the little or great opposition which may be made by those who have their gain from keeping out the light, no sufficient reason to believe that all the preparation made for its advance is like the flowers that load a tree that never bears fruit. I hope and believe better things.

CHAPTER IX.

Palestine and Egypt — Return to the United States — Reasons and Explanations—Sixteen Years' Residence in Kentucky as Pastor of Mulberry Church, Shelby County.

WE reached Beyroot about the middle of June, 1836; found the missionaries absent on the mountains, to which they usually resort in the hot months, and after performing a quarantine of two weeks I went to the mountains and resigned my charge of Miss T.

I spent part of the hot weather in Beyroot and part on the mountains, and made a tour to the Sunneen, the highest peak of Lebanon, and another to Damascus, and on my return visited the ruins of Baalbec, crossed the plain to the Cedars of Lebanon, and returned to Beyroot by way of Tripoli and Jebail.

When the heats were passed, I made the tour of Palestine. I proceeded by water to Jaffa, thence on horseback to Jerusalem. After spending some days there, I visited Bethlehem and south to Hebron, the Jordan, and the Dead Sea, bathing in the waters, and returned to Beyroot via Plains of Esdralon, Lake of Tiberius, Nazareth, Acre, Tyre, and Sidon. For particulars, see my Notes of Travel.

On reaching Syria I found the misson weakened by the absence of two of the oldest and most efficient members. Messrs. Bird and Smith, owing to the protracted ill health of their wives, had been compelled to leave. Messrs. Whiting and Lanneau were at Jerusalem, and Messrs. Thomson and Hebard at Beyroot. At the request of these

brethren, I gave such aid as I could, particularly in conducting a religious service on Sabbath in English, which collected a pleasant number of European and Arab hearers who understood that language.

Toward the end of the year, after my tour through Palestine, I had about made up my mind to go to Egypt, spend the winter in exploring that country, and then return to the United States, when I was waited on by a committee of the mission, with a special request that I would remain and assist them until more help should arrive. They stated that unless I did, a part of the work must stop. The press, the distribution of books, the schools and the preaching in Arabic and English could not all be carried on without more help.

After serious consideration, I consented to remain for a time, and engaged in the work, continuing until near the end of two years from the time I arrived in the country. During this time I married Mrs. M. W. Dodge, widow of Dr. Asa Dodge, who died at Jerusalem some years before I reached that place. He left two little daughters, Mary Merrill and Matilda Whiting, whom I adopted, and have tried to raise as my own.

The return of Rev. Smith, and some other matters, induced me to conclude that I would leave for the United States. In the spring of 1838 I revisited Jerusalem with my family, and spent a few weeks. There Dr. Dodge lay buried on Mount Zion; there Mrs. P. had passed through trials of no common kind, and I wished her daughters to see the grave of their father. A neat stone had been prepared, and I left with Rev. W. means for its erection, that it might designate the spot where, in his youthful prime, he had fallen asleep in Jesus. We also visited Bethlehem and other places in the vicinity.

It was not without feelings of sorrow that I left Syria.

To Mrs. P. it was a great grief, which even the hope of meeting dear friends on the other side of the Atlantic could not compensate. Her choice had been made not without a struggle between conflicting interests, the pangs of parting from home and country gone through, the hazards of voyages encountered, the process of acclimation and the discomforts of a new mode of life passed away, heavy afflictions endured; and now, at home with the natives, many of whom she had learned to love, familiar with the language, so as to communicate readily with them, with invigorated health and more self-reliance, with facilities of increasing her influence not before enjoyed, she must relinquish the hope of usefulness which Providence seemed so brightly spreading out before her, and turn from the work without *seeing one* GOOD *reason why* she was called to make the sacrifice. A mystery enveloped the whole matter, which could not be dispelled without implicating some in whom she had placed great confidence. Silent acquiescence, and a trust that this was among the "all things that work together for good," was all that was left us.

Desirous of procuring a healthy and comfortable residence for my family, I had advanced money to Yacob Aga to finish the upper rooms of his house, which he had projected on a large scale, and was finishing in a plain but neat style. The house was on an elevation, just outside the walls of Beyroot, commanding a view of the town and harbor, the gardens, the long range of Lebanon, and a wide expanse of the sea on the western horizon. The prospect from the upper terrace was pronounced, by travelers, as unrivaled in beauty.

Through the kindness of Mr. Kilby, a merchant, I was relieved from any pecuniary embarrassment that might otherwise have attended our removal. With a noble generosity, he repaid me the money advanced for the

house, and purchased my piano, which I had ordered from Germany. I would state this as a kind Providence that prepared a way for us to leave.

We bade farewell to the mission friends at Jerusalem—went down to Jaffa, and the following week embarked in a Turkish brig for Alexandria, in Egypt. Confined to the lazaretto for half a month, we were then set free, and took a canal-boat to Atfeh, and then a boat on the Nile to Cairo, where we received kind attentions from German missionaries, who made our stay very pleasant. The fine, healthy condition of our children attracted much attention, contrasted with the puny, sickly appearance of the European children that were met with. A Frenchman who had resided some years in Abyssinia, catching a sight of the plump, rosy-cheeked, fair-skinned Martha, in its mother's arms, exclaimed, with uplifted hands, "Where did that child come from?" On being told, continued, "Madame, there is not such another in the land of Egypt!"

We rode out to the Pyramids of Ghizeh, and explored what was interesting in that locality, and then returned to Alexandria. We were six days in coming down the river—strong winds from the north impeding our progress.

On the 15th of July we sailed in the American brig Carroll, Captain Simpson, bound for New York. August 27th we cast anchor in the harbor of Gibraltar, but were not allowed to land—we took in a supply of fresh water and fruit and kept on our way—experienced one storm on the Atlantic, and completed the voyage in eighty-eight days. A long time to be confined on board a small trading vessel. In many respects our voyage was a pleasant one. For the particulars of the voyage, etc., see my Letters on Palestine and Egypt.

From New York, where we were kindly received into the family of my old friend, John Morton, we went to Port-

land, Maine, the native place of Mrs. P.; visited the father and mother of Dr. Dodge, at New Castle, and went as far East as Bangor. Returning, we set our faces to the west, to find a field of labor, accompanied with the youngest sister of Mrs. P.

From Philadelphia we passed to Pittsburg. At this place I commenced giving lectures on Palestine, having been importuned by many persons to do so. I gave lectures also in Cincinnati, Louisville, and Shelbyville, Ky., etc. Was invited to settle at Mulberry Church, which I did, and remained with that people about sixteen years. I then accepted an invitation to move to Princeton, Indiana, where I now am with my family—A.D. 1857.

I think it proper to refer briefly to the reasons why I left the mission-field and returned with my family to the United States. It must be borne in mind that I went out as a traveler, but having for a time acted as an agent for the A. B. C. F. M., I felt a deep interest in the work, and, when in France, concluded I would visit the missions in the Mediterranean, and learn the openings in Providence for evangelizing those countries, and what efforts were best calculated to remove the darkness and superstition which had so long rested on God's heritage.

The matter of my remaining as a missionary was often suggested to me during this tour, and ways in which I could advance the work pointed out. On consenting to remain according to the wishes of the brethren at Beyroot, I thought best to apply to the Board for a commission. Another question now came up, that had occupied my thoughts while passing among the stations. The plan of operation, the mode of conducting missions to the Oriental churches. The care taken not to excite prejudice and opposition by condemning those perversions and additions

that wholly neutralize the truth, the allowing professed converts to continue in fellowship with those corrupt churches, and in many ways, by what was called sapping and mining, to overthrow those errors, could not but be noticed as a peculiar feature of the work.

From the first I stood in doubt of it. Yet such was my regard for the opinion of those who had for years been in the field, and for the judgment of those under whose direction they acted, that I did not feel clear in giving an opinion against the plan. But now, having for near two years looked at and seen its effects, and that from some stand-points not possible to the missionary, and being engaged to remain, I concluded I would frankly, in private letters to those who had asked my opinion, give it, with my reasons for a plain and more open course with these idolatrous and apostate churches.

I did this in three or four letters to as many individuals. These letters were not all answered. Some partially answered, but my chief reasons against their practice not met and replied to. Two of the brethren requested that I "would not write home or publish my opinions, as they might disturb the churches."

From letters to others, I found that offense was taken, and from the delay of an answer from the Rooms at Boston, and the wording of the answer when it did come, I suspected that my opinions had been reported to the Board, or more definitely, "the Prudential Committee," with such comments as very naturally led to the result. The whole matter did not, however, come out until I reached the United States and had a free conversation with some connected with the Board, who distinctly informed me, that letters from missionaries had caused the result. Instead of answering me promptly, which might

have been done in six weeks, by mail, I was kept waiting much the greater part of the year.

I was satisfied by conversing with Christians in New England, that the churches, and even the great mass of the Board, did not understand the policy pursued, until the subject was brought out in public partly through Mr. Brewer's publications and my letters to him. It was, indeed, difficult for those who had not been on the ground, to understand the case. I had, in my letters, stated distinctly, that I did not advocate *an exclusive and perpetual dwelling on the errors and superstitions of those churches;* but I did desire, *that in connection with a setting forth of gospel and law truth there should be a plain and frequent exposure of those errors which obscure and neutralize the truth, and that the word of God should be brought to bear on these superstitions in all their forms.* Nor did I advocate *a rough, provoking, or denunciatory mode of preaching;* it was to be done in the spirit of love, but let it be plain, and bold, faithful, as becomes those who are ambassadors for Christ.

Soon after my return a gradual change took place, and some, who had been the greatest advocates of the sapping and mining plan, came out with statements, to the effect that no such policy had been pursued. These were published in the *Missionary Herald.* When I saw this, I addressed three letters to Dr. Anderson, the secretary, in which I went over the whole matter; and in a few years afterward, when another attempt was made, with the knowledge of the secretaries, to do me injustice, I made an appeal to the Board, followed by a memorial, which I presented, and had the matter, as to the main points, set right.

But enough! poor human nature, and that even in men, whom we may hope have some good thing in them! To the three published Letters, Appeal, and Memorial, I

refer those who may wish more fully to understand the subject. J. D. P.

There was one scrutinizing observer, on whom every consideration combined to produce an impartial judgment, who could not fail to notice that Mr. P. brought a weight of character with him to the work which no young man could have done. His character was formed, his reputation established, before he entered that part of his Master's field. He was welcomed on board our ships of war, three of which visited the harbor of Beyroot that summer, not with a patronizing kindness, but as one esteemed and respected. The officers and men, with whom he became acquainted at Norfolk and in the Mediterranean, brought up a good report. Surprise, that he seemed to need no introduction, being intimated, was met by the reply, that "they had known him long; he had baptized some of their children; the wife of Com. Elliot was a member of the Norfolk Church, as likewise the wife of Captain Nicholson, and he had baptized some in their families; he was a man of sterling worth—no mistake about *him!*"

His generosity, in responding to the calls for help to the needy, gained the good-will of the people, and he was in many instances applied to for relief, in cases of perplexity, where the resident missionaries did not feel authorized to use the funds of the mission. It did not take long for the community to find out that he was a man who, without show and bustle, could accomplish much. He had a talent for planning and managing, which eminently fitted him for usefulness in any mission. His experience of men and things would have been invaluable. A bold, consistent course would have been persevered in, but no rash or foolish project would have emanated from him.

That he would have acquired the language, no one ac-

quainted with his habits of study can doubt. Said a young Arab, who had been taught by the missionaries, and whom he employed to read with him, "Mr. Paxton, he study much—he reads and reads—he keep on reading—he never gets tired—I get tired and want to go away—but he wants to read *more*—I never saw a man could study *so hard!*" Good old Tannoos El Hadad on being asked if he thought Mr. P. would ever master the language, replied, "*It will be a wonder if he does not!* Mr. B. study much—Mr. S. study very much—but Mr. P., he study all the time, he never stop."

The climate was wonderfully adapted to his constitution. The heat which prostrated others seemed to invigorate his system, and he enjoyed uniform health while in the country, and had a better prospect of long life than many others. As it was, he outlived most of the laborers then in the field, and had the satisfaction of observing that the mode of operating he had approved and pointed out, was gradually fallen into, and rejoiced in the success which has of late years attended those missions. Although no credit may have been given him for his knowledge, efforts, or good intentions, his influence in modifying and moulding subsequent operations was felt in a greater or less degree.

What greater good would have resulted to that mission, by a prolonged residence among the changes and revolutions that took place in that region, the light of eternity alone can reveal.

12th February, 1839.—On arriving at Shelbyville, Mr. P. soon found a pleasant boarding-place for his family and passed on to Versailles to spend the Sabbath. Rev. N. Hall was assisting Rev. W. W. Hill, the young pastor of the Shelbyville Church, in a "sacramental meeting." Much interest was manifested, and the meeting protracted. Returning to S. on Monday, his help was solicited, and he

engaged with his accustomed energy in the work, preaching nine times that week, beside laboring in other ways. It was a time to be remembered, and many were added to the church. Here he renewed his acquaintance with friends, and the ministers Shannon and Proctor, from "Old Virginia," and was invited by an elder to visit the Mulberry Church and preach, that church having been vacant most of the time since the death of Rev. A. Cameron, the founder of several Presbyterian churches in that section of country. He consented to supply them for a time, and removed his family to the neighborhood, and in the month of June visited his widowed mother. A regular call from the congregation was tendered him in August, which he accepted, and the installation took place.

It was a matter of surprise and astonishment to some, that one who had "traveled abroad," and possessed of so much varied information, should be willing to settle down quietly in a country congregation. The situation was strictly rural, the church taking its name from Mulberry Creek, which flowed through the neighborhood. The house of worship located in the woods, distant from the public roads; to reach it, gates must be passed through, and, in some instances, bars laid down. The building an ancient log-house, clapboarded, with a door on the north and south sides. On the east was a stone chimney, with its broad fire-place, capable of holding several stout logs and any quantity of brush and kindlings. Two pillars near the middle of the house helped to support the roof. The walls were plastered, but the curved ceiling was overlaid with boards. Opposite the fire-place was the pulpit, a closely boxed-up affair, accessible on two sides by four or five stairs. Back of the pulpit were two windows, somewhat smaller than those in the other parts of the house. The pulpit seemed, indeed, to be a private room for the

minister's accommodation, shutting him out of sight, until he mounted the rostrum to commence the service. Let no one censure the judgment or the taste of the constructors of this and cotemporary buildings. In the days when leggins and saddle-bags were an indispensable part of a preacher's accouterments, was not this arrangement more suitable than the showy platforms of modern days, where the speaker may parade his polished boots and nicely-fitted clothes to the gaze of the audience?

The seats were rude benches, with a strip of board appended high up, as a support to the backs of those tall enough to reach them; a number of split-bottomed chairs, marked with the initials of the owners, were scattered around the fire-place, or in any vacant space, as suited the convenience of the aged occupants. Not a cushion was to be found in pulpit or seat, not a curtain or blind shut out the light of day. And yet in this building had assemblies of attentive worshipers listened to discourses of two or more hours' length. An argument on some doctrinal subject was to them an intellectual feast, and the pure gospel of Christ was the life of their souls.

For a few years previous there had been a falling off in the attendance, owing chiefly to the irregularity in procuring supplies for the pulpit. Some of the families attended the church in town. A few miles off was a Methodist chapel, more easy of access, being on a public road, to which, once a month, crowds of people resorted. In comparison, the audience at Mulberry appeared insignificant, and the opinion was openly expressed that it was useless for the Presbyterians to attempt to gather a congregation at the old place. But here were some of the Venable, Morton, Graham, Hanna, Lyle, and Glass families, descendants of those who have honorable mention in the annals of the Presbyterian Church. These, with others of like faith,

gathered from Sabbath to Sabbath to the house of worship, and in a short time the regular attendants formed a congregation respectable in size and growing in numbers. Most of the people came on horseback, and tied their horses by the bridle to the limbs of the beech-trees. But one carriage was owned in the congregation, but that was of the right sort; it had brought the family out from Virginia, and could be drawn to church through mud and rain. At a communion season in the autumn of 1841, Rev. Kennedy and Lynn assisting, the house could not contain half of the people collected on Sabbath morning; while the services were being conducted in the house, Mr. P. went out and preached in the grove.

Without ostentation he commenced his duties, endeavoring to instruct and benefit the people of his charge. It was evident that it had been no intention of his to seek a retired corner of the vineyard, where he could pass his declining years in comparative ease, and indulge in intellectual pursuits. His labors were varied and abundant. In addition to two sermons on the Sabbath, and one or two during the week, at private houses within the bounds of his congregation, he had solicitations from various quarters to lecture on Palestine, and to assist other pastors in times of revival and protracted meetings.

Mr. P. possessed, at this period, a buoyancy of spirit which enabled him, "in times of awakening," to enter into the work with all the ardor of youth, rendering him a pleasant coadjutor with his younger brethren. He would preach with untiring zeal and energy as long as there were persons anxious to hear, seldom giving evidence of exhaustion in those efforts. As an instance, in August, 1842, a revival took place in the Olivet Church, the late David T. Stuart, pastor. Rev. N. Hall assisted for some days, but became so hoarse that he could not preach. The people

of God were aroused to their duty, a number were anxious, some perplexed on the mode of baptism, and others halting between two opinions; the call for instructive, earnest preaching was great. The request, "Come over and help us," met with a prompt compliance. He joined his efforts with those of his brethren, preaching eleven days in succession—twice for three days and once three times in one day. On this occasion he preached twice to the colored people, and also the funeral of Mr. Hitchcock, a pious young man from New England, who was seized with fever while attending the meeting, and died in a few days. These services were held at a stand in the open air through the day.

The public mind was much excited on Campbellism. The followers of Alexander Campbell were active in spreading their tenets, and zealous in proselyting from other denominations. Discussions and public debates were common. Before the famous debate of Campbell and Rice, in which it was conceded the latter gained the laurel, numerous advocates went about the country, holding meetings in churches and school-houses, attacking the opinions of the leading denominations of Christians, and boldly challenging them to refute their statements and assertions. It was not uncommon for messengers to come from some distance, requesting him to go and answer these disputants, or to follow with a series of sermons on baptism, or points connected with it. He generally preferred the latter course, judging that most likely to be productive of good.

Not long after his settlement the old church was repaired, and some alterations made. The pulpit was lowered, remodeled, and painted; new and more comfortable seats were made secure in their places; but few, if any, were disposed to part with the chimney; the big fire-place was retained for the special comfort of the women and children,

who clustered around it. A stove, in the opposite part of the house, afforded warmth to those of the other sex, with the exception of a privileged few, who, *by their own consent*, were entitled to the luxury of a blazing wood-fire.

The family of the pastor had been accommodated in the houses of unmarried men, who, one after the other, wished to occupy their houses, thus necessitating the frequent removal of the family from place to place. In 1842, a lot of land, containing twenty-five acres, was purchased by the church, and a two-story frame house erected for a manse, about a mile and a half from the meeting-house. A portion of this lot was a part of a dense beech forest, with a tangled undergrowth of dogwood and papaw. Circumstances of a peculiar nature rendered the removal from the house then occupied imperative, and no vacant house to be hired in the neighborhood, the family moved to the ground as soon as the frame was raised (May, 1843), living in the room designed for the kitchen, and endured the annoyances attendant on the finishing of the building, and, for the most part, providing the meals of the workmen. These discomforts were soon forgotten in the years of domestic quiet that ensued.

A commodious and pleasant room being appropriated for a study, his library, maps, and papers arranged to suit his convenience, he here, secure from interruption, found time for extensive reading and investigation of subjects more or less connected with his appropriate work.

From his first connection with this people, Mr. P. endeavored to interest them in all the benevolent enterprises of the day, enjoining it upon them to aid with their substance as the Lord had prospered them. Contributions were taken up, regularly, for the Boards of the church, not waiting for the commissioned agents to give them a call. Special efforts were made to enlist their sympathies in the

cause of foreign and domestic missions; the concert of prayer for these objects was observed on the first Sabbath of every month, directly following the morning service. Information from the mission-stations was carefully gathered up during the month, and communicated at these concerts; progress reported, or movements hostile to the cause noticed, thus preparing them to act intelligently in the great work of evangelizing the world. He aimed to have them give from principle, and labored hard to induce them to adopt some system of giving, laying down the Scripture rule with great earnestness. Circulars and appeals from the Boards were faithfully read from the pulpit. The circulation of religious newspapers and magazines encouraged, and a copy of the pamphlet, "Systematic Benevolence," distributed, at his own expense, in every family of his charge.

Nor were these efforts useless. His people came up to the work, and it was not long before they acquired a reputation for liberality above the surrounding churches. The Board of Church Extension was not then in existence, and agents collecting funds for building churches in the new towns and villages in the Great West were not slow in visiting the locality. A common remark made by them was, that they had been asked in other places if they had called on the Mulberry people, and advised to do so, as they were interested in such things, and gave "right smart."

It has been asked, why one so well convinced of the evil of slavery, who had twice emancipated slaves, should have returned and settled in a slave State. He was averse to a cold climate, and would have preferred a more Southern clime than that of Kentucky. His relations and the great body of his acquaintances were in the South; the gospel was to be preached in the slave as well as the free

States, and as the Great Head of the church had not withheld his blessing from the ministrations of his servants, they ought not to abandon the country. He considered it an outrage upon the rights of citizens that the slaveholders should assert a claim to occupy the Southern country with their slaves, to the exclusion of all those to whom the system was repugnant.

Besides, the resolutions passed in the Synod of Kentucky, in 1834, and the discussions which had taken place in his absence, indicated that there was an influential body of Christian men in the community who were in favor of the abolishment of slavery; and some were sanguine that a system of gradual emancipation would be acquiesced in by the people of the State at no distant period. He did not intend to become an agitator, or needlessly thrust his opinions on that subject upon others. Those opinions were well known; his letters had been published in their own State, and his consistency, in carrying out those views practically, in the liberating of slaves under his control, was patent to all men. He hired slave labor because there was no other to be had; but when the services of white or free colored persons could be obtained, he availed himself of these in preference.

An item belonging to an earlier date may be here inserted. Said a gentleman, "Mr. Paxton, how did you ever get your ladies to consent to part with their servants? I can't prevail on those in my family to hear a word about it; they set their faces decidedly against it." He answered that he had had no difficulty; they talked the matter over and were of the same mind; and to the honor of those Southern ladies, let it be recorded that they cheerfully relinquished the services of valuable servants, and engaged heartily in efforts to instruct them and qualify them for freedom.

Times of refreshing were enjoyed during this pastorate. In March, 1842, assisted by Rev. W. L. Breckenridge and Allen, services were protracted for ten days, and eighteen or twenty added to the church. Dr. Chester preached the closing sermon.

In October, 1845, Rev. David Todd remained in the neighborhood during the month. The spirit of the Lord was poured out upon the people, and twenty-two were added to their number, while some converts connected themselves with other churches.

In accordance with the wishes of the Session, from the first of his connection with the Mulberry Church, Mr. P. appointed meetings for the especial benefit of the colored people. As a general thing, these were well attended, and his visits to the sick received with thankfulness. It must be stated, however, that there was an unwillingness at that time to receive instruction from the white population, either in the family or at the church. At the "big meetings" large numbers would congregate, but only a small number could be admitted to the house.

Past the meridian of life,—ranked by some among the old men,—he exhibited an activity of body and power of endurance that is noticeable. A swarm of bees lighting on a tall maple in the yard, he climbed the tree about twenty-five or thirty feet, taking up the end of a line to which his saw had been attached. Drawing up the saw, he severed the limb from the tree, lowered it with the bees, and then slipping down from the tree, hived the swarm. His visits to his people were made on horseback, as were his journeys to Presbytery and Synod.

Rev. Mr. V., in going the rounds among his friends, called at the manse. After some conversation, he said, "So, they say, Father Paxton goes in for all the new notions—the melodeons and choirs, and so on!" Mr. P.

raised his head, as if doubtful of the import of the assertion. His daughter Mary promptly replied, "Yes, Mr. V., pa never grows old; he is always one of us, and I hope he always will be!" And it was just so. Firm and unyielding in all that pertained to fundamental principles in morals and religion, he could adapt himself to the different phases of society into which he was thrown, and, borne along on the current of time, could lay hold of measures and appliances for doing good in harmony with actual surroundings.

While absent at Synod his name was added to the list of D.D.'s in the church. Some days after, Rev. D. Todd was dining with us, and asked, in his lively way, "How he was bearing the honors of the doctorate?" Perceiving that his question was not understood by those at the table, he threw himself back in his chair, and, addressing Mrs. P., said, "Is it possible he has not told you? Ha! ha! he is such a modest man! Well, I see I must be the bearer of the news that the dignitaries of Centre College have placed him among the doctors of divinity." The reply being made that "perhaps he did not attach much value to such honors," the doctor, with rather a comical expression of countenance, remarked, "I had before this *one D. for distinction;** but if there is any honor or advantage to be derived from such an appendage to my name, I am certainly obliged to my brethren for their kindness in conferring it upon me; I value it as an expression of their confidence and esteem; but you surely did not expect me to do as they say Dr. H., of M., did, when accosted as Mister H., —raise his hand and lift his hat with 'DOCTOR H., if you please!'" With a hearty laugh the subject was dismissed.

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* From the fact that there were four persons who bore the name of John Paxton, he had inserted the fourth letter of the alphabet in his signature.

To increase the pleasures of home, he constructed a boat with his own hands, for his daughters to paddle about the pond, which afforded fine exercise, as well as amusement. At other times he might be seen making sleds and wagons for his little sons, and entertaining them with accounts of what he did in his boyish days. How he used to get a board and heat it until it would turn up at one end, and then slide down hill on it. But nothing that he could relate—not even that he had swam over Jordan, or stood on the top of the great Pyramid—excited the wonder and astonishment of the juveniles as that, when a boy, he used to catch eels and carefully dress their skins to tie up his long hair with; or that he never tasted molasses until he was twenty years old.

In the course of years changes were occurring in the neighborhood that concurred to extend his influence more and more beyond his own church. Death and emigration had removed many of the prominent members of the Methodist Society. Camp-meetings were given up, preaching at the Brick Chapel less frequent, until the house fell almost into disuse, occupied only occasionally by the blacks. The knowledge that service was seldom omitted at Mulberry led members of other churches to attend when not supplied by their own ministers. Receiving a cordial welcome, they felt free to send for the pastor in times of sickness and bereavement, and in this way he became pretty generally known in the district.

It would be an oversight to omit a prominent feature of the Mulberry congregation. Dr. P. encouraged the bringing of young children to the house of God. They were brought early by their parents, and *trained to behave well when there;* and to the praise of the little ones be it said, that worship was seldom disturbed by their presence.

As years rolled on, not a few of the fathers had been

followed to the grave, and scarce a household that had not been filled with sorrow for the removal of loved ones by death. From the extensive "deadening" of the beech woods, or some hidden cause, there was much sickness and great mortality among the people. On one of these mournful occasions, a very aged lady, who had spent her youth in Western Virginia, remarked to me, "How familiar the young people are with death now! It was not so when I was a girl. The first corpse I ever looked upon was one of my own children." To the suggestion, that probably there were but few people around her, she replied, "Oh, no! it was thickly settled there."

Death entered the manse also, taking first a bud of promise, the bright little Willie, and then the quiet, self-sacrificing, affectionate Matilda, who, through grace, could say, "To be with Christ is far better."

In the winter of 1854 the old house of worship was vacated for a new brick church, a few rods distant, which had been erected and furnished in a style very creditable to the congregation.

In the spring the Rev. T. P. Hunt came on an agency to Kentucky, and in his route made a visit to his "Old Virginia friends" at Mulberry. Appointments for preaching were made from day to day, the meetings were well attended, and it was soon manifest that God was ready to bless the efforts of his servants. A precious season of revival was experienced, many of the youth in the church received into full fellowship, and much good feeling prevailed.

It was common for brethren in the ministry, and other friends who visited the manse, and the number was few who were not willing to go a little out of their way to call on their old friend, in what President Ruffner aptly termed his Rural Retreat, to congratulate him on his agreeable and

useful position, and to express the hope that he would be permitted to pass his remaining days not subject to further removals or change. Mr. Hunt, in bidding farewell to relatives and friends, solemnly enjoined it upon them "to see to it that they smooth the passage of this servant of God to the tomb." But, alas! while the ties which bind pastor and people had been strengthening from year to year, there was an evil influence at work destined to sunder them all.

The Demon of Slavery spread a baleful shadow over the future. Emancipation conventions were over; the new constitution gave no facilities, but rather threw obstacles in the way of manumission; a reaction took place, and suspicions and distrust usurped the place of confidence and love. A few remained steadfast to their principles and gave freedom to their slaves, but the majority settled down in the opinion that the time had not come.

Some cases of the workings of this "benign and patriarchal institution," that transpired under his notice, had not been adapted to remove his convictions of the great wrong in perpetuating the system. A close observer of passing events, Dr. P. saw with pain this change in public sentiment, and many an anxious thought was given to the subject. He discerned an infatuation creeping over the Southern mind, fostered by leaders in the church, which augured evil to the country, and which no remonstrance or protest could arrest. His hopes that the evil and wrong would be gradually and peacefully abandoned, were all crushed. That heavy judgments were impending he had no doubt, and he felt a reluctance to leaving his family, in case of his decease, to meet the crisis in a slave State. While revolving these things in his mind, a friend informed him that there were individuals in the church that were dissatisfied, and were endeavoring to excite prejudice

against him. The writer cherishes the belief that there were but few who desired his removal.

He decided at once to resign his charge, without giving time for the agitators to perplex and divide the church, and, in January, 1855, visited Princeton, Ind., and spent the month with the O. S. P. Church, then vacant, preaching and giving lectures. Returning, he filled up the month of March in active service, holding thirteen meetings, and, in April, requested the church to unite with him in applying to the Presbytery for a dissolution of the pastoral relation. On stating to the Presbytery that his mind was clear as to his duty of leaving, the bond was severed, and he was dismissed from the Louisville to join the Vincennes Presbytery. He delivered his last discourse in the Mulberry Church, April 8th, from II. Cor. xiii. 11. Through the kind assistance of some families, who wished it to be distinctly understood that they had no sympathy in the movement, the removal of the family was speedily accomplished.

CHAPTER X.

Removal to Indiana—Five Years in Princeton, Indiana—Tour to Minnesota and Kansas—Three Years in Kansas—Return to Princeton—Last Years of Labor—Decline and Death.

VERY pleasant were the salutations received from the people of Princeton, and the duties of the pastor were entered upon with a hopeful prospect. Pursuing substantially the same plan of instruction adopted at Mulberry, there was little to interrupt the monotony of the labor in the five years' connection with this church. Additions were made, but letters of dismission to others emigrating West counterbalanced the gain. He declined the overtures made for his installation, on the ground that the binding obligations of those solemn proceedings had, to a great degree, come to be regarded as resting on the ministers alone. It was expected that the minister would go on in the faithful discharge of his duty whether the people came up to their obligations or not.

The most important event which transpired during his connection with this people, was the building of a new church. Several attempts had been made to obtain subscriptions, but had failed. The Hon. Judge Hall informed Dr. P. that many were of opinion that if he would undertake to raise the amount required he would succeed, and proposed to bear him company in the work. The doctor assenting, they commenced canvassing for the object, and obtained a sum which, with a few hundreds from the C. E. Board, was sufficient to erect a neat brick edifice, which is an

ornament to the town, and of dimensions adapted to the wants of the congregation.

By reference to the diary of 1859, we find that Dr. P. supplied his pulpit twice on Sabbath and conducted the Wednesday prayer-meeting with great regularity through the year. The exceptions were owing to absence from home, and a few cases in which he had the assistance of other ministers. In February, private business called him to Cincinnati and Louisville. At the latter place he delivered three discourses, just thirty years from the time he preached, in that city, his first sermon in Kentucky. Afterward, at Vincennes, the Presbytery at Washington, and at Sullivan, Indiana, he was absent in the work of his Master. In May we find him conducting Sabbath services in Newton, Illinois, while on a visit to his oldest daughter; the weeks following at Princeton, and on the 29th at the General Assembly, then in session at Indianapolis. Chills and intermittent fevers, which prevailed more or less every year, and from which no member of his family was entirely exempt, began to excite apprehension that the health of individuals would be permanently injured without a change of climate. This induced him to make a tour of inspection to the Northwest, as well as to look after some pecuniary interests in that locality, and therefore we find him, on the 12th of June, at St. Paul, Minnesota, after a delightful tour across the country, via Chicago, where he found an opportunity "to publish the glad tidings." After visiting some of the principal towns in Minnesota, and hearing so much said of the salubrity of the atmosphere, he was much inclined to remove his family to that State. Its beautiful country, silvery lakes, sparkling waters, and fine fish were duly appreciated, and nothing but his prejudice against a northern winter deterred him from making it his future abode.

Coming down the Mississippi, he crossed Illinois, preaching at Altona, and on the 26th resumed his accustomed duties at Princeton. In part to try the effect of a change of climate, he accompanied his daughter Martha to Maine, leaving home in the middle of July, and traveling via Niagara and the lakes. After an absence of three months, we find him performing his weekly routine at Princeton. November 20th he records, "Sick—no preaching." In December we learn that he held eleven services with his people in the course of that month, administering the Lord's Supper and preaching four days in succession without assistance. The minutes of the Assembly for 1860 reported his name with the word "infirm" attached to it —by whose authority is not known; with what propriety those who glance over the above synopsis can judge.

During the winter of 1860 Dr. P. performed his quota of pastoral service. Avowing his intention of leaving the town, he requested the church to seek another pastor, and in the latter part of March took the cars for the West. At St. Joseph, Mo., he had the pleasure of renewing his acquaintance with families he had known in Kentucky, and joined a party who were about to visit the Iowa mission of the Presbyterian Board. He was hospitably received at the station, and by the Christian people of Kansas, and in a brief survey of the northeastern part of the State satisfied himself that there were openings for the preaching of the gospel for any one who had a heart for the work. His notes of travel resemble those of a domestic missionary. "Preached at Highland twice; at Atchison twice; baptized a child; administered the Lord's Supper; ordained a deacon; installed an elder; preached a funeral; baptized three children, etc."

Rev. G. S. Rice having resigned his connection with Highland University, the trustees offered the situation to

Dr. P., requesting him to take the school under his charge for the summer. This he consented to do, and returning to Indiana made preparations for removal.

With mingled emotions of regret and hope, farewells were exchanged—regret at parting from kind friends and a pleasant residence, and hope that the change would prove beneficial to the health of the family.

Those three years in Kansas, could we enter into details, would furnish a chapter of interesting reminiscences. Hopes concerning the influence of climate were realized, the younger portion of the family receiving much benefit from the change.

The chartered University of Highland was in its infancy. A commodious brick building furnished ample accommodation for school, recitation, and apparatus rooms, a chapel, and apartments for the family of the principal. The chapel was completed soon after our arrival. A good high school, for youth of both sexes, had been in operation, and a primary department connected with it. Such a school Dr. P. superintended for the greater part of two years, giving instruction personally to a few young men in the advanced studies. This was all that was called for at that stage of affairs; the school met the wants of the community, and it is believed, suffered no detriment under his supervision.

The Highland church becoming vacant, he was requested to take charge of it. In this new field he showed as much activity in promoting the interests of religion as the generality of young men, and could endure as much fatigue in walking, riding, and preaching as any one—making efforts to reach places that did not enjoy the stated means of grace. Between twenty and thirty Indians from the mission-school attended worship at the chapel on the Sabbath, and formed a part of the congregation to whom he ministered.

During this period the storm which had been gathering

burst upon the country, and the horrors of war commenced. Efforts had been made to purchase a lot on which to build a habitation for his family, but from different causes had all failed. As no suitable house could be obtained, and the difficulties attendant on building increased, the state of the country becoming more unsettled, combined with an attack of prostrating sickness, to point out a return to the home in Princeton, which had remained unsold. Accordingly, in the spring of 1863, Dr. P. returned with his family, their hearts saddened by the loss of the beloved Eliza, who had preceded them a few months, there to find her grave.

This year, afflictions pressed hard upon this man of God. In addition to the anxieties and distress occasioned by the knowledge that near kindred and dear friends were in the very seat of the war, his parental feelings were again sorely tried in the bereavement of another daughter. Mary, the joyous little being he had adopted in a far-off land, whose mind he had helped to train, whose affections he had cherished, and who, matured by grievous disappointments and sorrows, had grown to be a companion and counselor, was removed to that home "where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest." Subsequently, a painful tumor on his back confined him to the house for two months. As soon as relief was obtained, he engaged in the great work of his life, and the amount of ministerial service performed, chiefly within the bounds of the Presbytery of Vincennes, was considerable.

In June of 1864, the Rev. J. H. Aughey having declined remaining longer with the Princeton church, Dr. P. was again invited to take the charge. He consented, with the understanding that the church should make efforts to secure the services of a pastor whenever one could be obtained, and the church signifying on their part that they would be satisfied with whatever portion of labor his advanced

age would admit of. Contrary to the expectations of all, he was able to fulfill his appointments with great regularity throughout the year.

In 1865, no efforts had been made to obtain another pastor, and the request being again presented, the same arrangement was entered into for another year. This passed much as the preceding one, with this difference, the second service on Sabbath was, in a number of instances, held at some place in the vicinity, and that assistance was given at two communion seasons by Revs. Vance and Sterrett.

In June, 1866, Dr. P. entered on his eighth year with this people, and the last of his ministerial service. July 5th, it pleased the righteous Governor of the Universe to rend another tie that bound him to earth, by transferring to the mansions above another much-loved daughter. The words of holy truth and comfort from the lips of her "dear old father," fell on the ear of the dying Martha as she passed into the world of spirits. This dark dispensation seemed doubly severe, from the fact that, but a few months previous, certain information had been received of the death of his eldest son, who was killed by the falling of his horse, near Obies River, Tennessee. "In all this, like one of old, he charged not God foolishly," but sought to alleviate the anguish of the stricken ones around him.

In the autumn he was reported, as at the Synod of Indiana, "feeble, yet erect." At the close of the sessions, the ladies of Vincennes gave a social entertainment to the members of Synod. Dr. P. accepted the invitation, and prolonged his stay, that he might be present. On reaching home, the next day, he was rallied for staying to attend a party. As an apology, he said: "I thought that as the ladies were so kind as to show their regard for the brethren, by taking so much trouble to give them pleasure, the least they could do

in return was to accept. And a nice affair it was! There was much sociability, and the whole passed off finely. When supper was announced, I thought I would hold back, and not go with the first,—but, no! that wouldn't do; the ladies came and took me by the arm and escorted me through the rooms, up to the head of the table, and provided me with a fine easy chair, and seemed to want in every way to do me honor. Indeed, they made me too conspicuous, but I couldn't help myself, I let them have their own way, and *they were very kind indeed!*" Does this recital seem puerile? Wait, my friend! till you arrive at fourscore, and you will better know how grateful to the aged are such attentions from the young.

The supplying of the pulpit, through the winter, was an exhaustive service, and he frequently urged the necessity of procuring some one to take his place. Few knew what those efforts cost him. It took nearly the whole week to recruit for the Sabbath. But, as one of the elders remarked, when spoken to on the matter, "It did seem hard to require it of him, but the doctor spoke with so much earnestness, and appeared to enjoy it so much himself, that it did not seem right to deprive him of the privilege."

He had some assistance through the spring, from young preachers visiting the town. Early in June an attack of cholera nearly terminated his life. From this he speedily recovered, and performed full service through the last of the month and throughout July, when he resigned the charge, the church having engaged the services of Mr. Van Arsdale, a licentiate.

Released from pastoral labors, Dr. P. had more leisure to gladden the family circle with his presence. He was occasionally called upon for services, which a licentiate could not perform, and cheerfully responded to the calls.

In November he preached and administered the sacrament for the last time, and gave an address at the Children's Offering. He continued to visit the House of God on Sabbaths, until he required the assistance of two persons to return home.

When asked why, with his impaired sight, he pored over the papers with so much interest, he would reply in the language of another, "that he read the papers to see how God governed the world." The loss of sight through the winter cut him off from reading. This was, in some measure, made up to him by others reading aloud; but it was noticed that he expressed no regret at the loss. On the contrary, he began to speak of it as a good Providence that had shut him up to his own reflections and communion with his Saviour. His mind was vigorous, and a sweet peace and contentment filled his soul. He was too feeble to be present at the meeting of the Presbytery held in Princeton in the spring, but he stated to some of the members, who called upon him at his home, that he had been a praying man for more than sixty years, but that he had more satisfaction in prayer then than he ever had before.

Memory loves to linger round those few months of enjoyment vouchsafed to this servant of God. At one time in particular the emotions of his soul could not be suppressed; he must share the blessing with another, and he spoke out of a full heart, "My dear! *I must* tell you how happy I am! you have no idea of the comfort and enjoyment I have experienced of late! *I want you to know it!* As my mind goes back and recalls the events of my life, the goodness and mercy of God is so manifest, my thoughts flow out so freely in ejaculatory prayer, He is so near to me, I have such communion with Him, such joy and satisfaction, that it exceeds all that I have ever felt before." Thus, as he drew near the world of light, its bright rays were seen gild-

ing the tops of those dark mountains, many of them in the far distant background, over which he had passed in the journey of life.

Habituated to wait on himself, it was a source of regret that he was dependent on others to such an extent; and he frequently expressed gratitude for little attentions, closing with what he intended as a consolatory consideration, that we would not be troubled long. Such prominence did this idea, so apt to intrude into the aged breast, assume, that he was entreated not to allow his mind for a moment to suppose that any of his loved ones would ever consider it a trouble to minister to his wants.

This season of freedom from pain, and comparative ease, led his friends to hope that he would gain his release without passing through much suffering. But He whose thoughts are not as our thoughts, saw fit, in dissolving "the earthly house," to try the faith and patience of his servant, by prolonging the process through pains and distress before admitting him to that "house not made with hands eternal in the heavens." In addition to great weakness, a faintness would come over him, and he would become unconscious. On recovering, he would remark on the probability of his being removed in that way, expressing his entire willingness to go. He frequently referred to the scriptural representations of old age, how true to the life, and how they were exemplified in his own person. At other times a chilliness would pass over him, requiring active measures to restore warmth. He remarked, that we need not take much trouble to warm him, he had no wish to prolong the case, but he hoped he should be willing to wait God's time, He knew what was best.

His appetite for food failed him months before his decease. He was of the opinion that the stomach had lost its digestive power, and was averse to taking medicine;

yet when advised by his physicians, Drs. H. and J. Patten, in whose skill he long had reposed confidence, he would try the remedy prescribed. He had no expectation of recovering his strength, but spoke calmly of his departure, which he apprehended might be very sudden.

His desire to hear the daily news, both foreign and domestic, continued until he was so far prostrated as to be unable to listen to the reading of it. His memory was remarkably tenacious of passing events. He remembered things that occurred from week to week and from day to day with surprising accuracy. Each member of the family read to him, more or less, every day. Those that read from the Bible had each a different book. His little grandson, who had made haste to learn, that he might read to grandpa, was reading the Old Testament in course; his wife read the Epistles, and others some other parts. While the readers were getting the book and finding the place, he would generally say, "It is such a chapter," or "You read such a one last,"—naming it.

In August he was confined to his bed; his distress in the region of the stomach increased, but so great was his fortitude and resignation that none were aware of what he was enduring. Kind friends who dropped in, seeing him lie so passive, would remark that it was a comforting circumstance that he was so free from pain; and it was not until this had been repeated several times in his hearing that he told me that he was sorry to undeceive me; that it was all a mistake—we could have no idea of the agonies he at times experienced! The grief occasioned by this disclosure led to more particular inquiries, and he stated that sometimes his whole body seemed filled with pain; at others the pain was confined to his head or his limbs, but that there was a constant uneasiness about the stomach; that he had very little relief in sleep by day or night, and

that he had to struggle against wishing to be delivered from this state. For his comfort, I reminded him of the many petitions he had offered in his long life for grace to support him in the trying hour that were yet to be answered; they were all registered, and God would be faithful to his promises. He replied, "Yes, I can trust Him to order the whole matter."

One day he had been lying very still for more than an hour; all was hushed in the house; I hoped he was resting in sleep; so gently did he breathe that the act was almost imperceptible. He suddenly broke the silence, saying, in a low voice, "My dear, are you here?" "Yes, I am sitting by you. Do you wish anything?" "I only wanted to make a remark." "What is it?" "Have you ever thought why God should call his people (those who know him, put their trust in him, and try to serve him) to pass through so many trials—so much bodily suffering? I have thought this—that going fresh from a state of suffering into the other world, they would realize much more the greatness of their deliverance from endless torment; and it would have a tendency to give a value to Christ's sufferings which perhaps they could not appreciate in any other way. It may be that in this manner, more than in any other, we are fitted and prepared to enter on that spiritual existence in the other world. The apostle alludes to this—speaks of believers as the mystical body of Christ, and their filling up the measure of suffering, etc." He dilated on these points until weakness obliged him to desist. No instance can be recalled of his mind's appearing to be in a listless, dreamy state.

In September, information concerning the ordination of his son-in-law, J. C. McElroy, excited much interest, and brought vividly to remembrance his own induction into the sacred office. His youngest and only surviving daughter has furnished the following reminiscence:

"I had given him his cup of tea, and he had lain down, and I had fixed his pillow and asked if I could do anything more for him. 'No,' said he, 'nothing more, thank you.' I bent down and gave him a kiss, saying, 'Pa, how can I give you up? You have been such a good father.' 'No! no! very imperfect!' The thought seemed to overcome him; clasping his hands and raising his eyes heavenward he engaged in prayer a few minutes; he then said,—he was so weak he could hardly speak, and his voice was low and tremulous,—'No, Fannie! I am not good. I have had many wicked thoughts, and inclined to have my own way too much—I did not look at the hand of God in matters that I should.' After awhile I asked him how old he was when he was licensed, and he said, 'Twenty-eight years, and thirty when ordained.' He then said, 'That reminds me of a compliment which I received from Mr. Lyle after my trial sermon, that I was not a little proud of. He said, "It was as clear as a limestone brook, and as pungent as pepper." I was struck with the expression, and always remembered it. I could not help feeling a little proud of the compliment, as it came from him.' Then he spoke of Brown and Baxter; they were on the stage at the same time, and complimented him also. Resting awhile, he continued, 'Well, if *that* was a good sermon, I have preached many a poor one since,'—laughing as he spoke.

"After this he commenced talking about death, and told me he could not live long and I must not murmur. He said, 'I cannot do anything more now, and I am anxious to go. Try and be a good Christian girl, and meet me in heaven. Religion is of the first importance—you cannot seek it too early. It is the greatest joy I could have, that you and your brother should be true Christians. Try and work together for the Lord, and be a comfort to your ma.' Then he spoke of the place where we should bury him.'

'Lay me beside my daughters; and I want just a plain stone, like the others,' with this on it—"Rev. John D. Paxton, D.D., in the 85th year of his age, and the 57th of his ministry." That will explain all; but I have spoken to your ma about it before.'"

Slowly, but surely, did the insidious decay of old age prey from day to day upon that prostrate but beloved form. For five or six weeks he was unable to lie on his left side. The weariness consequent on his extreme weakness and inability to change his position became almost intolerable. In the effort to make some change he would often faint away, and be to all appearance dead. But little could be done by those about him but to watch and wait. Portions of God's blessed word were read, as he was able to bear it, and ever and anon some word of counsel or of cheer would with effort pass from his lips.

A letter of sympathy from the Vincennes Presbytery was read to him. After listening to it, he remarked, "I am obliged to the brethren;" and after a short interval added, his eyes suffused with tears, "It was very kind in them to remember me in that way!"

He was grateful for the visits of brother ministers who called upon him in his confinement, and was cheered by their company. The stated visits of Dr. J. McMaster, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, his fellow-townsman, with whom he had labored in great harmony, were much prized as a means of grace from which he received spiritual benefit. The judicious selection of divine truth uttered by the familiar voice, was easily apprehended, and with such food his soul was nourished and his spirit refreshed.

Two weeks before his death I asked him if he could recollect a sermon of his from the text *Rev.* vii. 14. He answered, "Oh, yes! there are two passages which have been running in my mind a good deal recently." To test his mental con-

dition, I inquired, "Can you repeat them?" "I suppose so;" and he repeated, "These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth; these were redeemed from among men being the first fruits unto God and the Lamb. These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne——" He could articulate no more, but made a sign that I should read the remainder of the chapter. These were the last words of Scripture I heard him repeat.

The last Sabbath he spent with us he was restless and feverish, and, for the first and only time, gave signs of a slight derangement of the mental organs. He lost the time, and when set right on that point said, "My mind has been confused all night; things are dreadfully mixed up." It was not thought that he would survive many hours. The next day he appeared more natural, and his physician stated that his pulse was stronger than the day before. Early in the week Dr. McMaster called in. He perceived that a change had taken place. Dr. P. was scarcely able to give any sign of recognition, and his friend doubted whether it would be wise to say anything. I thought a few words might comfort him. As some of the precious promises to dying believers were set before him, and he was asked if he could trust to their fulfillment, there was a movement signifying assent. He was then feelingly commended to our covenant-keeping God in prayer. After Dr. M. had withdrawn, I took the hand which had been extended a little in the farewell exchange. He grasped it, saying, with difficulty, a word at a time, "Dr. McMaster excels in appropriate quotations of Scripture in prayer." "Then you were able to follow him in the exercises?" "Certainly, but I can't speak."

There was no perceptible change until the following

Friday. He had gone through with the morning's toilette, when the Rev. J. Montgomery, who had lately taken the pastorate of the Princeton church, called in. This friend states that Dr. Paxton was the first minister that he recollects seeing in the pulpit; he was then very young, but had been carried to church many times before; this image of the doctor which filled his infantile vision he has retained through life with great distinctness. It is a noticeable coincidence that in the providence of God he should have been appointed to lead the last devotions, and take part in the obsequies of this aged ambassador. Dr. Paxton seemed to wish to give utterance to something, but had not the power. When prayer was proposed, he nodded assent, and by a familiar motion signified his wish for the family to be called in. This done, he folded his hands and composed his features for prayer. After the brother left he was suffered to repose; and as he appeared to be resting, the painful forebodings as to the results of the next hour were alleviated by the hope that he might have a cessation from pain and continue with us a few days more. This delusive hope soon vanished. About 12 o'clock it was manifest that his hour had come. We had gathered, from directions he had given us when on former occasions he had thought that death was near, that he wished not to be disturbed in his dying moments. His little family, therefore, gathered in silence about his bed, and watched the last glimmerings of life as he gently sank to rest. At half-past one P.M., October 2d, 1868, without a struggle, he ceased to breathe.

His remains were taken to the church on Saturday afternoon, where friends were collected to pay their last tribute of respect. The Rev. J. Montgomery delivered a discourse, peculiarly appropriate to the occasion, from *Rev.* xiv. 13, "And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto

me, Write, Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them." Considering—1*st*. What it is to die in the Lord, and who may be said thus to die. 2*d*. Wherein their blessedness consists. 3*d*. Why this message is so solemly proclaimed by a voice from heaven; showing, for the consolation of the bereaved ones, that as this revered father in Christ had delineated in his life the character of a true believer, and had died in the Lord, in submission to his will, in dependence on Him for life and immortality, and a sincere desire to be with Him, there was every assurance that he had entered on that blessed rest, and that his works would follow after in God's faithful remembrance of them and in the recompense of a large reward.

The Rev. J. McMaster followed with impressive remarks, based on *Zech.* i. 5, "Your fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live forever?"—noticing briefly the principal events in the life of the deceased, and bearing honorable testimony to the consistent life and faithful service of his venerable brother and fellow-laborer in the vineyard of the Lord.

After singing and prayer, the body was conveyed to the cemetery and committed to the grave. Thus, without show or useless parade, on a calm, bright afternoon in autumn, were these funeral ceremonies performed, in a solemn, Christian manner, so consonant to the taste and wishes of the departed one.

Farewell, thou man of God! partner of my joys and sorrows—my earthly prop for more than thirty years! That was an unutterably solemn moment when thou wast released from the ties of earth! With what yearnings did the heart long to penetrate the veil which separated us mortals from the invisible! But though it is not for us to

say whether a bright convoy of glorified spirits were in waiting to convey the emancipated spirit into the presence of the Holy One, or whether the Lord of Glory himself, the adorable Saviour, greeted him at the end of the dark valley, with the welcome, "Well done, good and faithful servant," of this we are sure, that thy life and thy death have demonstrated the truth that "In keeping thy commands there is great reward. Verily, there is reward for the righteous!"

CHAPTER XI.

Traits of Character—Published Volumes: Sermons—Essays—Habits—Conclusion.

AS the intelligence of the decease of Dr. Paxton was communicated to distant friends, letters of condolence and sympathy flowed in upon the bereaved. A few extracts will serve to show the estimation in which he was held by those who had had opportunity to study his character—the spontaneous effusions of their hearts on the reception of the tidings. His brother-in-law, Rev. J. T. Bliss, of Illinois, writes: "Language is too feeble to fully express my feelings of sorrow and sympathy for you, my friend, in this sore trial, and also for the dear fatherless ones, the sharers of their mother's grief. Your and their loss is very great. There are few such husbands and fathers as he for whom you mourn. Those who have lived with him know how great the loss his family has sustained. When in his society I ever felt that I was in the presence of no ordinary man; that he was great in goodness, possessing so many excellencies of character, which ever shone in their native simplicity at home or abroad, but more especially in his own family circle, so affectionate, kind, and sympathetic in his nature.

"His greatness was not confined to his moral and social nature. It was seen in a well-cultivated mind, richly adorned with practical knowledge. His extensive reading and close inspection of books made him really eminent in the field of science and letters; but his knowledge of the

Bible and its doctrines was surpassed by few of our most learned theologians. I do feel that a great and good man is no more on earth; and yet he lives with Jesus, his divine Master, in the mansions prepared for all those who love him. We cannot doubt his title to a 'mansion there.' This blessed thought alleviates our sorrows and points our thoughts above, where our enduring treasure is, upon the enjoyment of which the dear departed one has already entered, his work all done and well done, his trials and conflicts all over, the weary gone to rest, eternally to rest in the dear Saviour's embrace."

His son, J. C. McElroy, wrote: "My first thought was, The Master has called him up higher. He was a leader in the armies of the Lord; he fell sword in hand, and has gone to his home of glory to receive the crown of rejoicing! What a joyous meeting with those loved ones gone before! What joy must fill the soul as it stands before the glorified Saviour, whom he loved so long and served so faithfully! What unspeakable joy must have thrilled his weary soul, as for the first time it caught the holy music of the heavenly choir! 'Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!'

"I have had some very intimate and interesting conversations with the doctor on portions of his life, and these points always struck me as being rather peculiar, viz.: his early struggles; his dependence on God in his many severe trials and great sorrows; and his faithful labors for the Master. I have never witnessed so much trust in God as I have seen in him.

"I owe whatever good I may be the means of doing to his faithful advice and instruction. I think I should have given up the ministry if it had not been for him."

"WILKESBARRE, PA.

* * * "Your husband's life was an eventful one. His deep piety, warm, soft heart, sound judgment, and unyielding devotion to principle, with his education and talents, would not suffer his life to consist of that even tenor that bears no other mark but that of a good man, useful like the underwarmth and moisture of the earth, recognized in the verdure they cause on the surface, as is so beautifully manifested in the lives of many who are great because they are good. But Brother Paxton had to show his greatness in great sacrifices and his goodness in great trials, often illustrating that by the grace of God he was what he was.

"May God bless the widow and orphans of my old friend, dearly, and greatly, and deservedly beloved by his old friend and yours.

"T. P. HUNT."

The closing paragraph of an obituary notice by E. P. Humphrey, D.D., affirms that "he was a most faithful servant of Christ, a trusted counselor, a good pastor, a sound and able expositor of the word of God, an earnest preacher, and, in his long and useful life, an example of godliness, of self-sacrifice, of enduring diligence in doing the will of God, and of patience in suffering his will. His praise is in all the churches, and his reward is great in the kingdom of heaven."

The Synod of Indiana appointed J. H. Aughey chairman of a committee "To prepare a minute of the regret and sorrow of Synod to learn that our venerable father, Dr. Paxton, had recently died." Mr. Aughey, who "had learned to love him almost with the affection of a child, in his brief sojourn in Princeton," has forwarded from Clinton, Pa., the following:

"As Dr. Paxton's successor in charge of the church in Princeton, Indiana, I had opportunity to learn the high esteem in which he was held by all the members of his church and by the citizens of Princeton. His co-presbyters of Vincennes Presbytery and of the Synod of Indiana regarded Dr. Paxton as a ripe scholar, a refined and cultured gentleman, a genial companion, a sincere Christian, and a faithful and laborious minister of the gospel. Dr. Paxton was gifted in a high degree, and he adorned every position to which he was called by the church. As college professor, as a foreign missionary, as an author, and as pastor he sustained himself creditably and ably. 'The memory of the just is blessed.'"

The correctness of these memorials to departed worth are corroborated by notices on record, and by oral testimony culled from memory. J. H. Rice, in a note dated Richmond, January, 1814, thus introduces him to his friend Maxwell: "Mr. Paxton is the bearer of this hasty note. He is a young man without that exterior polish which modern fastidiousness requires, but of truly solid and estimable qualities. His understanding is good, his piety unquestionable, and his desire to be useful such as you could wish to find in a minister of the gospel. He will grow in your esteem on acquaintance, so that you will say the half was not told you." We think we may say that however desirable that "polish" called for by the "fastidious" might have been, the want of it was compensated by that "nice perception and observance of rectitude in moral principles and practice" which constitutes true refinement, and which gained for him ready access to society in the higher walks of life. Mr. P. might have paid Dr. R., a few years after, in his own coin, and, moreover, as an example of the truth of the old saying, by relating "that a gentleman wishing to have Dr. R. pointed out to him was

told 'to go into the Assembly, and the crossest-looking man he would see in the house would be Dr. Rice.' He did so, and soon selected his man." "It is not always safe to judge by the outward appearance."

Under date of April, 1816, he again writes: "I rejoice to hear of the success of my brother Paxton, than whom there is not, I believe, a more faithful laborer to be found in the vineyard of our Lord. His worth is great, and I do expect his usefulness will be considerable. May God give him many seals to his ministry."—*Memoirs*, p. 127.

"May he long be spared to you, *a living monument of honesty and uprightness, in the midst of this crooked and perverse generation!*" said Rev. J. Watt, of Virginia, as he stepped from our door, in 1858.

The following letter we give entire, confident that the perusal of it will give pleasure to many:

"POLAND, OHIO, June 25, 1866.

"HONORED AND DEAR SIR:

"Among the numerous letters of congratulation on my appointment by the late General Assembly to the Theological Seminary of the Northwest with which my friends have favored me, there is not one which has given me more sincere pleasure than your favor of the 14th instant. To say nothing of your claims on other accounts to my cordial affection and respect, I call to remembrance your record, of a period of now half a century, on this subject of the system of slavery, which was so long the sin and the reproach of our nation, and the evil influence of which, in many ways, was felt in the church; and how much the cause of truth and righteousness, in reference to that great iniquity, is indebted to your early uniform, consistent, and wise advocacy! Whenever the history of the great conflict

with that bad system is written, the name of Dr. John D. Paxton will hold in it a high and honorable place. I congratulate you on having lived to see the triumph of the principles for which you so long contended and suffered reproach and loss in other ways.

"I cannot but be gratified by the regard shown by my brethren to myself, as identified with the principles which have gained so signal a triumph. I trust the gratification I feel, in the appointment made by the Assembly, is much more for the evidence which this act, along with other things, furnishes of a radical change of mind in the church on the principles which have been involved in our past controversies, than on account of any advantage which the change brings to myself.

"The question of my acceptance of this appointment is not so clear to me as I could wish. The work is one from which any man might well shrink, though he had far higher qualifications for it than any which I have ever imagined myself to possess. It is my earnest desire that I may know, and be enabled to do, the will of God. I have not yet given to the Committee a definite answer, but must do so soon.

"I regret to hear of your late severe illness, and of the infirm state of your health, but hope you may be soon restored to your wonted health and strength.

"My brother, who many years ago read your volume on slavery, and read it again not long since, and who remembers with pleasure his pleasant intercourse with you during the sessions of the Assembly at Newark, desires his best, cordial, and very respectful salutations to be given you. Will you please to present mine to Mrs. Paxton?

"That God may spare you long to bless the church with your presence and counsels, and when he has satisfied you

with length of days may give you the crown of life, is the prayer of

"Yours, most respectfully and truly,

"E. D. MACMASTER."

The volume alluded to above contained sixteen letters addressed to the Cumberland Congregation, Virginia, in 1826, recommended by Rev. James Blythe, D.D., of Cincinnati, and John Green, Esq., Lincoln, Ky., November, 1831, but not published until 1833. The object, as stated in the preface, was, after a brief narration of the facts that occurred in the congregation, to examine more fully than the author has seen done, the teaching of Scripture respecting slavery, notice its manifold evils, the danger which it threatens the South, and what religion and self-preservation require us to do.

June, 1836, Dr. R. J. Breckenridge, at the Glasgow Discussion, Scotland, was pleased to remark: "Rev. Mr. Paxton is now on this side of the Atlantic, and may perhaps explain, what Mr. Thompson has so sedulously concealed, —how he was a colonizationist; how he manumitted and sent his own servants to Liberia; how he labored in this particular matter with his church, long before the existence of abolitionism; and how, finding the difficulties insuperable, he had written *this kind and modest* volume, worth all the abolition froth ever spread forth, and left the charge in which he found it so difficult to preserve an honest conscience and a healthful influence."

During our sojourn in Cincinnati in 1839, C. E. Stowe, Professor in Lane Seminary, remarked to the compiler, that "Mr. P. had the honor of being the first one who had, in a slave State, come out plainly and strongly against slavery."

After the war had begun, when public attention was

much turned to the subject, letters were received by him, in Kansas, from Washington and New York, inquiring if he was the author of those letters. One gentleman wrote, that the work had recently come into his hands, and he had read with astonishment reasonings and arguments which he had supposed had not, until lately, been broached, and asked how he came by those opinions so far back as 1826.

Subsequently, he was strongly urged to publish a second edition; but he thought the public mind was sufficiently awake to the subject, and that the evil would soon be removed, and there would be no need of further discussion.

With what interest he watched the signs of the times, and the developments of God's providential government in the world, is known to his associates, as well as the patient investigation which he gave to those views on the "vexed question" that differed from his own. There was not an objection, excuse, or apology brought forward that he did not sift to the bottom in the light of divine truth.

We might hesitate in bringing forward a fact that may detract from the well-deserved reputation of such a man as Dr. J. H. Rice, had we not Scripture example for noticing faults as well as virtues in good men. "To err is human;" and when a leader in the church takes a wrong step, which is followed by disastrous consequences, it is but just the blame should rest where it belongs, that it be not thrown indiscriminately over a whole class of persons in the church. In reply to a request that he would show that the Scriptures do not, either in the Old or New Testament, justify American slavery, and also give reasons for his belief that slavery, as it exists in the United States, is the leading sin now visited on the nation by this calamitous war, in proof of his assertion that leading men in the theological seminaries sympathized with and favored the pro-slavery senti-

ment, he brought into the light some of the inner scenes which his position had enabled him to observe.

"In 1815 there was in the Confession of Faith, in a note under the eighth commandment, this passage among the proof-texts, '*I. Tim.* i. 10. The law is made for——man-stealers, etc.' In the General Assembly of 1816 the question was brought up, By what authority that passage was put in the Confession? and on its appearing that it was put in by a committee appointed to select and insert proof-texts while the Confession was being printed, it was moved and carried, 'that the text be left out of the copies to be printed in future.' It was left out. The extracts of the minutes may not show who made these motions and carried them, but the writer knows they were made by J. H. Rice, D.D., of Virginia, for he had the information from Dr. Rice himself, after his return from the Assembly."

Again, after the excitement in 1826, the doctor published in the *Virginia Magazine* a justification of the system. This was the beginning of those defenses and apologies that afterward became so numerous. His argument was just what the public mind craved; it was seized upon and spread like wild-fire in the South.

1847, noticing with pain the stand taken by the *Southern Presbyterian Review* on the subject, so much at variance with the teachings and declarations of the Presbyterian Church, Dr. Paxton collected those declarations and forwarded them to the editor, protesting against the unfairness of publishing, under the banner of Presbyterianism, their new versions and opinions, and requesting the insertion of a brief critique on some of the pro-slavery arguments. His article was sent back. The Southern mind must see but one side of the question. "Indoctrinated in the seminaries into pro-slavery teachings, the great body of ministers had advocated them, and, I believe, had their

full share of influence in bringing on the rebellion and fearful war."

The second volume, Letters on Palestine and Egypt, Dr. E. P. Humphrey has described as, in his estimation, "exceedingly valuable, as containing an exact and conscientious narrative of his journey. His patience in acquiring thorough knowledge, and his accuracy in description, gave to his volume unusual importance."

Besides these two volumes, Dr. P. published several sermons and essays in pamphlet form, and furnished articles for the religious newspapers. Among the most prominent are:

Christ as a Teacher. Two sermons. 1819.

The Satisfaction of Christ. *Heb.* ix. 13, 14.

Repentance; its Nature, Grounds, and Necessity. 1820.

Mode of Conducting Oriental Missions, in three letters to Dr. R. Anderson, Cor. Sec. A. B. C. F. Missions. 1839.

Sketch of a Sermon delivered on the Fast-day following the Death of President Harrison. Mulberry, May 14th, 1841.

Missionary Sermon before the Synod of Kentucky, from *II. Cor.* x. 15, 16. Maysville, 1842.

Mode and Subjects of Baptism. Christian Communion.

Was the Pentecost at the Rainy Season of the Year?

Inquiries concerning Facilities for Immersion in and around Jerusalem.

No Future Return of the Jews called for by Prophecy. 1844.

Have Ruling Elders, according to our Book, a Right to lay on Hands in the Ordination of Ministers? Answered in affirmative.

What Constitutes a Call to the Ministry?

Divine Inspiration of the Scriptures.

The Second Advent and Millerism.

A Review of a Commentary on the Apocalypse. By Moses Stuart, Prof. of Sac. Lit., Theological Seminary, Andover.

Explanations of Remarks made upon the Report of the Board of Education to the General Assembly at Louisville, Ky. 1844.

This explanation was given in answer to reports and misrepresentations that were printed in the daily papers. A few paragraphs will explain the main point. "If the loss of health and life be as stated in the report, then we think there is more reason why the Board should take a promise from its candidates to pay a due care to health, than to make them promise to take a full course of study before they will help them.

"Another thing which struck me unpleasantly was the exclusiveness with which the case of beneficiaries was treated in the whole report. I know it may be said that this is the peculiar province of the Board, and I admit this. But as thus far the ministry has been drawn mainly from other classes, when raising a ministry for the world is spoken of—when the salvation of the world and the wants of the church are referred to, as is often done in this report, the proprieties of the case would seem plainly to require that a reference be made to others than poor and pious youths, unless, indeed, all does, in the opinion of the Board, depend upon them.

"There is a way of getting clear of company by not noticing them; there is a way of leading persons to omit a work by not asking them to do it. Our objection was not that we have many poor and pious young men looking to the ministry, but that no other class of pious men are referred to as having anything to do in the matter. All the gratitude is for the increase of those who must be aided in their education. Great pleasure is expressed that

two-thirds of all the missionaries have been educated by the Board.

"Now, when this exclusive reference is everywhere made to one class, and the church is constantly urged to raise means to support them, and not a word said as to the duty of pious youth, however talented, who have funds; not a word as to the duty of parents who have pious, talented sons and wealth, to give both to the Lord; while there is almost as complete silence on that point as if it was a known fact that the head of the church never put a call into hands that had the means of education, may it not lead pious young men who have means to think it not their duty to serve God in the gospel?—may it not lead families who have pious sons, and wealth to educate them, to think that if they give something to aid poor young men—the thing placed so prominently before them—they may reserve their sons and fortunes for more honorable and profitable professions? I expressed my fears that this would be the tendency, and that already this tendency was beginning to be made manifest. Until a few years past, almost all who entered the ministry found the means to educate themselves. The proportion that educate themselves must have greatly fallen off within the last twelve or fifteen years. At the same rate, how long will it be before the church will have to educate all its candidates for the ministry?

"When we now press the claims of religion on an ungodly world, they often relieve their consciences by saying, 'It is the preacher's profession to say these things—he gets his living in that way.' Could the world add to this the fact that preachers were all poor men, not able to get an education; were taken up by the church under the influence of preachers, and under promise that they would become preachers or refund the money; were educated and placed in a situation in society they otherwise never would have

attained, would it not be a fearful offset against the influence of preachers? Had Paul been a poor young man, and received his education under promise of preaching the gospel as his profession, could he have made those overpowering appeals in proof of his disinterested sincerity in what he taught? *Acts*, xx.; *II. Cor.* ii.; *Phil.* iii.

"But let there be, as there has been heretofore, a due proportion of ministers from the middle and more influential classes—men who, for standing, wealth, and influence, have the means of occupying any profession, to whom places of honor and profit are open, who could rank well in other departments, who, when they choose the gospel ministry as their profession, give up the world for it, and often, by the confession of all, preach from a sense of duty, forsake much for Christ—then the world sees and feels that there must be reality in religion."

Dr. P. was systematic in his habits. He rose early, and employed the morning in devotion and reading the word of God. For some years it was his practice to read a chapter in the Bible every day in four or five languages. So great was his love for family prayer that he continued to lead the devotions of his household long after he was confined to his bed. Until death had silenced the sweet voices around his altar, and in his own case "the daughters of music were brought low," he began the exercise with singing. He had a good ear for music, and a pliancy of voice that could adapt itself to the various styles of sacred music, from the modern compositions of Mason and Woodbury to the old weird-like tunes of the West that he learned of his mother. It was rare for him to miss in raising the tune in social worship; and when a failure was made by others he could "come to the rescue," and lead off to the relief of all concerned. On Sabbath evening an hour was spent, either before or after the recitation of the cate-

chism, in singing hymns with his family. The children trained at the Mulberry Manse looked back to these hours as among the most pleasant in their childhood years.

He kept an accurate register of accounts from the time he entered the ministry—setting down receipts and disbursements in all their minutiæ. These accounts were made up at the end of the year and then filed away and preserved for reference. They furnish data on some important points, and are suggestive in many ways. Adopting the rule of devoting to the treasury of the Lord a tenth part of whatever income he received, he was scrupulously exact in subtracting the tithe, and then exercised his discretion in bestowing it where he thought it was most called for. He was generous, and often spent more than this tithe in charity. Besides annual contributions to the Boards of the church, Bible, Tract, and Colonization Societies, Colleges and Theological Seminaries, there are numerous entries of sums to private individuals. The delicate regard he had for the feelings of these is indicated by inserting the initial of the name against the sum, and oftentimes not even that.

He always lived within his income, and never contracted a debt that he did not see a way of liquidating before it became due. His salary was never large—never much exceeding six hundred dollars, and oftener falling short of five hundred dollars, per year.* He bore a part in defraying the necessary expenses of the churches with which he was connected, and that in congregations possessing wealth—helping to pay the sexton, furnish lamps, fuel, etc. In two instances only, 1844 and 1847, did the amount of salary received overbalance family expenses. A small

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* The largest marriage-fee he received was twenty dollars, given by an M.D.

legacy left him by his father, with property acquired by marriage, and now and then a handsome compensation for a transient service in some pulpit in a large city, invested with prudence, yielded an income for a respectable maintenance of his family; and notwithstanding some heavy losses, from failures of those to whom he had intrusted his funds, he had, by economy and wise management, secured what raised him above want in his declining days, and leaves a home and comfortable support to the surviving members of his family.

This statement is given to the public, not by way of complaint, but for two reasons—that the people at large may have some definite conception of the self-denying sacrifices ministers endure in a pecuniary way,—or, in other words, how much they pay for the privilege of preaching the gospel in our own land,—and that there may be a fair exposé of the matter, lest some might argue that six hundred dollars, or five hundred dollars, with a manse and ground to cultivate, was an ample support, a careful summing up of items shows that there was an outlay of five hundred and sixty dollars required, exclusive of hired labor, to enable the pastor to avail himself of the advantage; and secondly, as proving that the blessing is as sure to come on those who now in the nineteenth century give for the spread of the gospel "as God has prospered them," as was the promise fulfilled to those who under the Jewish dispensation honored God with their substance, and proved him by bringing all the tithes into the store-house.

Regarding himself as a steward, accountable for the portion of worldly goods intrusted to him, he did not feel himself at liberty either to waste his substance, or through indifference or carelessness to allow others to defraud him of or absorb what was rightfully his due. Hence we find him reminding an old creditor that though he, by availing

himself of the bankrupt law, might be legally absolved from his obligation to cancel the debt, yet he was morally bound to pay it if his circumstances were such that he could do it.

Believing that a little incident may oftentimes give an insight into the character which the most elaborate analysis will fail to produce, a number of anecdotes and events, with which Dr. P. was wont to illustrate topics of conversation in a familiar way, will be introduced, premising that he was not remarkable for volubility in speaking of his own experience or what had come under his own observation, but when drawn out could be communicative.

His religion was practical. In his frequent and extensive journeys an instance is not known of his being found in a stage, steamboat, or car on the Sabbath. His habit was to shave every day, as regularly as he washed his face in the morning, until his friend, Judge Brown, in conversation, happened to mention that some preachers of another denomination, who had lodged with him, applying for a razor on Sabbath morning, he sent them the razor with the remark "that it would cut very well on week-days, but he did not know how it would work on Sunday," induced him to perform that operation on Saturday eve to the remainder of his life.

"In May, 1832, Mr. Weld lectured in Danville, Ky., on temperance, from Tuesday to Sabbath eight times, with great effect." Dr. P. entered cordially into the total abstinence plan, and sometimes related with great glee how he and Margaret, according to the custom of the times, had taken great pains to make a nice cordial out of cherries and spirit, and made it palatable with sugar and spice, thinking they had something extra; that after they had signed the pledge they debated what was to be done with the cherry, and how they took it out into the garden and poured it all

out, and brought the empty keg back to the house. The attentive reader may recollect that bottles of wine made no part of his traveling stores in those countries where wine was abundant; and it may be added that it was only as a medical prescription he consented to take a little wine in his extreme feebleness, and that he gave it as his opinion to the last that he doubted whether it ever had a beneficial effect upon him.

Dr. Paxton was a friend to Sabbath-schools, taking the oversight, not as superintendent, but by suggestions and advice, as occasions called for; calling attention to the importance of a careful selection of the books composing the library, the advantages to youth of committing the Scriptures to memory, as also the Shorter Catechism with the Scripture proofs, as furnishing them with an invaluable "form of sound words," which in after-life no adversary of the truth would be able to gainsay or resist—enjoining upon parents to guard against relinquishing their responsibility and allowing the school to supersede family instruction and attendance upon the preached word in the religious training of their children.

Possessing a preference for his country and church, and that a strong one, he was not so narrow-minded, partial, and bigoted as to see no good in others, or no faults in his own; he could fraternize with men of other countries and other sects, and unite with them in plans of doing good. Through his whole ministerial course he showed his willingness to co-operate with Christians of whatever name, whenever circumstances admitted of his doing so. Because some notion or some measure did not meet his approbation, he did not feel called upon to denounce those who held to them, or to withhold his Christian love and sympathy. Meeting with Methodist itinerants in Virginia, in his first missionary labors, he united with them in beseeching men

to be reconciled to God, although constrained to enter in his journal, occasionally, "a little of the jerks" and "much confusion," etc.

A scene in the old Methodist church in P. will not be soon forgotten by those who witnessed it. A series of meetings had been held, and numbers had been awakened and hopefully converted. The young preacher, Mr. H., afterward the beloved chaplain of the 58th Indiana Regiment, had the charge of the society. Other ministers had gathered to the place to help on the good work. Dr. P. attended to manifest his interest, and was always ready to assist by prayer or a word of exhortation. Attending one evening when the excitement was great, and the hearts of the brethren warmed up with the success of their efforts, he was called upon to lead in prayer. He commenced with much earnestness, and was proceeding with great fervor, when the brethren around him began to manifest their sympathy in tones so loud, and to respond with such hearty good-will, as almost to drown his utterance. He raised his voice, as if to rise above the din around him, and for a moment or two struggled to continue his supplications. Stopping short, he looked around and said, "Brethren! if any of you want to pray, do so; I can't in such a noise." Silence immediately ensued, and he went on with his prayer.

At Malta he labored nearly seven months, in connection with a Methodist and a German Episcopalian. His visits to missions around the Mediterranean were to Protestants, irrespective of sects or country; and for a long time his traveling companion was a young Englishman.

In the fall of 1864, Bishop Simpson attended a conference of the M. E. Church, held in P., Indiana. Dr. P. called upon him to make his acquaintance, and offered the use of the Presbyterian house for him to conduct the ser-

vices on the Sabbath, it being larger than the building the Methodists then occupied. The offer was accepted, and on Sabbath morning he called for the bishop and two of the leading preachers, led the way to the church, and showed them into his pulpit, taking a seat with them. The bishop, on his part, courteously requested the doctor to take a part in the imposition of hands, in the ordination of a number of candidates that was to take place in the afternoon. He consented with the remark, "That perhaps some might object to a mixture of the Presbyterial element;" to which the bishop replied, very pleasantly, "A little of that will do no harm."

It is pleasant to record such interchanges of Christian courtesy and confidence between men of different denominations. They show that the hearts of all Christ's ministers were not so destitute of love to those out of their own pale as some of the zealous advocates for organic union would have us believe.

But, on the other hand, Dr. P. was not slow in discountenancing any assumption of ecclesiastical authority by the ministers of the New Testament. At a time when more than usual prominence had been given to the claims of the Episcopal clergy to apostolic succession, one of that order applied for the use of his church, to perform service for the benefit of a few attached to that branch of the church. With the concurrence of the session, answer was returned that he could have the house provided he was willing to reciprocate in case a similar application was made by a Presbyterian. The gentleman replied, that he might not have any objection to do so as far as concerned himself, but such an admission would not pass with approbation in the diocese to which he was amenable. Justice requires it to be stated that the church would not have been withheld had there been no other place to be obtained.

The court-house, which had been occupied successively by other societies, was open to all.

There was a celebration of the Eucharist by the Episcopalians in Danville; services conducted in the Presbyterian church. Two or more of the Episcopal clergy officiated, but not the slightest token of recognition as a brother in the ministry was tendered him. Not long after, meeting a much esteemed lady acquaintance, she accosted him with, "Oh, Mr. Paxton! why did you not commune with us? We were so disappointed!" The tone and manner indicated that she felt the matter deeply. He replied, "Well, Mrs. McD., as you have asked me I will tell you why. When I accepted the charge of this church, I did it as an accredited minister of the Lord Jesus Christ, with full authority to administer the ordinances in his name. I was not invited forward to commune with the ministers; they made the separation, and I did not feel like divesting myself of my official character in the presence of my flock, and thus impliedly admitting the assumption that I had no authority for exercising my vocation as an office-bearer in the church of the Lord. It was not from the want of kind feeling, Mrs. McD." The lady was silent. He would magnify his office.

In cautioning against attributing any holy influence to the elements, aside from the blessing of God accompanying the administration, he mentioned, as an illustration of this feeling, the sequel to the above. A degree of solicitude was felt as to the quantity of the bread and wine necessary to supply the communicants, and inquiry made in several directions to ascertain how many of other churches would join with them. As a body the Presbyterians held back. A considerable quantity of the consecrated emblems was not used, and after the service the question was, how to dispose of it. Under the impression,

it would seem, that it must *all* be eaten and drunk, they ate up the bread; but judging that the wine was too much for them, concluded to give it to a certain brother who had a taste that way, for if he would drink it was better for him to have good wine than bad.

At a much earlier date he was invited by a friend to attend the baptism of his child. The ordinance was administered at the parent's residence, by an Episcopal bishop. After it was all over, and the company conversing on other topics, the bishop suddenly started, as if recollecting something that had been omitted, and turning to the father inquired: "Mr. Blank, what has been done with that water?" "I do not know, sir, it has been taken out; but if it is of any importance I will go and see." "I wish you would, Mr. Blank, do so by all means; have the water poured out carefully; it might be well enough to have the child's face and hands washed with it, but on no account have it applied to any common purpose."

In directing attention to the simplicity of the rites instituted by Christ, and their adaptation to the various conditions in which man is found, he mentioned an occurrence which took place in one of the waste places, where a few of the friends of the Saviour had met in a private house to celebrate his death. After the preaching in the morning, many of the congregation remained for the afternoon service, and dined with the family. As he was about to commence the exercises, the lady of the house came to him in great pertubation, saying, "Mr. P., what shall we do, the servants have eaten up all the light-bread?" "Madam, have you any other kind of wheat-bread in the house?" "Not a bit." "Have you any corn-bread?" "Yes, I have." "Well, then, prepare some of that as nicely as you can, and bring it in." She did, and the celebration passed off in the usual way.

Dr. P. did not anticipate such great advantages from organic union in the church as do its ardent advocates. He thought it doubtful whether as much good would be accomplished by one large ecclesiastical body, taking human nature as it is, with its varieties of taste and sentiments, as would be by the various denominations working together in harmony and love. In this spiritual sense did he understand the prayer of our Lord, "That they may be one." Much of the supposed unity of the Papal Church is due to the binding force of the fear of excommunication, and the deprivation of the rite of Christian burial. Protestant freedom and liberty must have a wider range.

The following communication from a niece in Missouri is inserted, as not only exhibiting the kind and sympathizing relative, but also as indicating one of the trains of thought by which his own mind was strengthened to bear with such humble acquiescence the many sorrows allotted him.

"I was truly sorry to hear of the death of my dear uncle. I have always loved and respected him, almost as a father; for I was deprived by death of my own father in early life, and he was so kind, as a brother, to my dear mother in her widowhood, that I almost reverenced him, and had hoped to see him once more on earth: but God's will be done, not mine. I will give you an extract from one of uncle's letters, written when I was mourning for a beloved brother. He was writing of mother's trials and afflictions. She had lost her husband and one very dear son, now another was taken. He says, 'Truly sister has met many and great trials, more than usually fall to the lot of an individual, and yet how much better to have them *all*, and the grace with which Christ has accompanied them to her, than to have escaped them and been deprived of that grace! I think that her trials have been much blessed to her, and I

hope to all her children; and when we consider that this world is but a place of discipline, a place and a time to prepare for another and eternal state of existence, almost anything that is made to work for our spiritual good, to prepare us for a better world, ought to be received as the messenger of great good.

"'The best of all judgment of things, comforts, or trials, is their bearing on our future state. If the trial leads us to God, how it should reconcile us to it! And if prosperity leads us from Him, how ought we to fear it! How earnestly did Moses warn Israel against the danger of prosperity! *Deut.* viii. And how constantly did Israel forget the Lord in prosperity, and return and seek His face in distress and affliction! Adversity was to them better on the whole than prosperity. It is very often thus with God's people. His grace can sanctify prosperity, but, as a matter of fact, I think adversity is more frequently sanctified. This need not lead us to desire adversity, but should lead us to leave all to the wise ordering of God, and especially to live in the habit of daily and earnest prayer, that He would order our lot, and make all His dispensations toward us work for our good.'

"May God bless and prosper your undertaking.

"P. M. STRATTEN."

A list of sermons preached numbers 5769. His custom was to enter the date of time and place, text and number of sermon, in a book prepared for the purpose, immediately on his return from preaching. To this list was added names of ministers who preached for him, ordinances administered, funerals, Presbyteries and Synods attended, with short references to cases of uncommon interest. Others may have preached as much, but few have sown the seed over such a large field; from Lecompton in the West, to

Jerusalem in the East; from Maine to Tennessee; on the ocean and the isles of the sea; in more than 584 places; to the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the bond and the free, did he delight to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. And when called upon to cease his vocation, the greatness of the honor conferred upon him, an honor transcending aught that earth can confer, in that he was "allowed of God to be put in trust with the gospel," filled his soul with gratitude and love.

Dr. P was the seventh of nine children, who all lived to maturity, the greater part attaining their threescore and ten, and two to over fourscore years. Of his eight children, but two survive him, with also a son and a daughter of his adopted daughter, Mary.

"The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; BUT THE WORD OF OUR GOD SHALL STAND FOREVER."

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